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A

DICTIONARY

OF

POETICAL QUOTATIONS:

CONSISTING OF

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

ON EVERY SUBJECT.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS, AND ARRANGED UNDER APPROPRIATE HEADS.

BY

JOHN T. WATSON, M.D.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF POETRY. THE AIR
IS LIVING WITH ITS SPIRIT; AND THE WAVES
DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF ITS MELODIES,
AND SPARKLE IN ITS BRIGHTNESS.

PERCIVAL.

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.

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TO

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY,

OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY,

THIS WORK

Is most Respectfully Inscribed

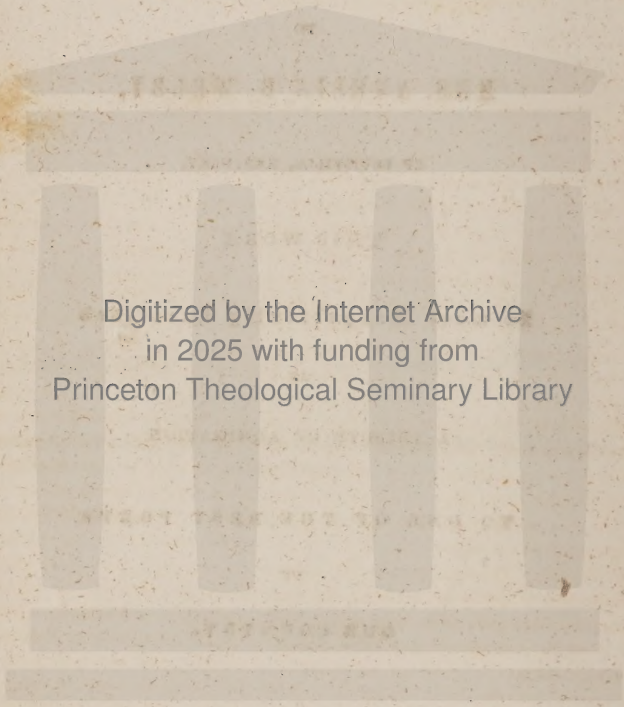
AS

A TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION

TO ONE OF THE BEST POETS

OF

OUR COUNTRY.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PREFACE.

In this book-making age, various are the causes which have induced men to become authors. With some, chill Penury has been the only stimulus with others, Ambition, that spur to great and noble deeds as well as vices, has been the chief excitant. Some have been influenced by true Benevolence, and a sincere wish to ameliorate the condition of mankind; while others have written to gratify rapacious Avarice or fell Revenge. Science, with its occult truths, and the wonderful and gratifying disclosures it makes to its followers, has produced many authors; and another and quite numerous class has been generated by pure *Ennui*—an intolerable weariness at having nothing to do.

None of these potent causes has exercised much influence in the conception and execution of this Work: it may be said to have been the result of mere accident—an agent not less observable in many of the actions of men than those above enumerated. The task of making the following collection was commenced four or five years ago, but without any view to publication; and it was not until the pages had accumulated so as to assume somewhat of a book-like appearance, that the resolution to print them was adopted: a resolution which has been considerably influenced and encouraged by the consideration, that there is a necessity and a demand for such a book at this time.

To the editor, the author, and the public speaker, it is believed that a great convenience will hereby be afforded; for nothing adorns a composition or a speech more than appropriate *quotations* — endorsing, as it were, our own sentiments with the sanction of other minds—unless the habit of quoting is too often indulged, when it degenerates into pedantry, and becomes unpleasing. It is hoped, too, that the general reader, at least every lover of Poetry, will here find much to instruct and amuse. And who, that has feeling, is not a lover of Poetry? Who can listen to "the dear, dear witchery of song," nor feel that it is the very language of Nature herself? Coming as it does from the heart, it appeals directly to the hearts of others, and seems to take the fancy and the feelings captive unawares. So universal is its influence, and so comprehensive its scope, that there is scarcely a theme within the range of the imagination, from the sublime conceptions of Milton and Dante to the ridiculous and common-place subjects of Butler's verse, which may not be appropriately sung "in liquid lines mellifluously bland."

It will be perceived that a great number of authors are here quoted. Extensive libraries, not accessible to the great mass of readers, have been ransacked, and many volumes have been read simply for the purpose of plucking some of their sweet flowers from the native wildwood in which we find them surrounded and almost obscured by weeds and thistles, and transplanting them to bloom in this little *parterre*. The Extracts, with few exceptions, have been arranged in chronological order, extending from the days of the earliest English poets to the present time, and embracing many passages from the poetry of America.

Perhaps an apology is due from the author for having inserted some of his own effusions in this collection. In some instances, pieces have been composed by him to illustrate a subject in a manner different from those that preceded them; in others, they have been inserted simply to fill a vacant corner; and in others, because they were already written, and it was thought they would at least do no injury, and might possibly serve to render more apparent the beauty of others, by contrast, as the brightest stars in the firmament seem more brilliant when compared with the small twinklers that surround them. Another motive for this temerity,—and this is not the least just, if not the most satisfactory, of those that might be urged,—may perhaps be traced to that ubiquitous principle, *vanitas scriptorum*, and to its offspring, which Byron exhibited to his Reviewers, when he wrote in extenuation of his offence—

> "'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
> A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't."

To the compilation and classification of the following Extracts much time and labor have been devoted. Still the critical reader will doubtless find many imperfections, both in the plan and execution of the work, which can scarcely be excused by the fact of its having been prepared for the press amidst the continuous and exacting calls of professional studies. But, tedious and even perplexing as the task has often been in its details, on the whole it has proved a labor of love, to collect into one casket what were "like orient pearls at random strung;" and, such as the book is, the compiler would fain present it to its readers as a variegated *bouquet*, culled from the many gardens that diversify and adorn the extensive fields of English and American Poetry.

J. T. W.

Philadelphia, April, 1847.

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THE

BOOK OF QUOTATIONS.

ABSENCE.

1. Though absent, present in desires they be;
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.

Drayton

2. Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.

T. May.

3. Every moment
I 'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,
Whose nurse has left it.

Otway's *Venice Preserved.*

4. There 's not an hour
Of day or dreaming nights but I am with thee:
There 's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee.

Proctor's *Mirandola.*

5. What tender strains of passion can impart
The pangs of absence to an amorous heart!
Far, far too faint the powers of language prove,
Language, that slow interpreter of love!
Souls paired like ours, like ours to union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought.

Pattison.

6. When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair!

COWPER.

7 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home.

THOMSON.

8. Think'st thou that I could bear to part
From thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

9. Far I go where fate may lead me,
Far across the troubled deep;
Where no stranger's ear shall heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

---

10. Tho' fate, my girl, may bid us part,
The soul it cannot, cannot sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

T. MOORE.

11. And canst thou think, because we part
Till some brief months have flown,
That absence e'er can change a heart
Which years have made thine own?

---

12. 'T is hard to be parted from those
With whom we for ever could dwell;
But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows,
When perhaps we are saying farewell—forever!

MRS. OPIE.

13. When absent from her whom my soul holds most dear,
What a medley of passions invade!
In this bosom what anguish, what hope, and what fear,
I endure for my beautiful maid!

BRAHAM.

14. When far from thee I bide,
In dreams still at thy side
I've talk'd to thee;
And when I woke, I sigh'd
Myself alone to see.

From the German — TAYLOR.

15. We must part awhile;
A few short months—tho' short, they will be long
Without thy dear society: but yet
We must endure it, and our love will be
The fonder after parting—it will grow
Intenser in our absence, and again
Burn with a tender glow when I return.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

16. Oh Absence! by thy stern decree,
How many a heart, once light and free,
Is fill'd with doubts and fears!
Thy days like tedious weeks do seem,
Thy weeks slow-moving months we deem,
Thy months, long-lingering years!

J. T. WATSON.

ACTION.

1. Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed;
For who knows most, the most he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

DANIEL.

2. Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays;
Who well deserves needs not another's praise.

HEATH.

3. If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade,—the joy remains.

G. HERBERT.

4. The body sins not; 't is the will
That makes the action good or ill.

HERRICK.

5. Our unsteady actions cannot be
Manag'd by rules of strict philosophy.

SIR R. HOWARD.

ACTIVITY— ENTERPRISE.

1. If it were done, when 't is done, then, 't is well
That it were done quickly.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harm.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

SHAKSPEARE

4. How slow the time
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design!

THOMSON.

5. The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion,—makes the thoughts
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

HANNAH MORE.

6. My days, though few, have pass'd below
In much of joy, though much of woe;
Yet still, in hours of love or strife,
I've 'scap'd the weariness of life.

BYRON'S *Giaour*.

7. Act! for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality—these are its crown;
Would'st thou illumine the tablets of story?—
Build on achievements thy doom of renown.

From the German.

8. Seize, mortals, seize the transient hour:
Improve each moment as it flies:
Life 's a short summer — man a flower;
He dies — alas! — how soon he dies!

---

9. Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ACTORS — DRAMA — THEATRE.

1. Look to the players; see them well bestow'd:
They are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the times.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. They say we live by vice; indeed 'tis true;
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. RANDOLPH.

3. Boldly I dare say
There has been more by us in some one play
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin,
And foppish humours; hence the cause doth rise,
Men are not won by th' ears, so well as eyes.

RANDOLPH.

4. When, with mock majesty and fancied power,
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour;
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart;
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pains of death.

TICKELL.

5. Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres, and shouting crowds,
And made even thick-lipp'd, musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware. BLAIR'S *Grave.*

6. What we hear
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.

FRANCIS' *Horace.*

7. Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warp'd mirror to a gaping age;
There, where to raise the Drama's moral tone,
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

8. Where one base scene shall turn more souls to shame,
Than ten of Channing's Lectures can reclaim.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

9 Where mincing dancers sport tight pantalets,
And turn fops' heads while turning pirouettes.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

10. And turn from gentle Juliet's woe,
To count the twirls of Fanny Elssler's toe.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

ADIEU — FAREWELL — PARTING.

1 With that, wringing my hand he turn'd away,
And though his tears would hardly let him look,
Yet such a look did through his tears make way,
As show'd how sad a farewell there he took.

DANIEL.

2. I part with thee
As wretches, that are doubtful of hereafter,
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath and fearful,
And trembling at futurity. ROWE.

3. Then came the parting hour, and what arise
When lovers part—expressive looks, and eyes
Tender and tearful—many a fond adieu,
And many a call the sorrow to renew.

CRABBE'S *Hall.*

4. 'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word, farewell—farewell!

BYRON.

5. Farewell!—a word that hath been and must be,
A sound that makes us linger—yet, farewell!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

6. Let 's not unman each other—part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

7. One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.

BYRON.

8. Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'T were vain and foolish to regret thee;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But time may teach me to forget thee.

BYRON.

9. But now the moments bring
The time of parting, with redoubled wing;
The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word, farewell!

BYRON'S *Corsair*.

10. Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee!

MOORE.

11. With all my soul, then let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me!

MOORE.

12. Well—peace to thy heart, tho' another's it be;
And health to thy cheek, tho' it bloom not for me.

MOORE.

13. Enough that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

14 Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming,
Hope and beauty, fare thee well!

---

15 Vanish'd, like dew-drops from the spray,
Are moments which in beauty flew;

I cast life's brightest pearl away,
And, false one, breathe my last adieu!

W. G. Clark.

16. Farewell, oh, farewell! thou hast broken the chain,
And the links, that have bound us, are parted in twain;
But long shall my heart in its sad sorrow tell
How I grieved o'er thee, dear one!—farewell, oh, farewell!

Mrs. C. H. W. Esling.

17. One hurried kiss—one last, one long embrace—
One yearning look upon her tearful face—
And he was gone, and, like a funeral knell,
The winds still sigh'd—beloved, fare thee well!

Mrs. C. H. W. Esling.

18. We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;
We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign;
I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine.
Each felt that the past we could never recover,
Each felt that the future no hope could restore;
She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

19. Farewell, then, thou loved one—O, loved but too well,
Too deeply, too blindly for language to tell!
Farewell—thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust,
Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust;
Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

20. We part—no matter how we part;
There are some thoughts we utter not;
Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
Never reveal'd, and ne'er forgot.

Richard Henry Wilde.

21. And now farewell! farewell!—I dare not lengthen
These sweet, sad moments out; to gaze on thee
Is bliss indeed, yet it but serves to strengthen
The love that now amounts to agony:
This is our last farewell—our last fond meeting;
The world is wide, and we must dwell apart;
My spirit gives thee now its last fond greeting,
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,
And heart to heart. MRS. A. B. WELBY.

22. I heard thy low whisper'd farewell, love,
And silently saw thee depart—
Ay, *silent*—for how could words tell, love,
The sorrow that swell'd in my heart?
Yet, tearless and mute though I stood, love,
Thy last words are thrilling me yet,
And my heart would have breathed, if it could, love,
And murmur'd—"O! do not forget!"
MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

23. Where'er I go, whate'er my lonely state,
Yet grateful memory shall linger here,
And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear;
Ah! then, forgive me—pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

24. We met ere yet the world had come
To wither up the springs of youth;
Amid the holy joys of home,
And in the first warm blush of youth,
We parted, as they never part
Whose tears are doom'd to be forgot;
Oh! by that agony of heart,
Forget me not—forget me not!

25. 'T was bitter then to rend the heart
With the sad word that we must part

And, like some low and mournful spell,
To whisper but one word—farewell!

PARK BENJAMIN.

26. Life hath as many farewells
As it hath sunny hours,
And over some are scatter'd thorns,
And over others, flowers. MRS. L. P. SMITH.

27. And now, fair ladies, one and all, adieu,
Good luck, good husbands, and good bye to you!

J. T. WATSON.

28. But O! whate'er *my* fate may be,
And time alone that tale can tell,
May *you* be happy, blest, and free
From every ill! Lady, farewell!

J. T. WATSON.

ADVERSITY — MISFORTUNE.

1. So do the winds and thunder cleanse the air,
So working bees settle and purge the wine;
So lopp'd and prunèd trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. 'T is barbarous to insult a fallen foe.

SOMERVILE.

3. Adversity, sage useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best,
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below.

SOMERVILE.

4. A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. 'T is strange how many unimagin'd charges
Can swarm upon a man, when once the lid
Of the Pandora box of contumely
Is open'd o'er his head. SHAKSPEARE.

6. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
SHAKSPEARE.

7. I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can sink no lower.
BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction;
As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour
Serves but to lighten all our future days.
BROWN

9 I will bear it
With all the tender sufferance of a friend,
As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.
OTWAY'S *Orphan.*

10. Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed.
DRYDEN.

11. Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue;
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.
MALLET.

12. Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

13. Misfortune does not always wait on vice;
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.
HAVARD.

14. I pray thee, deal with men in misery,
Like one who may himself be miserable.
HEYWOOD.

15. In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distress'd.

CRABBE.

16. Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But, crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

GOLDSMITH.

17. For every want, that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.

GOLDSMITH.

18. Each breast, however fortified,
By courage, apathy, or pride,
Has still one secret path for thee,
Man's subtle foe — Adversity.

MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

19. The good are better made by ill,
As odours crush'd are better still.

ROGERS.

20. The brave unfortunates are our best acquaintance;
They show us virtue may be much distress'd,
And give us their example how to suffer.

FRANCIS.

21. Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae other where.

BURNS.

22. 'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion that impell'd the steel;

While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

23. I have not quail'd to danger's brow
When high and happy—need I now?

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

24. Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs on the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "*I told you so*,"
Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last;
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos mores*,"
With a long memorandum of old *stories*.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

5. The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine;
But, plung'd within the furnace flame,
It bends and melts—tho' still the same.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

26. What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deepest on the brow?
To view each loved one blighted from life's page,
And be alone on earth—as I am now.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

27. From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny,
To the small whisper of the as paltry few
And subtle venom of the reptile crew?

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

28. A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone, tho' thousand pilgrims fill the way:
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine.

BYRON.

29. The blackest ink of fate was sure my lot,
And when fate writ my name, it made a blot.

30. Alone she sate—alone !—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken and so coldly heard ;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hope laid waste, knells in that word—*alone !*

The New Timon.

31. I may not weep—I cannot sigh,
A weight is pressing on my breast ;
A breath breathes on me witheringly,
My tears are dry, my sighs supprest !

N. P. Willis.

ADVICE.

1. Let me entreat
You to unfold the anguish of your heart ;
Mishaps are master'd by advice discreet,
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen.*

2. Direct not him whose way himself will choose ;
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Shakspeare.

3. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ear as profitless
As water in a sieve. Shakspeare.

4. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart.

Shakspeare.

5 Men counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.

SHAKSPEARE

6. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

SHAKSPEARE

AFFECTION.

1. There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven:—
Life has naught else that may supply its place.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

2. Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought.

T. MOORE.

3. Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

4. Oh, sweet are the tones of affection sincere,
When they come from the depth of the heart;
And sweet are the words that banish each care,
And bid sorrow for ever depart!

5. 'T were sweet to kiss thy tears away,
If tears those eyes must know;
But sweeter still to hear thee say,
Thou never hadst them flow.

BULWER.

6. How cling we to a thing our hearts have nursed!

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING

7. Oh, if there were one gentle eye
To weep when I might grieve,
One bosom to receive the sigh
Which sorrow oft will heave—
One heart, the ways of life to cheer,
Though rugged they might be—
No language can express how dear
That heart would be to me!

BALFE'S *Bohemian Girl.*

8. —Those tones of dear delight,
The morning welcome, and the sweet good night!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

9. No love is like a sister's love,
Unselfish, free, and pure—
A flame that, lighted from above,
Will guide but ne'er allure.
It knows no frown of jealous fear,
No blush of conscious guile;
Its wrongs are pardon'd through a tear,
Its hopes crown'd by a smile.

FRY'S *Leonora.*

10. The sorrows of thy wounded heart
I'll teach thee to forget,
And win thee back by gentle art
From passion's vain regret.
And Time shall bring on faithful wing,
From o'er the flood of tears,
The pledge of peace, when grief may cease,
And joy light after years.

FRY'S *Leonora.*

AGE.

1. —And his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. When forty winters shall besiege your brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

DRYDEN.

6. Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

7. But grant to life some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long rifled life of sweets can yield no more.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.

ROWE

9. The hand of time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms;
But adds, for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

BROOME.

10. Thus aged men, full loth and slow
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till memory lends her light no more.

SCOTT'S *Rokeby*.

11. 'T is the sunset of life gives us mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope*.

12. Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more warm desire,
Believe me, I have gain'd in truth
Much more than I have lost in fire.
What was but passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to reason's vow,
And tho' I then might love thee *more*,
Yet oh! I love thee *better* now!

MOORE.

13. —I left him in a green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him.

BYRON'S *Werner*.

14. Tho' time has touch'd her too, she still retains
Much beauty and more majesty.

BYRON.

15. A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay.

BYRON'S *Manfred*.

16. Now then the ills of age, its pains, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;

And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart.

CRABBE.

17. An old, old man, with beard as white as snow.

SPENSER.

18. The eye dims, and the heart gets old and slow;
The lithe limb stiffens, and the sun-hued locks
Thin themselves off, or whitely wither.

BAILEY'S *Festus*.

19. Why grieve that Time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly should I weep at noon
To see the blush of morning gone.

W. C. BRYANT.

20. The visions of my youth are past,
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

W. C. BRYANT.

20. Fled are the charms that graced that ivory brow;
Where smiled a dimple, gapes a wrinkle now.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

AMBITION — EMULATION — GLORY.

1. Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain—
As if life's days for ever should remain?

SPENSER'S *Ruins of Time*.

2. Vaulting ambition overleaps itself.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. 'T is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by wide spreading, it disperse to nought.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Who trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of fame.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave!

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

7. What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeit and corporeal pain?
And, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envy the ploughman's strength and health?

GAY'S *Fables.*

8. Who never felt the impatient throb,
The longing of a heart that pants
And reaches after distant good?

COWPER.

9. The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And make a patriot, as it makes a knave.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

10. Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

11. Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;

Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light:
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright destruction and a shining tomb.

TICKELL.

12. So much the raging thirst for fame exceeds
The generous warmth which prompts to worthy deeds,
That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
Or woo her to their breasts without a dower.

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

13. But glory's glory; and if you would find
What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

14. Longings sublime and aspirations high.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

15. What millions died, that Cæsar might be great!

CAMPBELL.

16. Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven.

N. P. WILLIS.

17. Ambition is the germ,
From which all growth of nobleness proceeds.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

18. In some, ambition is the chief concern;
For this they languish and for this they burn;
For this they smile, for this alone they sigh;
For this they live, for this would freely die.

J. T. WATSON.

19. And man, the image of his God, is found,
Just for an empty name, an airy sound,
Spending the short remainder of his life
In brutal conflict, and in deadly strife:—
For 't is a strife, disguise it as you may,
Keen as the warrior's in the battle day.

J. T. WATSON.

ANCESTRY — NOBILITY — TITLES, &c.

1. True is, that whilome that good poet said,
That gentle mind by gentle deed is known,
For man by nothing is so well bewray'd
As by his manners, in which plain is shown
Of what degree and what race he is grown.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is an honour to his title.

FORD.

3. *Man* is a name of honour for a king;
Additions take away from each chief thing.

CHAPMAN.

4. A fool indeed has great need of a title;
It teaches men to call him Count and Duke,
And to forget his proper name of fool.

CROWN.

5. Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants.

ROWE.

6. With their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie; the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.

THOMSON.

7. Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating.

THOMSON.

8. Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?

SWIFT.

9. 'T is from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gown-man, learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything.
POPE.

10. Many a Prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.
POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

11. How poor are all hereditary honours,
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,
Unless our own just virtues form our title,
And give a sanction to our fond assumptions!
SHIRLEY.

12. Boast not these titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths; they 're their possessions, not your own:
When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'T will be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but, till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
BEN JONSON.

13. Superior worth your rank requires;
For that, mankind reveres your sires;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merit heightens your disgrace.
GAY'S *Fables.*

14. He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet!
YOUNG.

15. E'en to the dullest peasant standing by,
Who fasten'd still on him a wandering eye,
He seem'd the master spirit of the land.
JOANNA BAILLIE.

16. Even to the delicacy of their hands
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17. "Your ancient house?" No more: I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
————————Nor of a proud display
Of smoky ancestors in wax and clay.

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

18. What boots it on the *lineal tree* to trace,
Through many a branch, the founders of our race—
Time-honoured chiefs—if, in their right, we give
A loose to vice, and like low villains live?

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

19. Fond man! though all the honours of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display, yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility!

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

20. How shall we call those *noble*, who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race?
Who seek to shine by borrow'd lights alone,
Nor with their fathers' glories blend their own?

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

21. Whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it that, perchance, they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*

ANGER — TEMPER — RAGE.

1. Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scathe,
Bitter despite, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief—the enemy of life.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Madness and anger differ but in this:
This is short madness, that long anger is.

ALEYN.

3. My rage is not malicious; like a spark
Of fire by steel enforc'd out of a flint,
It is no sooner kindled, but extinct.

GOFFE.

4. O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world.

SHAKSPEARE.

5 Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd.

CONGREVE.

8. Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,
And open all their rage, like summer storms
At once discharg'd, grow cool again and calm.

C. JOHNSON.

9. When anger rushes unrestrain'd to action,
Like a hot steed it stumbles in its way:
The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safest.

SAVAGE.

10. Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the vaulted skies;
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.

POPE.

11. From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage.

POPE.

12. And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE.

13. Of all bad things by which mankind are curs'd,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

CUMBERLAND'S *Menander.*

14. And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye;
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

15 Patience!—Hence—that word was made
For brutes of burden, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

BYRON'S *Manfred.*

16. All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or, fiercer still,
A woman piqued, who has her will.

BYRON'S *Mazeppa.*

17. For his was not that blind, capricious rage,
A word can kindle and a word assuage;
But the deep working of a soul unmix'd
With aught of pity, where its wrath had fix'd.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

18. His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost.

BYRON'S *Vision of Judgment.*

19. Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

20. The ocean lash'd to fury loud,
Its high waves mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity
To anger's dark and troubled sea.

J. W. EASTBURNE.

21. At this she bristled up with ire—
Her bosom heav'd—her eye glanc'd fire;
The blush that late suffus'd her face,
To deeper crimson now gave place;

Those eyes, that late were bright with joy,
Glared now like lightning to destroy;
And she with such resentment burn'd
As only *woman* feels when scorn'd.

J. T. WATSON.

ANIMAL — BEAST — BRUTE.

1. But they do want the quick discerning power,
Which doth in man the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flower,
And birds, of grapes the cunning shadow peck'd.

DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

2. The subtle dog scours, with sagacious nose,
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey.
Now the warm scent assures the covey near;
He treads with caution, and he pants with fear:
Then close to ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.

GAY'S *Rural Sports.*

3. A colt, whose eyeballs flamed with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire.

GAY'S *Fables.*

4. The lion is, beyond dispute,
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. Had fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;

And, like a gentleman caress'd,
Had been the lady's favourite guest.

GAY'S *Fables.*

6. The wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

7. Of all the brutes by nature form'd,
The artful beaver best can bear the want
Of vital air; yet, 'neath the whelming tide,
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

8. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 't is something more,
'T is heaven directs, and stratagems inspire
Beyond the short extent of human thought.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

9 The snappish cur
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies.

POPE.

10. The hare, timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying man.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

11. And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

12. The lively, shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

13. He stands at bay,
And puts his last faint refuge in despair;
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*

14. The tiger darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his eye hath doom'd.
THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

15. The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind.
GOLDSMITH.

16. Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.
GOLDSMITH.

17. 'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome, as we draw near home.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. They revel, rest, then fearless, hopeless, die.
C. SPRAGUE.

19. The brindled catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to catch his prey.
W. C. BRYANT.

ANTIQUARY.

1. They say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue
With ne'er a nose; and dotes on the decays,
With greater love than the self-loved Narcissus
Did on his beauty.
SHAKERLY.

2. What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!
'T is found! and oh! his happy lot!
'T is bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot!
PRIOR.

3. He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.

YOUNG'S *Love of Fame*

4. Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish.

DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

APPAREL — DRESS — FASHION.

1. Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoil
Of hungry eyes.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reaped,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat
What *seem'd* a handkerchief, and forthwith blew
His vocal nose.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. The fashion
Doth wear out more apparel than the man.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. It is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

SHAKSPEARE.

7. Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

SHAKSPEARE.

8. Her polish'd limbs
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

9. Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,
Through freezing snows, and rain, and soaking sleet;—
Should the big last extend the sole too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joints unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too small the modest shoes are worn,
You 'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

GAY'S *Trivia.*

10 Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter wear;
Be thine of kersey firm, tho' small the cost;
Then brave, unwet, the rain—unchill'd, the frost.

GAY'S *Trivia.*

11. Let beaux their *canes* with amber tipt produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane;
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane,
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And muddy spots the clean cravat disgrace.
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious persons walk the street!

GAY'S *Trivia.*

12. In diamonds, curls, and rich brocades
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

POPE.

13. Say, will the falcon stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's varying wings?
Or, hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

POPE.

14. Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

POPE.

15. And even while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

16. Beppo! that beard of thine becomes thee not;
It should be shaved before you 're a day older!

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

17. He had that grace, so rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman, from top to toe.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. But, next to dressing for a rout or ball,
Undressing is a woe.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

APPEARANCE.

1. Trust not the treason of those smiling looks,
Until you have their guileful trains well tried,
For they are like but unto golden hooks,
That from the foolish fish their baits do hide.

SPENSER'S *Sonnets.*

2. Why should the sacred character of virtue
Shine on a villain's countenance? Ye powers!
Why fix'd you not a brand on treason's front,
That we might know t' avoid perfidious mortals?

DENNIS

3. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd liv'ry of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. All that glitters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful!
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

SHAKSPEARE.

7. So the blue summit of some mountain height,
Wrapt in gay clouds, deludes the distant sight;
But as with gazing eyes we draw more near,
Fades the false scene, and the rough rocks appear.

PATTISON.

8 He has, I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate,
That almost awes me.

DRYDEN.

9. The gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
Contains the shining treasure of a soul,
Resolv'd and brave.

DRYDEN.

10. Tho' the fair rose with beauteous blush is crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimson blooms,
Deep at the heart the cank'ring worm consumes.

GAY'S *Dione.*

11. Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;—
He dreads a death-bed, like the meanest slave;
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise—
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

12. She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reach'd one generous thought;
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in *decencies* for ever.
POPE'S *Moral Essays*

13. Your thief looks, in the crowd,
Exactly like the rest, or rather better;
T is only at the bar, or in the dungeon,
That wise men know your felon by his features.
BYRON'S *Werner.*

14. That this is but the surface of his soul,
And that the depth is rich in better things.
BYRON'S *Werner.*

15. Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Masks hearts where grief has little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit, who wears them most.
BYRON'S *Corsair.*

16. How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgments upon that which *seems.*
SOUTHEY.

17. The deepest ice that ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.
BYRON'S *Parisina.*

18. As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,

So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

T. Moore.

19. Appearance may deceive thee — understand,
A pure white glove may hide a filthy hand.

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20. Within the oyster's shell uncouth
The purest pearl may bide:—
Trust me, you 'll find a heart of truth
Within that rough outside.

Mrs. Osgood.

21. Who will believe? not I, for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem.

Fitz-green Halleck.

22. 'T is not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'T is not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

R. Dawes.

23. Angel forms may often hide
Spirits to the fiends allied.

Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud.

24 Think not, because the eye is bright,
And smiles are laughing there,
The heart that beats within is light,
And free from pain and care.
A blush may tinge the darkest cloud
Ere Sol's last ray depart,
And underneath the sunniest smile
May lurk the saddest heart.

APPETITE — DINNER — HUNGER, &c.

1. Our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury.
SHAKSPEARE.

2. He was a man of an unbounded stomach.
SHAKSPEARE.

3. Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
SHAKSPEARE.

4. Read over *this*, and after *this*,—and then
To breakfast with what appetite you have.
SHAKSPEARE.

5. They would defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard thro' their nose.
BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. He bore
A paunch of mighty bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare.
BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. For finer or fatter
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.
GOLDSMITH.

8. Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat.
POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

9. The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side, in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incisions make. THOMSON.

10. Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives—that is, *to dine.*
YOUNG'S *Love of Fame.*

11. The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies thro' their mouths, or I mistake mankind.
DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

12. Behold! his breakfasts shine with reputation;
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
With these he treats both commoners and quality,
Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality.
DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

13. Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell, like tomahawks, to work!
DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

14. Famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

15. Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take
Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

16. And when he look'd upon his watch again,
He found how much old Time had been a winner—
He also found that he had lost his dinner.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17. Nothing's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell!
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. When dinner has oppress'd me,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

19. He fell upon whate'er was offer'd—like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

20. But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meat, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21. —All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate apples, must depend on dinner!

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22 The big round dumpling rolling from the pot.

D. HUMPHREYS.

23 The same stale viands serv'd up o'er and o'er,
The stomach nauseate.

WYNNE'S *Ovid.*

APPLAUSE — POPULARITY.

1. Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs, and, by his face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

SHAKSPEARE

3. O breath of public praise,
Short-liv'd and vain! oft gain'd without desert,
As often lost, unmerited!

HAVARD.

4. Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

5. He spoke, and bow'd; with muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applause.

GAY'S *Fables.*

6. The noisy praise
Of giddy crowds is changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause;
Servant to change, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success; but veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

DRYDEN.

7. Some shout him, and some hang upon his ear,
To gaze in 's eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy;
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and, turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.

COWPER'S *Task.*

8. Oh popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?

COWPER'S *Task.*

9. In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

10. What if the popular breath should damn the sun
In his meridian glory?—dost thou think
His beams would fall less brightly?

DAWES' *Athenia.*

ARCHITECTURE — BUILDING.

1. The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The sculptur'd marble, and the breathing gold.

AKENSIDE.

2. Here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry,
But built a house for hospitality;
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertain his sight; but clear
And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here.

CAREW.

3. Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The craz'd creation of misguided whim.

BURNS.

4. The high embower'd roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

MILTON

ARGUMENT — SOPHISTRY.

1. But this juggler
Would think to chain my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.

MILTON'S *Comus*.

2. Enjoy thy gay wit and false rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

3. Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied;
They rail'd, revil'd — as often ends
The contests of disputing friends.

GAY'S *Fables.*

4. Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seems so profound,
They fancy learning in the sound.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. He 'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. A man convinc'd against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. Now with fine phrase, and foppery of tongue,
More graceful action, and a smoother tone,
The orator of fable and fair face
Will steal on your brib'd hearts.

YOUNG.

8. In subtle sophistry's laborious forge.

YOUNG.

9. False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads in every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:—

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

10. Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

11. Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.

POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

12. But as some muskets do contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And, though well-aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over,—
So fared our squire, whose reas'ning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arguments he apply'd.

TRUMBULL'S *M'Fingal.*

13. The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostate of affection—he, who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

14. He cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heav'nly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they pass'd.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

15. His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "rigmarole."

BYRON'S *Don Juan*

16. With temper calm and mild,
And words of soften'd tone,
He overthrows his neighbour's cause,
And justifies his own.

Vicksburg Whig

17. With neat and rounded phrase
He tricks the shapeless thought;
Like hope of power, it charms to-day;
To-morrow, it is nought.

Vicksburg Whig.

ARTIFICE — CANDOUR.

1. Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart doth hold.

BUCKINGHAM.

2. Shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen.

CONGREVE.

3. Imperfect mischief!
Thou, like the adder venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller; and when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess and point the path which thou hast crept.
O, fate of fools! officious in contriving,
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.

CONGREVE.

4. You talk to me in parables;
You may have known that I'm no wordy man:
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use them when they want good sense.

OTWAY.

5. Honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament; be plain.

OTWAY.

6. The brave do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Truly, without disguise, they love or hate;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heaven and men are judges of their actions.

ROWE.

7. 'T is great, 't is manly to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
I find the fool when I behold the screen,
For 't is the wise man's interest to be seen.

YOUNG'S *Love of Fame.*

ASSASSINATION — MURDER.

1. Will all Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clear from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making this green one, red.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

SHAKSPEARE.

3. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. See—his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd; his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Blood, though it sleeps a time, yet never dies;
The gods on murd'rers fix revengeful eyes.

CHAPMAN.

7. Murder itself is past all expiation,
The greatest crime that nature doth abhor.

GOFFE.

8. Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul
Of men with more infernal hue, than damn'd
Assassination?

CIBBER.

9. Cease, triflers; would you have me feel remorse,
Leave me alone—nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeons,
Speak to the murderer with the voice of solitude.

MATURIN'S *Bertram*.

10. Oh! thou dead
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou now art,
I know not; but if thou seest what I am,
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul—farewell!

BYRON'S *Cain*.

ASSOCIATES — COMPANY.

1. Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. So lilies in a glass enclose—
The glass will seem as white as those.

COWLEY.

3. 'T is hard, where dulness overrules,
T'o keep good sense in crowds of fools;
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves.

DEAN SWIFT.

4. Then must I plunge again into the crowd
Where revel calls, and laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

5. Then as we never met before, and never,
It may be, may again encounter, why,
I thought to cheer up this——

BYRON.

6. Like the stain'd web, that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

ASTONISHMENT—SURPRISE.

1. With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

2. He stood
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless and fix'd in all the death of woe.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

3. Were his eyes open? Yes, and his mouth too;—
Surprise has this effect, to make one dumb,
Yet leave the gate, which eloquence slips through,
As wide as if a long speech were to come.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

4. A war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
A lion, rous'd by heedless hound,
A tyrant wak'd to sudden strife,
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life,
Than he who heard that vow display'd.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

AUTHORS — WRITERS.

1. How many great ones may remember'd be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish,
Of whom no words we hear, no signs now see,
But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish,
Because they living cared not to cherish
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize!

SPENSER'S *Ruins of Time.*

2. He that writes,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends; there 's not a guest
But will find something wanting, or ill-drest.

SIR R. HOWARD.

3. Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men;
Whereby 't is plain thy light and gifts,
Are all but plagiary shifts.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

4 Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools;
Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For fools are only laugh'd at—wits are hated.

POPE.

5. Some write, confin'd by physic ; some, by debt;
Some, for 't is Sunday ; some, because 't is wet;
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

YOUNG.

6. None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

COWPER.

7. Our doctor thus, with stuff'd sufficiency
Of all omnigenous omnisciency,
Began (as who would not begin,
That had like him so much within?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts.

MOORE.

8. One hates an author that 's *all author*, fellows
In foolscap uniform turn'd up with ink ;
So very anxious, clever, fine and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs, e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

AUTUMN — SPRING — WINTER, &c.

1. Perceivest thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear?
Like human life in every shape they wear:
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed. . . . .
Proceeding onward, whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man. . . .

Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Nor froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.

DRYDEN'S *Ovid.*

2. See, winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

3. As yet the trembling year is unconfin'd,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

4. But see, the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Embrown.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

5. From bright'ning fields of ether, fair disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes;
In pride of youth, and felt thro' nature's depth,
He comes, attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes on his way.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

6. O winter! ruler of the inverted year, ...
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.

COWPER'S *Task.*

7. Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer ling'ring blooms delay'd.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

8. And winter, lingering, chills the lap of spring.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

9. Fain would my muse the flowing treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful spring.

POPE.

10. Where summer's beauty 'midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness, spite of summer's rays.

POPE.

11. Eternal Spring, with smiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.

GARTH.

12. But mighty nature bounds as from her birth.
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

13. The merry May hath pleasant hours, and dreamily they glide,
As if they floated, like the leaves, upon a silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds, the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music, like a tune with pleasant words.

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14. The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snow.

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

15. The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow declining year,
More sober than the buxom, blooming May,
And therefore less the favourite of the world;
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.

CARLOS WILCOX.

16. And the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attemper'd beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth.

CARLOS WILCOX

17. The melancholy days are o'er,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.

W. C. BRYANT.

18. The dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers;
The frost hangs black'ning on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.

J. BRAINARD.

19. The world leads round the seasons in a choir,
For ever changing, and for ever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful and the tender, in one strain.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

20. The gentle gales of Spring went by,
And fruits and flowers of summer die;
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.

GOODRICH.

21. What scenes of delight, what sweet visions she brings
Of freshness, of gladness and mirth—
Of fair sunny glades where the buttercup springs,
Of cool, gushing fountains, of rose-tinted wings,
Of birds, bees and blossoms, all beautiful things,
Whose brightness rejoices the earth!

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

22. The bleak wind whistles —snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echc to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath past away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks in, with frozen mantle bound.

MRS. NORTON.

23 Hark! through the dim woods dying
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing;—
Summer's gone!

MRS. NORTON.

24 First budding Spring appears, next Summer's heat,
Then Autumn's fruits, then Winter's cold and sleet.

J. T. WATSON.

25. Then rugged Winter his appearance makes,
Cloth'd in his cheerless robes of snow and frost,
And vegetation all the land forsakes,
And flowers decay, and all Spring's fruits are lost.

J. T. WATSON.

AVARICE — BRIBERY — MISER.

1 Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I 'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

SHAKSPEARE

2. The miser lives alone, abhorr'd by all,
Like a disease, yet cannot so be 'scaped,
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's hearts
That live about him; never has commerce
With any, but to ruin them.

MAY.

3. Of Age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there can be;
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title *Youth* may own,
To reap in autumn what a spring had sown;
And, with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants.
But *Age* scarce sows, ere death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfer the heap.

DENHAM.

4. Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
Shall ever find such faith so bought—so sold.

MARSTON.

5. But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he 's poor.

DRYDEN

6. The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless—
The last corruption of degenerate man.

DR. JOHNSON'S *Irene.*

7. 'T is strange the miser should his care employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.

POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

8. Their crimes on gold shall misers lay
Who 've pawn'd their sordid souls away?
Let bravoes, then, whose blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

GAY'S *Fables.*

9. Oh cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

10. Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.

DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

11. The love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.

MOORE.

12. Oh gold! why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower-anchor, the chain cable,
Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

13. Sound him with gold;
'T will sink into his venal soul like lead
Into the deep, and bring up slime, and mud,
And ooze too, from the bottom, as the lead doth
With its greased understratum.

BYRON.

14 A thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest soul.

BYRON'S *Vision of Judgment.*

15. Who loves no music but the dollar's clink.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

16. The kindly throbs that other men control,
Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul;
Thro' life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

17. And he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep
Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get—to keep.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

18. Mammon's close-link'd bonds have bound him,
Self-imposed, and seldom burst;
Though heaven's waters gush'd around him,
He would pine with earth's poor thirst.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

BALL—DANCING, &c.

1. Come and trip it as you you go
On the light fantastic 'toe.

MILTON.

2. Methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

3. Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping and a leaping round,
When arm in arm the dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves with strict embracements round.
DAVIES.

4. Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*.

5. A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

6. On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. The long carousal shakes th' illumined hall;
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball:
And the gay dance of bounding beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain.
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands,
That mingle theirs in well-according bands;
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And youth forget such hours were past on earth,—
So springs th' exulting bosom to that mirth.
BYRON'S *Lara.*

8. The music, and the banquet, and the wine,—
The garlands, the rose-odours, and the flowers,—
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments—
The white arms, and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets—swan-like bosoms—the thin robes,

Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven—
The many twinkling feet, so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well.

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

9. When gas and beauty's blended rays
Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze;
Or spermaceti's light reveals
More "*inward bruises*" than it heals;
In flames each belle her victim kills,
And "*sparks fly upward*" in quadrilles.

HON. NICH. BIDDLE'S *Ode to Bogle.*

10. Such grace and such beauty! dear creature! you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkled round,
That her steps are of light—that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground!

MOORE.

11. And turn from gentle Juliet's woe,
To count the twirls of Fanny Ellsler's toe.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

12. The bright and youthful dancers meet,
With laughing lips and winged feet;
And golden locks come flashing by,
Like sudden sunshine thro' the sky.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING'S *Broken Bracelet.*

13. And fairy forms, now here, now there,
Hover'd like children of the air.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING'S *Broken Bracelet.*

14. Of all that did chance, 't were a long tale to tell,
Of the dancers and dresses, and who was the belle;
But each was so happy, and all were so fair,
That night stole away, and the dawn caught them there.

S. G. GOODRICH

BANISHMENT — EXILE.

1. Banish'd!—the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it; how, hast thou the heart
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

3. When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

COWPER.

4. Ah me! how oft will fancy's spells, in slumber,
Recall my native country to my mind;
How oft regret will bid me sadly number
Each lost delight, and dear friend left behind!

MAT. G. LEWIS.

5. Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
Those scenes which I am doom'd no more to know,
Full oft shall memory trace—my soul's tormentor—
And turn each pleasure past to present woe.

MAT. G. LEWIS.

6 I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. Then fare thee well, my country, lov'd and lost!
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;

I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.

E. D. GRIFFIN.

8. Farewell! my more than fatherland!
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!
Ling'ring beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you!

R. H. WILDE.

BANNER — FLAG.

1. Who, forthwith, from the glitt'ring staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

2. 'T is the Star-Spangled Banner—Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

F. KEY.

3. As long as patriot valour's arm
Shall win the battle's prize,
That *star* shall beam triumphantly,
That *Eagle* seek the skies!

J. R. DRAKE.

4. Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valour given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

J. R. DRAKE.

BASHFULNESS — BLUSH — MODESTY.

1. Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And, ever and anon, with rosy red,
The bashful blush her snowy cheeks did dye.
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Maidens in modesty say No, to that
Which they would have the profferers construe, Aye.
SHAKSPEARE

3. Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
And, mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.
BROOKE.

4. From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring,
To revel in the roses
ROWE'S *Tamerlane.*

5. As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with rays resistless fall,
And she, who means no mischief, does it all.
AARON HILL.

6. He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

7. Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
POPE.

8. A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks, by turn, with white and red;
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
PARNELL.

9. The modest matron, and the blushing maid.
GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

10. The bashful virgin's sidelong look of love.

GOLDSMITH.

11. That modest grace subdu'd my soul,
That chastity of look which seems to hang,
A veil of purest light, o'er all her beauties,
And by forbidding most inflames desire.

YOUNG.

12. I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.

COWPER.

13. True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks thro' fear,
Where 't is a shame to be asham'd t' appear.

COWPER.

14. Playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought.

T. MOORE.

15. I know a cheek whose blushes,
As they trembling come and go,
I could gaze upon for ever,
If it did not pain thee so.

MRS. OSGOOD.

16. And so the blush is form'd, and flies,
Nor owns reflection's calm control,
It comes, it deepens — fades, and dies,
A gush of feeling from the soul.

MRS. DINNIES.

17. Modesty 's the charm
That coldest hearts can quickest warm;
Which all our best affections gains,
And, gaining, ever still retains.

J. K. PAULDING.

BATTLE — FIGHTING — WAR.

1. So brave returning, with his brandish'd blade,
He to the carle himself again addrest,
And struck at him so sternly that he made
An open passage through his riven breast,
And half the steel behind his back did rest.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. It was a pity—so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good brave fellow has destroy'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in his ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Now one 's the better—then the other best,
Both tugging to be victor, breast to breast;
Yet neither conqueror or is conquered,
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

SHAKSPEARE.

6 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang;
While none who saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,

She 'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. ——Death
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and bless'd his maw,
Destined to that good hour.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

9. Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

GAY'S *Fables.*

10. The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves;—
The sneaking cur before her flies;
She whistles, calls—fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns;
With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

GAY'S *Fables.*

11. He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm,
And loved peace best when he was forc'd to arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more.

ROWE'S *Lucan.*

12. Nations with nations mixt confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

ADDISON.

13. Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, and the first in fame.

POPE'S *Homer.*

14. Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,
Is only splendid murder.

THOMSON

15. Is death more cruel from a private dagger
Than in the field, from murdering swords of thousands?
Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?

CIBBER.

16. War is of use to human kind;
For ever and anon, when you have pass'd
A few dull years in peace and propagation,
The world is overstock'd with fools, and wants
A pestilence at least, if not a hero.

JEFFERY.

17. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

CAMPBELL.

18. Their clamours rend the hills around,
And earth re-bellows with the sound;
And many a groan increased the din
From broken nose and battered shin.

TRUMBULL'S *McFingal.*

19. And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains.

TRUMBULL'S *McFingal.*

20. One murder marks the assassin's odious name,
But millions damn the hero into fame.

R. T. PAINE.

21. And, where the hottest fire was seen and heard,
And the loud cannon peal'd its hoarsest strains.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22. All that the mind would shrink from of excesses,
All that the body perpetrates of bad,
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses,
All that the devil would do, if run stark mad—
Was here let loose.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

23. I own my natural weakness: I have not
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering.
BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

24. They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
BYRON'S *Corsair.*

25. The death-shot hissing from afar,
The shock, the shout, the groan of war.
BYRON'S *Giaour.*

26. Theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life.
BYRON'S *Giaour.*

27. But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
And beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay.
BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth.*

28. The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

29. And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

30. 'T was blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor t' other flinch.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

31. And slaughter heap'd on high its weltering ranks.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

32. Battle's magnificently stern array.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

33. In vain he did whate'er a chief may do,
To check the headlong fury of that crew;
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame—
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame.
BYRON'S *Lara.*

34. Not in the conflict havoc seeks delight—
His day of *mercy* is the day of fight;
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Tho' drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun.
BYRON'S *Curse of Minerva.*

35. Waved her dread pinion to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn.
CAMPBELL.

36. From rank to rank their vollied thunder flew.
CAMPBELL.

37. Death spoke in every booming shot that knell'd upon the ear
SPRAGUE.

38. And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wide wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like sheets of flame in midnight pall.
J. R. DRAKE.

39. Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave!
The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
Under Death, whom he owns his commander-in-chief;—
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief.
H. CUMMINGS.

40. Now lies he low—no more to hear
The victor's shout or clashing steel;
No more of war's rude cares to bear,
No more kind sympathy to feel.
No more he charges with the host,
The thickest of the battle-field;
No more to join in victory's boast,
No more to see the vanquish'd yield.
Richmond Republican.

41. The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.
LONGFELLOW

BEAST.—(See ANIMAL).

BEAUTY.

1. The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Beauty 's a doubtful good, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour;
And beauty, blemish'd once, for ever 's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, and feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for *homely* features to keep home;
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn?—
There was another meaning in those gifts.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

5. Virtue can brook the thoughts of age
That lasts the same through every stage,
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before!

GAY'S *Fables.*

6. 'T is not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the full force and joint effect of all.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*

7. If to her share some female errors fall,
Look to her face, and you 'll forget them all.

POPE.

8. Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.

POPE.

9. I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as those which on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose,
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows.

RANDOLPH.

10. Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

11. Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand.

DRYDEN.

12. 'T is not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

13. And those who paint them truest, praise them most.

ADDISON.

14. All that painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love.

ROWE'S *Fair Penitent.*

15. What 's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.

YOUNG.

16. Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit;
That steals so gently o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

17. No fantastic robe,
That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,
Or folly smiled on, could eclipse thy charms.

SHENSTONE.

18. To make the cunning artless, tame the rude,
Subdue the haughty, shake the undaunted soul:—
These are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

19. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowing of an innocent heart.

ROGERS' *Italy.*

20. There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, compos'd, resign'd.

SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

21. For faultless was her form as beauty's queen,
And every winning grace that love demands,
With mild attemper'd dignity was seen
Play o'er each lovely limb, and deck her angel mien.

MRS. TIGH'S *Psyche.*

22. She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose where'er I turn'd my eye,
The morning star of memory.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

23. So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath—
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue, which haunts it to the tomb.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

24. Fair as the first that fell of womankind.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

25. So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
Even pity scarce can wish it less.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

26. Who hath not prov'd how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness?

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

27. Such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone:
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmoniz'd the whole,
And, Oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

28. Heart on her lip, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

29. Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow cold?

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

30. And form'd for all the witching arts of love.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

31. Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Would shake the saintship of an anchorite.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

32. The bee from that lip more nectar could sip
Than from all the sweet buds in the bower.

33. Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close:
But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

BURNS.

34. Without the smile, from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man?—a world without a sun!

CAMPBELL.

35. Who hath not paus'd while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the tribute of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace—the magic of a name?

CAMPBELL.

36. 'T were easier far to paint the hues of heaven,
When Morn, resplendent with new glory, wakes,
Or steal the varying tints by sunset given
To the gold-crested wave, the while it breaks,
Than to embody the harmonious grace
That, ever-changing, flitted o'er her face.

DAWE'S *Geraldine.*

37. For every block of marble holds a Venus,
With nothing but unchisell'd stone between us.

DAWE'S *Geraldine.*

38. Thou art beautiful, young lady;
But I need not tell you this,
For few have borne, unconsciously,
The spell of loveliness.

J. G. WHITTIER.

39. Thou art not beautiful—yet thy young face
Makes up in sweetness what it lacks in grace;
Thou art not beautiful—yet thy blue eyes
Steal o'er the soul like sunshine o'er the skies;—
And heaven, that gives to thee each mental grace,
Has stamp'd the angel in thy sweet young face.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

40. I 've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one, for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

41. With eyes whose beams might shame a night
Of starlight gleams, they were so bright;
And cheeks before whose bloom the rose
Its blushing treasure-house might close.

MRS. ESLING'S *Broken Bracelet.*

42. Beauty in woman weaves a spell
Around poor man's devoted heart,
And he must guard the fortress well,
Or else he 'll feel its piercing dart;
But when we see in one combin'd
Charms such as do in you exist,
And a well-cultivated mind,
Her magic power who can resist?

J. T. WATSON.

43. That beauteous dame, whose heavenly charms
Kept Troy and Greece ten years in arms.

J. T. WATSON.

44. He look'd
With a rapt gaze of wild delight,
For ne'er saw he so fair a sight.

J. T. WATSON.

45. Plato himself had not survey'd,
Unmov'd, such charms as she display'd.

J. T. WATSON.

BEGGAR.

1 He makes a beggar first, that first relieves him;
Not usurers make more beggars where they live,
Than charitable men, that use to give.

HEYWOOD.

2. Base worldlings, that despise all such as need;
Who to the needy beggar still are dumb,
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

HEYWOOD.

3. Beggar? the only free men of our commonwealth;
Free above scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion,
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves—yet are no rebels.

BROME.

4. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span—
Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!

BETTING — GAMBLING.

1. Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasure in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

GAY'S *Fables.*

2. In debts of play,
Your honour suffers no delay;
And not this year's or next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.

GAY'S *Fables.*

3. Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.

GAY'S *Fables.*

4. Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom would gamesters thrive?
GAY'S *Fables.*

5. Whene'er the gaming-board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
GAY'S *Fables.*

6. If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
Dost lose? Rise up; dost win? Rise in that state,
Who strives to sit out losing hands is lost.
HERBERT.

7. Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say;—
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.
HEATH.

8. Most men, till by experience made sager,
Will back their own opinion with a wager.
BYRON.

BIGOTRY.

1 The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics, who durst oppose.
DRYDEN.

2. For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

3. Christians have burn'd each other, well persuaded
That the apostles would have done as they did.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

4. Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds disagree?

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox bliss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

MOORE.

5 Mad as Christians used to be
About the thirteenth century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as bad.

MOORE.

BIRDS.

1. Where dwelt the ghostly *owl*,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from their haunt all other cheerful fowl.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Lo! here the gentle *lark*, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. While the *cock*, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Proudly struts his dames before.

MILTON.

5. The noisy *geese* that gabbled in the pool.

GOLDSMITH.

6. The *heron*
Upon the bank of some small, purling brook,
Observant stands, to take his scaly prey.

SOMERVILE.

7. Every songster sings,
Tops the high bough, and clasps his glist'ning wings.

DR. DWIGHT.

8. I saw the expectant *raven* fly,
Who scarce could wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun.

BYRON'S *Mazeppa.*

9. But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd;
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

10. And the blue *jay* flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill sounding and unsteady cry.

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

11. Lone *Whippoorwill;*
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

12. Here look on the *geese*, as they nibble the grass—
How they stretch out their long necks, and hiss as we pass!
And the fierce little *bantam*, that flies your attack,
Then struts, flaps, and crows, with such airs at your back;
And the *turkey-cock*, smoothing his plumes in your face,
Then ruffling so proud, as you bound from the place!

W. H. BURLEIGH.

13. The winglets of the fairy *humming-bird*,
Like atoms of the rainbow flitting round.

CAMPBELL.

14. The brown *vultures* of the woods
Flock'd to these vast uncover'd sepulchres,
And sat, unscar'd and silent, at their feast.

W. C. BRYANT.

15. The *robin* warbled forth his full clear note
For hours, and wearied not.

W. C. BRYANT.

16. Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And tempest-clouds are driven!

J. G. PERCIVAL.

17. Ofttimes, tho' seldom seen,
The *cuckoo*, that in summer haunts our groves,
Is heard to moan, as if at every breath
Panting aloud.

CARLOS WILCOX.

18. The merry *mocking-bird* together links,
In one continued song, all diff'rent notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.

CARLOS WILCOX.

19. Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay *swallows* skim,
Or, round the borders of the spacious lawn,
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence, with motion serpentine,
Easy and light.

CARLOS WILCOX.

20. The *robin* to the garden or green yard,
Close to the door, repairs to build again
Within her wonted tree.

CARLOS WILCOX.

21. And in mid air the sportive *night-hawk*, seen
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions dark, but, when upturn'd
Against the brightness of the western sky,
The white plume shining in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with a hollow sound.

CARLOS WILCOX.

22. The *whippoorwill*, her name her only song.

CARLOS WILCOX.

23. The *yellowhammer* by the wayside picks
Mutely the thistle seed: but in her flight
So smoothly serpentine, her wings outspread
To rise a little, clos'd to fall as far.

CARLOS WILCOX.

24. The flippant *blackbird*, with light yellow crown,
Hangs flutt'ring in the air, and chatters thick
Till her breath fails, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb,
Or some tall flag, and, gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating.

CARLOS WILCOX.

25. With sonorous notes
Of every tone, mix'd in confusion sweet,
The forest rings.

CARLOS WILCOX.

26. The bird whose pinion courts the sunbeam's fire.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

27. Ever, my son, be thou like the dove;
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

BISHOP DOANE.

28. A free, wild spirit unto thee is given,
Bright minstrel of the blue celestial dome!
For thou wilt wander to yon upper heaven,
And bathe thy plumage in the sunbeam's home;
And, soaring upward, from thy dizzy height,
On free and fearless wing, be lost to human sight!

MRS. AMELIA WELBY.

29. Hark! how with love and flutt'ring start
The *skylark* soars above,
And with her full, melodious heart,
She pours her strains of love.

Bird of the pure and dewy morn!
How soft thy heavenward lay
Floats up where life and light are born,
Around the rosy day!

MRS. AMELIA WELBY.

BIRTH.—(See ANCESTRY).

BLACKSMITH — FARMER — PEASANT.

1. Here smokes his forge; he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm;
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

GAY'S *Trivia.*

2. Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field,
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

3. He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

4. His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.

DRYDEN

5. Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath hath made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

6. From labour health, from health contentment springs;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel.*

7. The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

8. Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measur'd beat and slow.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

9 How blest the farmer's simple life!
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
Free, 'mid the scented fields!

C. W. EVEREST.

10. The cobbler's *all* depends upon his *awl*,
And *sheer's* the merit of the tailor's *shears;*
The farmers *crop* their living from their *crop*,
And each man *shares* the blessings of their *shares.*
Who ever *saw* the workman wield his *saw*
Or move his *plane* along the timber's *plane*,
Or with just *rule* adjust his iron *rule*,
Must *fain* admit his skill he does not *feign.*

J. T. WATSON.

BLINDNESS.

1. O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Irrevocably dark! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.

MILTON'S *Samson Agonistes.*

2. O, loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd.

MILTON'S *Samson Agonistes.*

3. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

4. Nor to these idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or stars, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

MILTON.

5. Ah! little know they of the dreamy sadness
That shadows o'er my spirit's viewless urn,
For they can look out on the free world's gladness,
Where blossoms blow, and stars shoot out and burn;
While I must sit, a fair yet darken'd flower,
Amid the bright band gathering round our hearth,
The only sad thing in our sweet home's bower—
Oh! for one glance upon the fresh green earth!

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

BLUSH.—(See BASHFULNESS.)

BOASTING.

1. The honour 's overpaid,
When he that did the act is commentator.

SHIRLY,

2. For highest looks have not the highest mind,
Nor haughty words most full of highest thought;
But are like bladders blown up with the wind,
That being prick'd evanish into nought.
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

3. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That ev'ry braggart shall be found an ass.
SHAKSPEARE.

4. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.
SHAKSPEARE.

5. What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.
SHAKSPEARE.

6. We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

7 For men, it is reported, dash and vapour
Less on the field of battle than on paper;
Thus, in the history of each dire campaign,
More carnage leads the newspaper than plain.
DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

BOOKS — NEWSPAPER — PRESS.

1. Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thought and voices hold;
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old.
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

2. 'T is in books the chief
Of all perfections, to be plain and brief.

BUTLER.

3. 'T were well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;
The man approving what had charm'd the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace and joy;
And not with curses on his art, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

COWPER.

4. What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?

COWPER.

5. Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

DENHAM

6. The printed part, tho' far too large, is less
Than that which, yet unprinted, waits the press.

From the Spanish.

7. The Past but lives in words: a thousand ages
Were blank, if books had not evok'd their ghosts,
And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips.

BULWER'S *Cromwell.*

8. 'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, altho' there 's nothing in 't.

BYRON'S *English Bards and Scotch Reviews.*

9. Turn to the press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires and wrecks,
Harangues and hailstones, brawls and broken necks.

CHARLES SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

10. 'T was heaven to lounge upon a couch, said Gray,
And read new novels through a rainy day.

CHARLES SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

11. Trade hardly deems the busy day begun,
Till his keen eye along the sheet has run;
The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crone that 's gone.
The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town;
Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings.

CHARLES SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

12. See tomes on tomes, of fancy and of power,
To cheer man's heaviest, warm his holiest hour.

CHARLES SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

13. Turn back the tide of ages to its head,
And hoard the wisdom of the honour'd dead.

CHARLES SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

14. Newspaper! who has never felt the pleasure that it brings?
It always tells us of so many strange and wondrous things!
It makes us weep at tales of wo — it fills our hearts with mirth—
It tells us of the price of stock — how much produce is worth—
And when, and where, and how, and why, strange things occur on earth.
Has war's loud clarion call'd to arms? — has lightning struck a tree?—
Has Jenkins broke his leg? — or has there been a storm at sea?—
Has the sea-serpent shown his head?—a comet's tail been seen?
Or has some heiress with her groom run off to Gretna Green?—
All this, and many wonders more, you from this sheet may glean.

J. T. WATSON.

BRAVERY — COURAGE — FORTITUDE.

1. In war, was never lion's rage so fierce;
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. In struggling with misfortune lies the proof
Of virtue.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversary.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we 'll not fail.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

7. Let fortune empty all her quiver on me,
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

DRYDEN.

8. For, as we see the eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gazed upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright,
So valour, in a low estate,
Is more admir'd and wonder'd at.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

9. He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

10. 'T is not now who 's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he 's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

11. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's honour blest!

COLLINS.

12. To a mind resolv'd and wise,
There is an impotence in misery,
Which makes me smile, while all its shafts are in me.

YOUNG'S *Revenge.*

13. True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

14. The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and sink at sights of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.

ROWE.

15. The brave man is not he who feels no fear;
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

16. Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear.

GOLDSMITH.

17. Let angry ocean to the sky
In proud disdain his billows roll;
Let thunder to his threats reply—
Fear is a stranger to my soul.

COBB.

18. What heart in either grim array
Throbs to the charge with wilder beat?
What ear so loves the trumpet's bray,
That bids contending thousands meet?

MRS. HOLFORD.

19. Fate made me what I am—may make me nothing,—
But either that or nothing must I be;
I will not live degraded.

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

20. His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven.

BYRON'S *Giaour*

21. As bold as Daniel in the lions' den.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22. —The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
Are touch'd with a desire to shield or save.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

23. It must have been
A fearful pang that wrung a groan from him.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

24. And the repress'd convulsion of the high
And princely brow of his old father, which
Broke forth in silent shudderings, tho' rarely,
Or in some clammy drops, soon wiped away
In stern serenity.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

25. —And the poor wretch mov'd me
More by his silence, than a thousand outcries
Could have effected.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

26. His blade is bared; in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
A something of indifference, more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

27. Commanding, aiding, animating all,
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hopes, himself had ceas'd to feel.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

28. And tho' I hope not hence unscath'd to go,
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

29. There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But Nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

BYRON.

30. But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied, rather than o'ercome;
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

31. They fought like brave men, long and well.

FITZGREEN HALLECK.

32. Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells
In one weak heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells,
War n'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

BREVITY.—(See CONVERSATION.)

BRIBERY.—(See AVARICE.)

BRUTE. — (See ANIMAL.)

BUILDING. — (See ARCHITECTURE.)

CALUMNY — DETRACTION — ENVY — SLANDER, &c.

1. No wound which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poisonous sting which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight;
For by no art, nor any leeches' might
It ever can recured be again.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he, who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect;
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Who stabs my name, would stab my person too,
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way.

CROWN.

6. For envy doth invade
Works breathing to eternity, and cast
Upon the fairest piece the greatest shade.

ALEYN.

7. So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that 's valiant, handsome, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. Envy 's a sharper spur than pay,
And, unprovok'd, 't will court the fray;
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another.

GAY'S *Fables.*

9. Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.

GAY'S *Fables.*

10. Who praises Lesbia's eyes and features,
Must call her sisters awkward creatures;
For the kind flattery 's sure to charm
When we some other nymph disarm.

GAY'S *Fables.*

11. Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is 't you envy? Envy 's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

GAY'S *Fables.*

12. Slander'd in vain, enjoy the spleen of foes;
Let these from envy hate—from interest those!
Guilt, like the *first*, your gratitude requires,
Since none can envy till he first admires;
And nature tells the *last* his crime is none,
Who to your interest but prefers his own.

AARON HILL.

13. Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

14. Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

15. With that malignant envy, which grows pale
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate.

CHURCHILL.

16. For every thing contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption;
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak:
But Envy, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it works.

CUMBERLAND'S *Menander.*

17 Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardon'd all, except her face.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. Curse the tongue
Whence slanderous rumour, like the adder's drop,
Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's favour.

HILLHOUSE.

19. The ignoble mind
Loves ever to assail with secret blow
The loftier, purer beings of their kind.

W. G. SIMMS.

20. As a base pack of yelping hounds,
Who wish their betters to annoy,
If a stray cur enter their bounds,
Will bruise and mangle and destroy;
So they will on some plan unite,
By which to vex him and to spite:
His very virtues they will use
As pretexts for their foul abuse.

J. T. WATSON.

CANDOUR. — (See ARTIFICE.)

CARE — MELANCHOLY — GLOOM.

1. Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.

BEN JONSON.

3. That spoils the dance of youthful blood,
Strikes out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face,
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

4. The *spleen* with sudden vapour clouds the brain,
And binds the spirits in its heavy chain;
Howe'er the cause fantastic may appear,
Th' effect is real and the pain sincere.

BLACKMORE.

5. But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That, when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them.

BURNS.

6. If thou wilt think of moments gone,
Of joys as exquisite as brief,
Know, mem'ry, when she lingers on
Past pleasure, turns it all to grief.

From the Spanish — BOWRING.

7. Go, you may call it madness—folly—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!

ROGERS.

8. Melancholy
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain, and end; but spreads itself
'Twixt heav'n and earth, like Envy between man
And man—and is an everlasting mist.

BYRON.

9. And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'T is that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'T is that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, which we must steep
First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring,
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep.

BYRON'S *Don Juan*

10. But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day?

CAMPBELL.

11 'T was thus in Nature's bloom and solitude,
He nurs'd his grief till nothing could assuage;
'T was thus his tender spirit was subdued,
Till in life's toils it could no more engage.

CARLOS WILCOX.

12 Come, rouse thee, dearest: 't is not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks Hope would else reveal.

MRS. DINNIES.

13. Blame not, if oft, in melancholy mood,
This theme too far such fancy hath pursued;
And if the soul, which high with hope should beat,
Turns to the gloomy grave's unblest retreat.

ROBERT SANDS

14. Oh! it is hard to put the heart
Alone and desolate away—
To curl the lip in pride, and part
With the kind thoughts of yesterday.

N. P. WILLIS.

15. Strange that the love-lorn heart will beat
With rapture wide amid its folly;—
No grief so soft, no pain so sweet
As love's delicious melancholy.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

16. O! dark is the gloom o'er my young spirit stealing!
Then why should I linger when others are gay?—
The smile that I wear, is but worn for concealing
A heart, that is wasting in sadness away.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

17. Alas, for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wildwood, the sheen in the blossom,
The fresh-swelling fountain—their magic is o'er!
When I list to the stream, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past, with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanish'd hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

18. How vain a task, to wake my lyre
To rapture's thrill, with passion's fire,
While sorrow o'er my heart-strings plays,
With trembling touch, her saddest lays!

MRS. OSGOOD.

19. Pale Care now sits enthron'd upon that cheek,
Where rosy Health did erst her empire hold.

J. T. WATSON.

CAUTION — DISCRETION — PRUDENCE.

1. But now, so wise and wary was the knight,
By trial of his former harms and cares,
That he decry'd, and shunned still his sight:
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. They, that fear the adder's sting, will not
Come near his hissing.

CHAPMAN

3. Look forward what 's to come, and back what 's past;
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd:
What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess;
Thou then wilt be secure of the success.

DENHAM.

4. The better part of valour is discretion.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Prudence! thou vainly in our youth art sought,
And, with age purchas'd, art too dearly bought;—
We 're past the use of wit, for which we toil,
Late fruit, and planted in too cold a soil.

DRYDEN.

7. None pities him that 's in the snare,
And, warn'd before, would not beware.

HERRICK.

8. Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard, falling, crushes him to death.

YOUNG.

9 He knows the compass, sail and c
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost.

GAY'S *Fables.*

10. Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?

GAY'S *Fables.*

11 The mouse, that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

POPE.

12. All 's to be fear'd where all is to be lost.

BYRON'S *Werner*

CELIBACY — CHASTITY.

1. But earlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

SHAKSPEARE

2. Chaste as the icicle
That 's curdled by the frost of purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Lady, you are the cruelest she alive,
If you will lead those graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liv'ried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

5 Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

6. There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for a mate.

POPE.

7. Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will fly,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every sigh;
Mine, like an oak whose firm roots deep descend,
Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.

GAY'S *Dione.*

8. When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?—
The only way her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

GOLDSMITH.

9. If I am fair, 't is for myself alone;
I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
Nor would I call another's heart my own,
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me;
For surely I would plight my faith to none,
Though many an amorous cit might jump to hear me:
For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
When once they find that maidens are believers.

From MICHEL ANGELO.

10. Her bosom was a soft retreat
For love and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To love's delicious tone.
It dwelt within its circle, free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossom waits the breeze,
Before it throws the leaves apart,
And trembles, like the love-touch'd heart.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

11. For who would bear the whips and thorns of doubt,
The oppressor's wrong, the old maid's contumely,
The pangs of untold love, the priest's delay,
The insolence of rivals, and the sneers
That bachelors from womankind must take—
But that the dread of something after marriage,
That yet untried condition, from whose bonds
No victim can be freed, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the life we have
Than risk another that we know not of?

J. T. WATSON.

CEREMONY.

1. Ceremony was devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds—hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Then Ceremony leads her bigots forth
Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths, on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend.
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to sit, to kneel, to stand;
Happy to fill religion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.

COWPER.

CHANCE — FORTUNE.

1. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to enrich her followers:
To some she honour gives without deserving;
To other some, deserving without honour;
Some, wit—some, wealth—and some, wit without wealth;
Some, wealth without wit—some, nor wit nor wealth.

CHAPMAN.

5. Let not one look of fortune cast you down;
She were not fortune, if she did not frown:
Such as do braveliest bear her scorns awhile,
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.

LORD ORRERY.

6. Be juster, heav'ns! such virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots
Which men are forc'd to draw.

DRYDEN.

7. Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

GOLDSMITH.

8. Fortune in men has some small difference made:
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

9. Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day
May strip you bare as beggary itself.

CUMBERLAND'S *Philemon.*

10. All our advantages are those of fortune;
Birth, health, wealth, beauty, are her accidents;
And fortune can take nought save what she gives.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

11. Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that 's broken.

SCOTT.

CHANGE — VICISSITUDE.

1. For all, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapour, vanish and decay.

SPENSER'S *Ruins of Time.*

2. Thus doth the ever-changing course of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
And that same day, that highest glory brings,
Brings us unto the point of back-returning.

DANIEL.

3. Is there no constancy in earthly things?
No happiness in us, but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves!
Even then, when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

4. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. The time has been, when no harsh sounds would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;
But now so callous grown, so chang'd since youth,
I 've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

6. Gone, glimm'ring thro' the dreams of things that were
A schoolboy's tale—the wonder of an hour.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. How chang'd since last her speaking eye
Glanc'd gladness round the glitt'ring room;
Where high-born men were proud to wait,
Where beauty watch'd to imitate!

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

8. A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears:—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

9. Roses bloom, and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then like visions hurry by.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

10. Ah me! what is there in earth's various range,
Which time and absence may not sadly change?

SANDS.

11. But while the glitter charms our gazing eyes,
Its wings are folded, and the meteor dies.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

12. Change is written on the tide,
On the forest's leafy pride;
On the streamlet glancing bright,
On the jewell'd crown of night;—
All, where'er the eye can rest,
Show it legibly imprest.

REV. J. H. CLINCH.

13. There are no birds in last year's nest.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

14. Your coldness I heed not, your frown I defy;
Your affection I need not—the time has gone by,
When a blush or a smile on that cheek could beguile
My soul from its safety, with witchery's wile.

MRS. OSGOOD.

15. Oh! what a change comes over that sad heart!
Where all was joyous, light, and free from care,
All thoughts of peace do for a time depart,
And yield to rage, and anguish, and despair!

J. T. WATSON.

CHARACTER — DISPOSITION, &c.

1. He was a man of rare, undoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
And glorious spoils purchas'd in perilous fight;
Full many doughty knights he, in his days,
Had done to death, subdued in equal frays.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, and modern instances.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing,
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Gnats are unnotic'd, wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with ev'ry eye.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

From MARTIAL.

7. With warlike sword, and sing-song lay,
Equipp'd alike for feast or fray.

TRUMBULL'S *McFingal.*

8. Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate;
As elegance polite, as power elate;
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe.

SAVAGE.

9. Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch the world exactly as it goes.

BYRON'S *Don Juan*

10. Cold-blooded, smooth-fac'd, placid miscreant.

BYRON'S *Don Juan*

11. Here 's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for ev'ry fate.

BYRON.

12. With more capacity for love, than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

13. Quick in revenge, and passionately proud,
His brightest hour still shone forth from a cloud;
And none conjecture on the next could form,—
So play'd the sunbeam on the verge of storm.

The New Timon.

14. It was not mirth—for mirth she was too still;
It was not wit—wit leaves the heart more chill;
But that continuous sweetness, which with ease
Pleases all round it, from the wish to please.

The New Timon.

15. The dark grave,
Which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim
The fatal doubt once cast on woman's name.

Hon. W. Herbert.

16. Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile.

Mrs. Norton.

CHARITY.

1. The secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe.

Dryden.

2. In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern'd in charity;
All must be false, that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Pope's *Essay on Man.*

3. There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at our board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

Armstrong

4 Let shining Charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel.

Aaron Hill.

5 The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he, who loves not others, lives unblest.

Home's *Douglass.*

6. And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

7. True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exuberant in the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.

COWPER.

8. The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

9. Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, nor allur'd by praise.

CRABBE.

10. Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woe untold?
Balm would'st thou gather for corroding grief?—
Pour blessings round thee, like a shower of gold.

CARLOS WILCOX.

11. The ear, inclin'd to ev'ry voice of grief,
The hand that op'd spontaneous to relief,
The heart, whose impulse stay'd not for the mind
To freeze to doubt what Charity enjoin'd,
But sprang to man's warm instinct for mankind.

The New Timon.

CHASTITY.—(See CELIBACY.)

CHEERFULNESS—MIRTH—SMILE, &c.

1. A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. And therein sate a lady, fresh and fair,
Making sweet solace to herself alone;
Sometimes she sung as loud as lark in air,
Sometimes she laugh'd that nigh her breath was gone.
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment;
Matter of mirth enough, though there was none,
She could divine; and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

3. Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made my eyes water, but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my *liver* rather heat with wine,
Than my *heart* cool with mortifying gloom.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

COTTON.

6. And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind.

GOLDSMITH.

7. In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

8. Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

9. Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

10. Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

POPE.

11. Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

MILTON.

12. Lively and gossiping,
Stor'd with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too.

COWPER.

13. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly sees,
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

14. For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun.

BYRON.

15. Not oft to *smile* descendeth he,
And when he does, 't is sad to see
That he but mocks at misery.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

16. And yet, methinks, the older that one grows,
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, tho' laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

17. He is so full of pleasing anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,
Time vanishes before him as he speaks.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

18. Were it not worse than vain, to close our eyes
Unto the azure sky and golden light,
Because the tempest-cloud doth sometimes rise,
And glorious days must darken into night?

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *Magazine.*

19. See how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament, green is the earth;
Grief hath no voice in the universe chorus;
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up thy eyes, that are looking in sadness;
Gaze! and, if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness—
Gladness! philosophy's guardian and goal.

From the German.

20. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch—so full of mirth,
The overflowing of an innocent heart;—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

ROGERS' *Italy.*

21. Light be thy heart! why should'st thou keep
Sadness within its secret cells?
Let not thine eye one tear-drop weep,
Unless that tear of rapture tells.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

22. It gives to beauty half its power,
The nameless charm, worth all the rest—
The light that dances o'er a face,
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.
If beauty ne'er have set her seal,
It will supply her absence too,
And many a cheek looks passing fair,
Because a merry heart shines through.

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23. How beautiful the smile
On beauty's brow, in beauty's eye,
When not one token lingers nigh,
On lip, or eye, or cheek unbidden,
To tell of anguish vainly hidden!

J. G. WHITTIER.

24. But Oh, there is a smile, which steals
Sometimes upon the brow of care,
And, like the north's cold light, reveals
But gathering darkness there!

J. G. WHITTIER.

25. Joy, like the zephyr that flies o'er the flower,
Rippling into it fresh fairness each hour,—
Joy has wav'd o'er thee his sun-woven wing,
And dimpled thy cheek like the roses of spring.

MRS. OSGOOD.

26. Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

27. A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relish'd by the best of men.

CHILDHOOD — YOUTH.

1. For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds
Importing health and graveness.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I'll serve his youth, for youth must have its course,
For being restrain'd it makes him ten times worse;
His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,
By time 's recall'd, and all his madness tam'd.

SHAKSPEARE

3. The whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast!

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

5. Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying.

HERRICK.

6. Something of youth I in old age approve;
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this observes may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.

DENHAM.

7. Intemperate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.

DENHAM.

8. Youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.

AARON HILL.

9. Young men soon give and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

10. Happy the school-boy! did he know his bliss,
'T were ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye:
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health,
Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,
He wipes it soon.

KNOX.

11 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.

GOLDSMITH

12. The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

13. There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine are vanish'd. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm and prospects high,
But Time strips our illusions of their hue.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

14. A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

15. Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
As with a sigh I deem'd thou mightst have been to me.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

16. The helpless look of blooming infancy.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

17. Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

18. Oh mirth and innocence! Oh milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
BYRON'S *Beppo.*

19. A little curly-headed good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

20. The babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp.
ROGERS.

21. Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth.
MRS. NORTON.

22. The young! Oh! what should wandering fancy bring,
In life's first spring-time, but the thoughts of spring?—
World without winter, blooming amaranth bowers,
Garlands of brightness, wreath'd from changeless flowers?

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

23. It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

24. I sported in my tender mother's arms,
I rode a-horseback on my father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

LONGFELLOW—*From the Danish.*

25. Oh! what a world of beauty fades away
With the wing'd hours of youth!

DAWES' *Geraldine.*

26. Our early days!—How often back
We turn on life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days!

W. D. GALLAGHER.

CHIVALRY.

1. Most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more noble, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Could deeds my heart discover,
Could valour gain your charms,
I'd prove myself a lover
Against a world in arms.

Old Song.

4. A form more active, light and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest, yet the manly mien,
Might grace the court of maiden queen.

SCOTT.

CHURCH — CLERGY, &c.

1. Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own road.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And, after, solve 'em in a trice;
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

3. The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
A living sermon of the truths he taught.

DRYDEN.

4. At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

5. Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock awake.

DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

6. I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrines and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

COWPER'S *Task.*

7. Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go to learn the parson's name,
Some go there to wound his fame,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God.

CIGAR — SMOKING.

1. In mind compos'd, he sucks: thick curling clouds
Of smoke around his reeking temples play.
Joyous he sits, and, impotent of thought,
Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart.

SOMERVILE

2. Thy quiet spirit lulls the lab'ring brain,
Lures back to thought the flights of vacant mirth;
Consoles the mourner, soothes the couch of pain,
And breathes contentment round the humble hearth;
While savage warriors, soften'd by thy breath,
Unbind the captive Hate had doom'd to death.

REV. WALTER COLTON

3. Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

4. Farewell! I've yet one solace left, which cheers my lonely
hearth,
And in that thought a thousand hopes are springing into
birth:
How beautiful the vision comes, amidst life's gath'ring
cares,
In shape — a champagne bottle, and a box of fine cigars!

J. C. M'CABE.

CLERGY. — (See CHURCH.)

CLOUDS — STORM — WEATHER, &c.

1. The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

2. Oh night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

3. How the giant element,
From rock to rock, leaps with delirious bound!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

4. The storm howl'd madly o'er the sea,
The clouds their thunder anthems sang,
And billows, rolling fearfully,
In concert with the whirlwind rang.

REV. J. N. MAFFIT.

5. How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

6 In pomp transcendant, rob'd in heav'nly dyes,
Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient skies.

DR. DWIGHT.

7. Far on the utmost verge of that huge dome,
Which rears its ether arch above the world.

T. D. ENGLISH.

8. The sky grew darker. Soon came booming on
The deep-voic'd thunder, whilst at distance roll'd
The wild winds' dirge-like, and yet tempest tone;
And lightning's evanescent sheets of gold
Burst, in their anger, from the cloud's huge fold.

T. D. ENGLISH.

9. . . . . The wintry blast,
With sound terrific, rushes wildly past.

COMPANY. — (See ASSOCIATES.)

COMPASSION. — (See FORGIVENESS.)

CONCEALMENT — SECRESY.

1. A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.

SHAKSPEARE

4. A secret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 't is out.

BEN JONSON.

5. What torment 's equal to the grief of mind,
And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thought unkind,
And nourishes its own consuming smart?

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

6. Search not to find what lies too deeply hid;
Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid.

DENHAM.

7. I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I 'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
Yet it consumes my heart.

SHERIDAN.

8. And if she met him, tho' she smil'd no more,
She *look'd* a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store,
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

9. In that corroding secresy, which gnaws
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

10. And there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, tho' for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left.

BYRON'S *Don Juan*

11. I think that all the world are grown anonymous,
Since no one cares to tell us what he 's call'd.

BYRON'S *Werner*

12. In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.

COLERIDGE

CONFESSION.

1. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I blush to think what I have said—
But fate has wrested the confession from me;—
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour;
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

3. Well did I mark the new-born passion grow,
Which my heart beat responsive at perceiving.

A. SKETON.

4. As letters some hand has invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame, will steal out to the sight;
So, many a feeling that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

MOORE.

5. A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
Like the first dawn of mercy from above.

MOORE.

6. I admit you are handsome,—but still, I should guess,
That others are handsome as you ;
I've heard you call'd charming,—but you must confess
That all things we hear are not true :
You think me the slave of your charms ;—I allow
That in graces but few are above you ;
Yet, charming and fair as I see you, I vow
That—I *cannot* deny it—I love you !

J. T. Watson.

CONFIDENCE.

1. Thy words convince me ; all my doubts are vanish'd.

Æschylus' *Agamemnon.*

2. Be thou as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Shakspeare.

3. Let mutual joy our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine !

Dryden.

4. Thou know'st how fearless is my trust in thee.

Miss L. E. Landon

5. Amidst the dull cares that surround us in life,—
In the moments of bliss that illumine our way,—
When the bosom is torn with contention and strife,
Or thrill'd with delight at the scenes we survey,—
Oh ! blest is the man, who can freely repose
In the heart of a friend all his joys and his woes !

J. T. Watson.

CONSCIENCE — DUTY.

1. Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail.

Spenser.

2. A peace above all other dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Oh! I have past a miserable night!
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days!

SHAKSPEARE

5. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

SHAKSPEARE.

8. Now conscience wakes despair,
That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse, if worse deeds, worse sufferings must ensue.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

9 He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

10. Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts o' the nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance, and return?

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

11. 'T is ever thus
With noble minds; if chance they slide to folly,
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.

MASON.

12. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.

DRYDEN.

13. One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas,
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with the Senate at his heels.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

14. He 's arm'd without, that 's innocent within.

POPE.

15. Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of heaven:
True joy to all is free.
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'T is thine, O Conscience! thine alone—
It all belongs to thee.

MICKLE.

16. Oh conscience! conscience! man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, Oh, woe for me! his deadliest foe!

CRABBE.

17. Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And art within ourselves, another self,
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave?
YOUNG'S *Brothers*

18. Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

19. The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*

20. There is no future pang,
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd,
He deals on his own soul.
BYRON'S *Manfred.*

21. Though thy slumbers may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades that will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.
BYRON'S *Manfred.*

22. My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the furies.
BYRON'S *Manfred.*

23. A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

24. But, at sixteen, the conscience rarely gnaws
So much, as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the account of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

25. So much the better:—I may stand alone,
But would not change my free-will for a throne.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

26. No ear can hear, no tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

27. The conscience fierce,
Awak'ning, without wounding the touch'd heart.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

28. Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard thro' gain's silence, and o'er glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

BYRON'S *Island.*

29. That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
Its desperate escape from duty's path;
For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

BYRON'S *Island.*

30. Not all the glory, all the praise,
That decks the prosperous hero's days,
The shout of men, the laurel crown,
The pealing echoes of renown,
May conscience's dreadful sentence drown.

MRS. HOLFORD.

31. Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passion holds a fluctuating seat,
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty remains.

WORDSWORTH.

32. Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain
He feels, who, night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

33. How awful is that hour when conscience stings
The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that wrings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years!

J. G. PERCIVAL.

34. This kills his pleasure all the day,
This thought destroys his nightly rest;
Go where he will, 't is in his way,
To him a loathsome, hated pest.

J. T. WATSON.

CONSENT — REFUSAL.

1. I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulg'd, learned, and valiant,
And, in dimensions and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

SHAKSPEARE.

3. He might have took his answer long ago.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Repulse upon repulse met ever—
Yet gives not o'er, tho' desperate of success.

MILTON.

5. If you oblige me suddenly to choose,
My choice is made—and I must you refuse.

DRYDEN.

6. Take my *esteem*, if you on that can live;
But, frankly, sir, 't is all I have to give.

DRYDEN.

7. Love is not in our power,
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice;
We only love where fate ordains we should,
And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit.

FROWDE.

8. 'T was whisper'd balm—'t was sunshine spoken!

MOORE.

9. I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, would love permit, be free!

LORD LYTTLETON.

10. My heart with love is beating,
Transported by your eyes;
Alas! there 's no retreating,
In vain a captive flies.

---

11. I've rich ones rejected, and fond ones denied,
But, take me, fond shepherd,—I 'm thine.

McNEIL.

12. Oh, do not talk to me of love,
'T is deepest cruelty to me—
Why throw a net around the bird
That might be happy, light and free?

WESTMACOTT

13. Now what could artless Jennie do?
She had na' will to say him na';
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

BURNS.

14. She half consents, who silently denies.

OVID.

CONSTANCY — INCONSTANCY.

1. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

SHAKSPEARE

3. Go, bid the needle its dear North forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it doth bend;
Go, bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go, bid th' ambitious flames no more ascend;
And when these false to their old motions prove,
Then will I cease thee, thee alone to love.

COWLEY.

4. Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise his passion: Such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts.

GAY'S *Dione*

5. True constancy no time, no power can move,
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

GAY'S *Dione*

6. Yes, let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom,
But ties around that heart were spun,
Which would not, could not be undone.

CAMPBELL.

7. Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, Oh my fair!
Or think of any thing, excepting thee.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

8. Love bears within itself the very germ
Of change; and how should this be otherwise?
That violent things more quickly find a term
Is shown through nature's whole analogies.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

9. Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

MOORE

10. Oh, the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

MOORE

11. Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee!
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!

MOORE.

12. There are three things a wise man will not trust:
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.

SOUTHEY.

13. Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain,
Or while there's water in the pathless main.

---

14. Think not, beloved, time can break
The spell around us cast,
Or absence from my bosom take
The memory of the past.

---

15. The love that is kept in the beauty of trust,
Cannot pass like the foam from the seas,
Or a mark that the finger hath trac'd in the dust,
Where 't is swept by the breath of the breeze.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

16. The mountain rill
Seeks, with no surer flow, the far, bright sea,
Than my unchang'd affection flows to thee.

PARK BENJAMIN

17. Love, constant love!
Age cannot quench it—like the primal ray
From the vast fountain that supplies the day,
Far, far above
Our cloud-encircled region, it will flow
As pure and as eternal in its glow.

PARK BENJAMIN

18. I lov'd thee in thy spring-time's blushing hour,—
I lov'd thee in thy summer's ripen'd noon—
I lov'd thee in the blossom, bud, and flower—
The tear of April, and the smile of June:—
Fear not, then, fear not any hour will see
The heart grow cold that ever beats for thee!

---

19 With a kiss my vow was greeted
As I knelt before thy shrine;
But I saw that kiss repeated
On another lip than mine:
And a solemn vow was spoken
That thy heart should not be chang'd;
But that binding vow was broken,
And thy spirit was estrang'd.

J. O. Rockwell.

20. Though youth be past, and beauty fled,
The constant heart its pledge redeems,
Like *box* that guards the flowerless bed,
And brighter from the contrast seems.

Mrs. S. J. Hale.

21. Thou art fickle as the sea,
Thou art wandering as the wind,
And the restless, ever-mounting flames
Are not more hard to bind.

W. C. Bryant.

22. Inconstant! are the waters so
That fall in showers on hill and plain,
Then, tired of what they find below,
Ride on the sunbeams back again?

---

23. There is nothing but death
Our affection can sever,
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind us for ever.

J. G. Percival.

24. Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,
My heart shall follow, and my spirit share.
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

25. The finger of love, on my innermost heart,
Wrote thy name, O adored! when my feelings were young;
And the record shall 'bide till my soul shall depart,
And the darkness of death o'er my being be flung.
W. H. BURLEIGH.

CONTEMPLATION — REFLECTION.

1. Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation,
And, from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
GAY'S *Fables.*

2. 'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they 've borne to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

3. A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

4. Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.
WORDSWORTH.

5. Mount on Contemplation's wings,
And mark the causes and the ends of things;
Learn what we are, and for what purpose born,
What station here 't is given us to adorn;
How best to blend security with ease,
And win our way thro' life's tempestuous seas.
GIFFORD'S *Perseus.*

6. It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain thought,
And feel the spirit stretch into a view.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

7 Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tombs of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have past away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

CONTEMPT — SCORN.

1. Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Infamous wretch!
So much below my scorn, I dare not kill thee!

DRYDEN.

3. He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

4. Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mock'ry that never shall die;
The curses of hate, and the hisses of scorn,
Shall burthen the winds of the sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd,
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.

BYRON.

5. Thou may'st from law, but not from scorn escape;
The pointed finger, cold, averted eye,
Insulted virtue's hiss—thou canst not fly.

CHARLES SPRAGUE

6. Pardon is for men,
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
And no resentment; things like him must sting,
And higher beings suffer; 't is the charter
Of life. The man, who dies by the adder's pang,
May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger;
'T was the worm's nature; and some men are worms
In soul, more than the living things of tombs

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

7. And would'st thou turn,
Like one contemn'd, to seek for more contempt!

RUFUS DAWES.

CONTENTMENT — DISCONTENT.

1. O! who can lead, then, a more happy life,
Than he, that, with clean mind and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knows, nor bloody strife?

SPENSER.

2. The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

PRIOR.

3. Still falling out with this and this,
And finding something still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

4. Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

MILTON'S *Comus*

5. For who did ever yet, by honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, Contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health,
Or, having Wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul*

6 The lion crav'd the fox's art;
The fox the lion's force and heart;
The cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the cock's matchless valour priz'd.
The fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.

GAY'S *Fables.*

7. Sour discontent, that quarrels with our fate,
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate;
The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit,
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

8. He, fairly looking into life's account,
Saw frowns and favours were of like amount;
And viewing all—his perils, prospects, purse—
He said, "Content—'t is well it is no worse."

CRABBE.

9. With careless eyes he views the proud,
In splendid robes profusely drest,
Nor heeds the dull, censorious crowd,
By fortune's fickle goddess blest.

Gentleman's Magazine.

10. What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

BURNS.

11. And passing rich, with forty pounds a year.
GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

12. A country-lad is my degree,
And few there are that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome to my Nannie, O.
BURNS.

13. We heeded not the cold blast, nor the winter's icy air,
For we found our climate in the heart, and it was summer there.
J. R. DRAKE.

14. The feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

15. O! dear is my cottage, unclouded by sorrow,
And sweet is the bower my Emeline wove;
Ah! nought from the gay or the wealthy I'd borrow,
While blest with the smile of contentment and love.
S. RICHARDS.

16. 'T is said that frail, inconstant man,
Is ne'er content with what he is:
Each thinks he can in others scan
A happiness more pure than his.
J. T. WATSON.

CONVERSATION — LOQUACITY, &c.

1. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
SHAKSPEARE.

2. O, he 's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky chimney.
SHAKSPEARE.

3. Since brevity 's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. A flourish ! trumpets !—strike alarums—drums !
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail——

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Few words shall fit the trespass best,
When no excuse can give the fault amending.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience and are never done.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. As 't is a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out, so 't is, in books, the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

BUTLER.

8. For brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

9. But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it had, with greater ease;
And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

10. I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear;
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

GAY'S *Fables.*

11. But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

GAY'S *Fables.*

12. In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, even tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still.
GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

13. With words of learned length, and thund'ring sound.
GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

14. Too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

15. The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
POPE.

16. Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

17. A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 't is a task indeed to learn—to hear.
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
YOUNG.

18. Talking, she knew not why, and car'd not what.
BYRON'S *Beppo.*

19. If, in talking from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.
MOORE'S *Nicostratus.*

20. And there 's one rare, strange virtue in their speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.
HALLECK.

COQUETTE.

1. The vain coquette each suit disdains,
   And glories in her lovers' pains;
   With age she fades—each lover flies,
   Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

   GAY'S *Fables.*

2. Who hath not heard coquettes complain
   Of days, months, years, mis-spent in vain?
   For time misus'd they pine and waste,
   And love's sweet pleasures never taste.

   GAY'S *Fables.*

3. Nymph of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
   And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
   And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspen made.

   DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

4. Such is your old coquette, who can't say "No,"
   And won't say "Yes;" and keeps you on and offing
   On a lee shore, till it begins to blow;
   Then sees your heart wreck'd with an inward scoffing:
   This works a world of sentimental woe,
   And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin.

   BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

5. Would you teach her to love?
   For a time seem to rove;
   At first she may frown in a pet;
   But leave her awhile,
   She shortly will smile,
   And then you may win your coquette.

   BYRON.

6. Can I again that look recall,
   That once could make me die for thee?—
   No, no!—the eye that burns on all,
   Shall never more be priz'd by me!

   MOORE

7. Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast,
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest.

MOORE.

8. Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

POPE.

9. There 's danger in the dazzling eye,
That woos thee with its witching smile;
Another, when thou art not by,
Those beaming looks would fain beguile.

MRS. OSGOOD.

10. But why, O, why on all thus squander
The treasures *one* alone can prize?
Why let the looks at random wander,
Which beam from those deluding eyes?

C. F. HOFFMAN.

COUNTRY — PATRIOTISM.

1. A great man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.

POPE.

2. But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the Frigid Zone
Proudly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
The naked negro, panting on the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;—
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is his own.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

3. Whither where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar land in snow.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

4. Gay sprightly land of mirth and social joy!

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

5. The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the fragrance of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole.

J. MONTGOMERY.

6. Then said the mother to her son,
And pointed to his shield;—
"Come *with* it, when the battle's done,
Or *on* it, from the field."

R. MONTGOMERY.

7. Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own—my native land!

SCOTT'S *Last Minstrel.*

8. Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

MOORE.

9. Carolina, Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, and love, and defend her.
Tho' the scorner may sneer at, and witlings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her!

JUDGE GASTON.

10. Let Spain boast the treasures that grow in her mines;
Let Gallia rejoice in her olives and vines;
In bright sparkling jewels let India prevail,
With her odours Arabia perfume every gale:—
'T is Columbia alone that can boast of the soil
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty smile.

11. Our bosoms with rapture beat high at thy name,
Thy health is our transport—our triumph thy fame;
Like our sires, with our swords we 'll support thy renown;
What they bought with their blood we 'll defend with our own

12. On, on to the just and glorious strife,
With your swords your freedom shielding;
Nay, resign, if it must be so, even life,
But die at least, unyielding!

13. Sweet clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth!
The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!
Where'er I may roam—howe'er blest I may be,
My spirit instinctively turns unto thee!

14. Oh heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no arm on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear with her to live—with her to die!

CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope.*

15. Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell!

CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope.*

16. They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates or castle walls;—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

17 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he, who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny will quake to hear!

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

18. The Niobe of Nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

19. —While the tree
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

20. Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

21. Who, all unbrib'd, on freedom's ramparts stand,
Faithful and true, bright wardens of the land.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

22. England! with all thy faults, I love thee still.

COWPER.

23. When a patriot falls, must he fall in the battle,
Where the cannon's loud roar is his only death-rattle?
There 's a warfare where none but the morally brave
Stand nobly and firmly, their country to save.
'T is the war of *opinion*, where few can be found,
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes
Who are prowling around them, and aiming their blows.

MRS. DANA.

24. And they who for their country die,
Shall fill an honour'd grave;
For glory lights the soldier's tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave.

J. R. DRAKE.

25. They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty.

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

26. Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike for your altars and your fires;
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

27. Yes, it *is* dear—fair Southern clime
Of genial suns and hearts sincere;
And we will cherish it till Time
Shall end, at last, our life's career.

J. T. WATSON.

COUNTRY LIFE.—(See RURAL SCENES.)

COURAGE.—(See BRAVERY.)

COURTIER—PARASITE.

1, Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;—
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone;—
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend.

SPENSER'S *Mother Hubbard's Tale.*

2. These can lie,
Flatter, and swear, deprave, inform,
Smile and betray; make guilty men; then beg
The forfeit lives, to get the livings; cut
Men's throats with whisperings; sell to gaping suitors
The empty smoke that flies about a palace.
BEN JONSON.

3. I have been told, virtue in courtiers' hearts
Suffers an ostracism, and departs.
DR. DONNE.

4. True courtiers should be modest, and not nice;
Bold, but not impudent; pleasure love, not vice.
CHAPMAN.

5. Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake and find nothing.
SHAKSPEARE.

6. The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Whom I have soon to weed and pluck away.
SHAKSPEARE.

7. I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend the knee.
SHAKSPEARE.

8. Those, that go up hill, use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves; and sometimes creep
When th' way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low, ignoble offices,
Can stoop at any thing that 's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.
BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

9. See how he sets his countenance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks.
DRYDEN.

10. 'T is the curse of kings,
To be surrounded by a venal herd
Of flatterers, that soothe his darling vices,
And rob their master of his subjects' love.

BROOK'S *Earl of Warwick*

11. Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth.

THOMSON.

12. To shake with laughter, ere the jest they hear,
To pour, at will, the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

DR. JOHNSON.

13. A lazy, proud, unprofitable crew,
The vermin gender'd from the rank corruption
Of a luxurious state.

CUMBERLAND.

14. A mere court butterfly,
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

15. And none did love him—though to hall and bower
He gather'd followers from far and near;
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,
The heartless parasites of present cheer.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

COURTSHIP.

1. Bring, therefore, all the forces that you may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, and sorrow, and dismay,—
These engines can the proudest love convert.

SPENSER'S *Sonnets.*

2. So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With fair entreaty and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So that she to his speeches was content
To lend an ear, and softly to relent.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

3. I do not love
Much ceremony; suits in love should not,
Like suits in law, be rock'd from term to term.

SHIRLEY.

4. There is, sir, a critical minute in
Every man's wooing, when his mistress may
Be won, which if he carelessly neglect
To prosecute, he may wait long enough
Before he gains the like opportunity.

MARMYAN.

5. She is beautiful, therefore to be woo'd;
She is woman, therefore to be won.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that has a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as the nightingale;
Say that she frown; I 'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I 'll commen l her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence.

SHAKSPEARE.

8. But tho' I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first.

SHAKSPEARE.

9. In those ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame.

BEAUMONT.

10. I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade
Of love, to feed a fair one's vanity,
To charm at once, and spoil her.

THOMSON.

11. He that would win his dame, must do
As Love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

12. For, you must know, a widow's won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

13. She most attracts who longest can refuse.

AARON HILL.

14. With easy freedom and a gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success.

ROWE.

15. A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant.

ROWE.

16. To me he came; my heart with rapture sprung,
To see the blushes, when his faltering tongue
First said, *I love.* My eyes consent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful passion seal.

GAY'S *Dione.*

17. So, with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married.

GOLDSMITH.

18. She half consents who silently denies.

OVID.

19. Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.

POPE'S *Eloisa.*

20. Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21. The gentle pressure and the thrilling touch.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22. To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,
And list for songs and tunes, and watch for smiles,
And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
The eyes of maids as tho' they were bright stars.
BYRON.

23. But yet she listen'd—'t is enough—
Who listens once will listen twice,
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal 's no rebuff.
BYRON'S *Mazeppa.*

24. Then thro' my brain the thought did pass,
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
That would not doom me to despair.
BYRON'S *Mazeppa.*

25. Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

26. Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs.
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,
But not too humbly, or she will despise:
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

27. In whispers low,
And sweet as softest music's gentle flow,
The lovers spoke.
MRS. HOWE.

28. While the dimple and blush, starting soft to her cheek,
Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak.
MRS. OSGOOD

29. There 's nothing like manœuvering in season,
Ye parents, who have daughters to dispose of,
Especially if you have any reason
To think in maidenhood their lives will doze off,
And there is one in fifty thousand chances,
That Cash's eldest son will make advances.

DAWES' *Geraldine.*

30. When happy lovers meet
In some lone spot, where not a sound is heard
Save their own sighs, or the unequal beat
Of their young hearts to tender wishes stirr'd,
As hand seeks hand, and meeting glances tell
The unutter'd tale of love too sweetly well.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

COWARDICE — FEAR.

1. His hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood thro' his pale face was seen
To come and go, with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Thereat he smitten was, with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appal,
Nor wist he what to think of that same sight,
Nor what to say, nor what to do at all.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

3. Cowards die many times before their death ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. And, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 't is always left behind.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*

6. Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain;
Hence timely running 's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. Aghast he stands,
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to resist,
And impotent to fly.

SOMERVILE'S *Hobbinol.*

8. Think not, coward, wit can hide the shame
Of hearts, which, while they dare not strike for fear,
Would make it virtue in them to forbear.

LORD BROOKE.

9. Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, weakens ev'ry pow'r.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

10. Grac'd with a sword, but worthier of a fan.

COWPER.

11. My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd—
On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,

DRYDEN.

12. The wretch that fears to drown, will break thro' flames;
Or, in his dread of flames, will plunge in waves.
When eagles are in view, the screaming doves
Will cower beneath the feet of man for safety.

CIBBER.

13. Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild, fantastic shapes of hideous ruin;
And what it fears creates!

HANNAH MORE.

14. As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.

DR. JOHNSON.

15. Must I consume my life—this little life,
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much!—it were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death.

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

16. It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
This cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off or so.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17. And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour before,
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

18. Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

19. Hope, fear, and love,
Joy, doubt, and hate, may other spirits move,
But touch not his, who, ev'ry waking hour,
Has one fix'd dread, and always feels its pow'r.

CRABBE.

CREDULITY — DOUBT.

1. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Oh, how this tyrant, doubt, torments my breast!
My thoughts, like birds, who, frighten'd from their nest,
Around the place where all was hush'd before,
Flutter, and hardly nestle any more.

OTWAY.

3. Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

GAY'S *Fables.*

4. For when we risk no contradiction,
It tempts the tongue to deal in fiction;
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant, are strange, yet may be true.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

6. A daring infidel, (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought,)
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

7. Your noblest natures are most credulous.

CHAPMAN.

8. Security's blind nurse, the dream of fools,
The drunkard's ape, that, feeling for his way,
Even when he thinks in his deluded sense
To snatch at safety, falls without defence.

MASON.

9. And shall we own such judgment? No; as soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June,
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

CRITICISM — STYLE — TASTE.

1. Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say!
Their word 's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.

CHURCHILL

2. Critics to plays for the same end resort
That surgeons wait on trials in a court:
For innocence condemn'd they 've no respect,
Provided they 've a body to dissect.

CONGREVE.

3. On me, when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric;
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

DEAN SWIFT.

4. Hot, noisy, envious, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss and bounce, waste paper, ink, and die.

YOUNG.

5. Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

6. Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

7. A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture charms the mind.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

8. Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise;
And men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

9. Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And curious thoughts struck out at ev'ry line—
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

10. Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress;
Their praise is still—"The style is excellent,"
The sense they humbly take upon content.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

11. True ease, in writing, comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

12. Talk as you will of taste, my friend, you 'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

POPE'S *Imitations.*

13. Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

COWPER.

14. A man must serve his time at ev'ry trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready-made:
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to forge or find a fault,
A turn for punning—call it Attic salt—
Fear not to lie—'t will seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy—'t will pass for wit;
Care not for feeling, pass your project jest,—
And stand a *critic*, hated yet caress'd.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

15 Applauds to-day what yesterday he curst,
Lampoons the wisest, and extols the worst;
While, hard to tell, so coarse a daub he lays,
Which sullies most, the slander or the praise.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

CRITICS.—(See CRITICISM.)

CRUELTY — TORTURE.

1. A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From every drachm of mercy.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Do not insult calamity;
It is a barbarous grossness to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.

DANIEL.

4. Thou shalt behold him stretch'd in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death!
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain.

OTWAY'S *Venice Preserved.*

5. Bring forth the rack:
Fetch hither cords, and knives, and sulphurous flames;
He shall be bound and gash'd, his skin fleec'd, burnt alive;
He shall be hours, days, years, a-dying!

NAT. LEE.

6. Wire-draw his skin, spin all his nerves like hair,
And work his tortur'd flesh as thin as flame.

NAT. LEE.

7. I reverence the coachman who cries "Gee,"
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a butcher, with horn-handled knife,
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton—
Indeed, indeed, I 'm very, very sick!

Rejected Addresses.

8. The savage brute, that haunts in woods remote,
And deserts wild, tears not the fearful traveller,
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.

ROWE.

9. Oh! rather fail this ardent breath,
And palsied sink this hand in death,
Ere with keen taunt and lingering blow
I hover o'er a fallen foe!

MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

10. His was the sternest, hardest breast
That ever burnish'd cuirass press'd.

MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

11. Thy suing to these men were as the bleating
Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry
Of seamen to the surge.

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

12. And ponder still
On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill.

BYRON'S *Corsair*

13. A saint had cried out,
Even with the crown of glory in his eyes,
At such inhuman artifice of pain
As was forc'd on him.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

14. Nurtur'd in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance gloating on another's pain.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

15. Humanity is policy in war,
And cruelty 's a prodigal, that heaps
A suicidal burthen on itself.

DAWES' *Athenia of Damascus.*

CURIOSITY.

1. I loathe that low vice, Curiosity.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

2. Since that first fatal hour when Eve,
With all the fruits of Eden blest,
Save only one, rather than leave
That one unknown, lost all the rest.

MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

3. It reign'd in Eden, in that heavy hour
When the arch-tempter sought our mother's bower,
In thrilling charms her yielding heart assail'd,
And even o'er dread Jehovah's word prevail'd.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

4. 'T is Curiosity—who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

5. Be it a bonfire, or a city's blaze,
The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,
A female atheist, or a learned dog,
A monstrous pumpkin, or a mammoth hog,
A murder, or a muster;—'t is the same,
Life's follies, glories, griefs,—all feed the flame.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

6. Sport drops his ball, Toil throws his hammer by,
Thrift breaks a bargain off, to please his eye.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

7. How many a noble art, now widely known,
Owes its young impulse to this power alone!

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

8. As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,
Curious he 'll watch to see which wins the race;
And let two dogs beneath his window fight,
He 'll shut his *Bible* to enjoy the sight.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

9. How thro' the buzzing crowd he threads his way,
To catch the flying rumours of the day.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

CURSES — MALEDICTIONS.

1. May all th' infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, upon him fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease!

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!—
Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make their concerts full!

SHAKSPEARE.

3. May sorrow, shame, and sickness overtake her,
And all her beauties, like my hopes, be blasted!

ROWE.

4. Let the world grow dark,
That the extinguish'd sun may hide thy shame!

AARON HILL.

5. And when life declines,
May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,
And, ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,
And fill their laps with gold, till want and care
With joy depart, and cry, "We want no more!"

SHENSTONE.

6. May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! and heaven her God!

BYRON'S *Cain.*

7 So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!

BYRON'S *Curse of Minerva.*

8. May screaming night-fiends, hot in recreant gore,
Rive their strain'd fibres to their heart's rank core,
Till startled conscience heap, in wild dismay,
Convulsive curses on the source of day!

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

9. But curses are like arrows shot upright,
That oftentimes on our own heads do light:
And many times ourselves in rage prove worst;
The fox ne'er better thrives than when accurst.

CUSTOM—HABIT.

1. All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

DRYDEN'S *Ovid.*

2. Custom's the world's great idol we adore,
And, knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What education did at first conceive,
Our ripen'd eye confirms us to believe.

POMFRET.

3. A custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.

ROCHESTER.

6. Custom forms us all;
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief,
Are consequences of our place of birth.

AARON HILL.

7. Custom, 't is true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.

THOMSON.

8. My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are; even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

BYRON'S *Prisoner of Chillon.*

9. As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and manners must alike obey.

BYRON'S *Hints from Horace.*

DANCING.—(See BALL.)

DANGER—PERIL.

1. The absent danger greater still appears;
And less he fears, who 's near the thing he fears.

DANIEL.

2. From a safe port, 't is easy to give counsel.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. We 've scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She 'll close, and be herself; while our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. For he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Let terror strike slaves mute;
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

MARSTON.

6. What is danger
More than the weakness of our apprehension?
A poor cold part o' the blood; whom takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers; valiant minds
Were made the masters of it.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

7. Our dangers and delights are near allies;
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise.

ALEYN.

8. But there are human natures so allied
Unto the savage love of enterprise,
That they will seek for peril as a pleasure.

BYRON.

DAY — MORNING — NIGHT, &c.

1 Dark night that from the *eye* its function takes,
The *ear* more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the *seeing* sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. But look! the moon, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westerning wheel.

MILTON.

6. Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beasts and birds,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were sunk, all but the woeful nightingale.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

7. Twilight, short arbiter 'twixt day and night.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

8. Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*

9. The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap;
And, like a lobster boil'd, the moon
From black to red began to turn.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

10. The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted with her song the morning grey;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd, to see the joyous sight.

DRYDEN.

11. See! the night wears away, and cheerful morn,
All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy east;
Fair nature seems reviv'd, and even my heart
Sits light and jocund at the day's return.

ROWE.

12. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose.

ROWE.

13. O, treach'rous night!
Thou lend'st thy ready veil to every treason,
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade!

AARON HILL.

14. The waking dawn,
When night-fallen dews, by day's warm courtship won,
From reeking roses climb'd to kiss the sun;
Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her colours round;
The dew-bent primrose kiss'd the breeze-swept ground.

AARON HILL.

15. —The approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck the glade,
And the low sun has lengthen'd every shade.

POPE.

16. Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cup
That cheers but not inebriates, waits on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER'S *Task.*

17. Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

18. Now the sun, so faintly glancing
O'er the western hills his ray;
Evening shadows quick advancing,
Triumph o'er the fading day.

COBB.

19. Day glimmer'd in the east, and the white moon
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky.

ROGERS'S *Italy.*

20. The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main.

BYRON'S *Island.*

21. The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb—
And glowing into day.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

22. Night wanes—the vapours, round the mountains curl'd,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

23. All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
You scarce would start, to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!

BYRON'S *Lara.*

24. The night
Shows stars and women in a better light.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

25. Blest power of sunshine! genial day!
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That, had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

26. It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

27. Soft as a bride, the rosy dawn
From dewy sleep doth rise,
And, bath'd in blushes, hath withdrawn
The mantle from her eyes;
And, with her orbs dissolv'd in dew,
Bends like an angel softly through
The blue-pavilion'd skies.
MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

28. O Twilight! spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments—melting heaven to earth—
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams.
MRS. NORTON'S *Dream*

29. How calmly sinks the setting sun!
Yet twilight lingers still;
And, beautiful as dream of heaven,
It slumbers on the hill.
G. D. PRENTICE.

30. 'T is midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world.

G. D. PRENTICE.

31. Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fireside
Dance upon the parlour wall.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

32. Night's starry host gather'd in brightness high,
And not a cloud darken'd the shining sky;
The moon rode by, and all her glittering band
Bath'd in a flood of light the smiling land.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

33. The sun now rests upon the mountain tops.

CARLOS WILCOX.

34. The hour of melancholy, mirth, and love.

MRS. BROOKS.

35. The busy world was still, the solemn moon
Smil'd forth her silvery beauty; and the stars,
Like living diamonds in a sea of glass,
Danc'd in the sapphire canopy of heaven.

P. B. ELDER.

36. The king of day had dipp'd his weary head
Within old father Ocean's billowy bed,
And "twilight grey" had spread its dusky veil
O'er all terrestrial objects, hill and dale.

J. T. WATSON.

DEATH — GRAVE.

1. Death is a fearful thing:
The wearied and most loathed earthly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death!

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Is it not better to die willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all outrun?

SPENSER.

3. Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away:
O! that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, to expel the Winter's flaw!

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

6. Death, grim death
Will fold me in his leaden arms, and press
Me close to his cold, clayey breast.

CONGREVE.

7. The sceptred king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.

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8. Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain.
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten to the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers from our sight.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

9. The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm!

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*

10. A death-bed 's a detector of the heart:
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

11. O death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 't is man we love.

POPE'S *Eloisa.*

12. Death, when unmask'd, shows us a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance.

GOLDSMITH.

13. The prince, who kept the world in awe,
The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd: death confounds them all.

GAY'S *Fables.*

14. There shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypress rear her fringed head;
From thence shall thyme and myrtle send perfume,
And laurel evergreen o'ershade the tomb.

GAY'S *Dione.*

15. Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

MRS. HEMANS.

16. Let him who crawls, enamour'd of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;—
Ours the fresh turf, and not the fev'rish bed;
While, gasp by gasp, he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

17. How peaceful and how powerful is the grave!

BYRON.

18. Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when Autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown!

BYRON.

19. And dull the film along his dim eye grew.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

20. Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall;
The dome of thought—the palace of the soul.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

21. Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22. At times, both wish'd for and implor'd,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
And welcome in no shape.

BYRON'S *Mazeppa.*

23. What shall he be ere night?—Perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps his funeral wing!

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

24. Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing!

BYRON'S *Prisoner of Chillon.*

25. How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast,
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest!

MOORE

26. O, grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,
In the wide world, without that only tie,
For which it wish'd to live, or fear'd to die!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

27. Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. BRYANT.

28. Yet why should death be link'd with fear?
A single breath—a low-drawn sigh—
Can break the ties that bind us here,
And waft the spirit to the sky.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

29. There lay the warrior and the son of song,
And there—in silence till the judgment-day—
The orator, whose all-persuading tongue
Had mov'd the nations with resistless sway.

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

30. Ah! it is sad when one thus link'd departs!
When Death, that mighty sev'rer of true hearts,
Sweeps through the halls so lately loud in mirth,
And leaves pale Sorrow weeping by the hearth!

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

31. Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the lov'd and young!

W. G. CLARK.

32. Oh, there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose!

J. G. PERCIVAL.

33. His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurra,
And the red field was won;
They saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

34. All at rest now—all dust!—wave flows on wave,
But the sea dries not! What to us the grave?
It brings no real homily; we sigh,
Pause for a while, and murmur, "All must die!"
Then rush to pleasure, action, sin, once more,
Swell the loud tide, and fret unto the shore!

The New Timon.

35. And death is terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are his!

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK

36. Here may we muse at this lone midnight hour,
When thoughts steal on us, softly as the tread
Of ghostly forms, from yew or cypress bower,
Around the gloomy mansions of the dead.

W. C. LODGE.

37. In the deep stillness of that dreamless state
Of sleep, that knows no waking joys again.

W. C. LODGE.

38. And Death himself, that ceaseless dun,
Who waits *on* all, yet waits *for* none.

HON. NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

39. Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, sink to sleep
On earth, my mother's breast!

DECAY.

1. It is sad
To see the light of beauty wane away,
Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shrivelling, feet
Losing their springs, and limbs their lily roundness;
But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay with us.

BAILEY'S *Festus*.

2. Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

3. Such is the aspect of this shore:
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

4. The very iron, rock, and steel,
Impervious as they now appear,
The gnawing tooth of Time must feel,
And waste with each succeeding year.

J. T. WATSON.

DECEIT — HYPOCRISY.

1. Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The Devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling face,
A goodly apple, rotten at the core.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. To the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy!

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheek with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This brow of seeming justice, he did win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

SHAKSPEARE.

8. You vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me in your hearts.

SHAKSPEARE.

9. A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
That always preys on grace or sin,
A sheep without, a wolf within.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

10. An "ignis fatuus" that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

11. As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near:
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does, like the rattlesnake, prevent.

BUTLER

12. Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

POPE.

13. Before her face her handkerchief she spread,
To hide the flood of tears she did not shed.

POPE.

14. 'T is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
While discontent sits heavy at my heart.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

15. O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!

SCOTT'S *Marmion.*

16. Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit.

BYRON *to Southey.*

17. You 're wrong:—he was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat!
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. Even innocence itself hath many a wile.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

19. Of all who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who car'd about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the wo;
There throbb'd not there one heart that pierc'd the pall.

BYRON'S *Vision of Judgment.*

20. To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet know not why,
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then cast it idly by.

MOORE.

21. To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none.

MOORE.

22. Their friendship is a lurking snare,
Their honour but an idle breath,
Their smile, the smile that traitors wear,
Their love is hate, their life is death.

W. G. SIMMS.

23. An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

GAY'S *Fables*.

24. For when a smiling face doth cloak deceit,
It is our duty to expose the cheat.

J. T. WATSON.

DECLARATION — PROPOSAL.

1. Thou—thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made me with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Helen, I love thee; by my life I do:
I swear by that, which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Perdition seize my soul, but I do love thee!

SHAKSPEARE.

4. On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,
Though I 've look'd, and have lik'd, and have left,—
That I never have loved till now!

M. G. LEWIS.

5. I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, ah, Eliza, hear my prayer,—
For pity's sake, forgive me!

BURNS.

6. By day or night, in weal or wo,
This heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And, silent, ache for thee.

BYRON.

7. I court *others* in verse, but I love *thee* in prose,
They have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

PRIOR.

8. Why should I blush to own I love?—
'T is love that rules the realms above;
Why should I blush to say to all,
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

DEFIANCE.

1. I do defy him, and spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me;
The blood will follow where the knife is driven;
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear;
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain:
But these are foreign to the soul; not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me;—on the rack I scorn thee!

YOUNG.

4. He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shakes his gauntlet at the towers.

SCOTT'S *Marmion*

5. Come one, come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

SCOTT'S *Marmion.*

DELAY — PROCRASTINATION.

1. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'T is like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I 'm past all comfort here but prayers.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,
And falls like sunbeams on a blasted blossom.

SUCKLING

3. Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to nought.

SOUTHWELL.

4. Be wise to-day: 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

5. Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

6. Think not to-morrow still shall be your care;
Alas! to-morrow like to-day will fare.
Reflect that yesterday's to-morrow 's o'er,—
Thus one "to-morrow," one "to-morrow" more,
Have seen long years before them fade away,
And still appear no nearer than to-day.

GIFFORD'S *Perseus.*

7. Oh! how many deeds
Of deathless virtue, and immortal crime,
The world had wanted, had the actor said
I will do this to-morrow!

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

DELICACY.

1. Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

3. May the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect thee!

AKENSIDE.

4. Ah! little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart may feel.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

5. Her eye may grow dim, and her cheek may grow pale,
But tell they not both the same fond tale?—
Love's lights have fled from her eye and her cheek,
To burn and die on the *heart* which they seek.

MISS L. E. LANDON

6. She bore herself
So gently, that the lily on its stalk
Bends not so easily its dewy head.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

7. Sweet beauty sleeps upon thy brow,
And floats before my eyes;
As meek and pure as doves art thou,
Or beings of the skies.

ROBERT MORRIS.

8. I dare not think, thou lovely maid,
Thy soul-lit beauty e'er shall fade;
Sure, life and love must stay with thee,
Chain'd by thy potent witchery.

MRS. CHILD

DESIGN — INTENTION.

1. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break:
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deeds,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

3. When any great designs thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.

DENHAM.

4. When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts them,
But when they 're just, they 're arm'd, and nothing daunts them.

MIDDLETON.

5. Honest designs
Justly resemble our devotions,
Which we must pay, and wait for the reward.

SIR R. HOWARD.

DESPAIR.

1. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written tablets of the brain;
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

SHAKSPEARE.

3 Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

4. Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair.

PATTISON.

5. So farewell, hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good!

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

6. My loss is such as cannot be repair'd,
And to the wretched, life can be no mercy.

DRYDEN.

7. Talk not of comfort—'t is for lighter ills;
I will indulge my sorrow, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

8. But desperate is their doom whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego;
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all who pass, a monument of woe.

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel.*

9. Mine after-life! what is mine after-life?
My day is closed! the gloom of night is come!
A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

10. Alas! the breast that inly bleeds,
Has nought to fear from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

11. Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest cave her shrieking young,
And calm the lonely lioness—
But soothe not, mock not my distress!

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

12. Despair defies even despotism; there is
That in my heart would make its way thro' hosts
With levell'd spears.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

13. My mother earth!
And thou, fresh breaking day! and you, ye mountains!
Why are ye beautiful! I cannot love ye!
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That open'st over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart!

BYRON'S *Manfred.*

14. My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the furies; I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then curs'd myself at sunset! I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'t is denied me!

BYRON'S *Manfred.*

15. They, who have nothing more to fear, may well
Indulge a smile at that which once appall'd,
As children at discover'd bugbears.

BYRON'S *Sardanapatus.*

16. Hope is a willing slave—despair is free.

R. DAWES.

17. One long, loud shriek swell'd on the air,
The thrilling cry of dark despair,
And all was sad and silent there.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

18. She stands, as stands the stricken deer
Check'd midway in the fearful chase,
When bursts upon his eye and ear
The gaunt, grey robber, baying near
Between it and its hiding-place—
While still behind, with yell and blow,
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.

J. G. WHITTIER.

19. The fond illusions I have cherish'd—
Anticipations once so fair—
Calmly I hear they all have perish'd—
But 't is the calmness of despair.

J. T. WATSON.

20. What next? I know not, do not care—
Come pain or pleasure, weal or woe,—
There 's nothing which I cannot bear,
Since I have borne this withering blow.

J. T. WATSON.

DESTINY — FATE — NECESSITY.

1 Who, then, can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state?

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. What fate imposes, men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. 'T is necessity
To which the gods must yield; and I obey,
Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

4. Alas! what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast.

DRYDEN.

5. Fatal necessity is never known,
Until it strike; and, till that blow be come,
Who falls, is by false visions overthrown.

LORD BROOKE

6. When fear admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

HERRICK.

7. Well, well—the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes
And, as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

8. We are the victims of its iron rule,
The warm and beating human heart its tool;
And man, immortal, god-like, but its fool.

MISS LANDON

9. Fate is above us all;
We struggle, but what matters our endeavour?
Our doom is gone beyond our own recall;
May we deny or mitigate it?—Never!

MISS LANDON.

10. While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee, and forc'd thee to be great.

MOORE.

DESTRUCTION—RUIN.

1. See the wide waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd, like their dead!

POPE'S *Moral Essays*

2. They tore away some weeds, 't is true,
But all the flowers were ravish'd too.

MOORE.

3. High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Fine streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries—
All these, (Oh, pity!) now are turn'd to dust,
And overgrown with black Oblivion's rust.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

4. Their sceptres broken and their swords in rust.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

5. Where her high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,
There now is but a heap of lime and sand,
For the screech-owl to build her baleful bower.

SPENSER'S *Ruins of Time.*

DETERMINATION — RESOLUTION, &c.

1. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry.
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That shuns the hive, because the bees have stings.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Experience teacheth us
That resolution's a sole help at need.

SHAKSPEARE

3. Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will—and there's an end.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all, I will be gone.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. All the soul
Of man is resolution, which expires
Never, from valiant men, till their last breath;
And then 't is with it like a flame extinguish'd
For want of matter—it does not die, but
Rather ceases to live.

CHAPMAN.

7. Entice the sun
From his ecliptic line—he shall obey
Your beck, and wander from his sphere, ere I
From my resolves.

BARON.

8. Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind: with how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!

CHURCHILL.

DETRACTION.—(See CALUMNY.)

DINNER.—(See APPETITE.)

DISAPPOINTMENT.

1. My May of life
Is fallen in the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

From MARTIAL.

4. Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

5. Those high-built hopes that crush us by their fall.

CAMPBELL.

6. Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 't is their fate,
To have all feelings, save the one, decay,
And every passion into one dilate.

BYRON'S *Lament of Tasso.*

7. Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

8. I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love: as 't is, I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

BYRON'S *Heaven and Earth.*

9. O! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

10. Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

11. The hopes my soul had cherish'd
Have wither'd one by one,
And, tho' life's flowers have perish'd,
I 'm left to linger on!

12. Such gather'd dust, when they had hop'd to see
The richest fruits; the buds that promis'd fair
Were early blasted, or but grew to be
A mockery—a harvest of despair.

W. C. Lodge.

13. I will love her no more—it is heathenish thus
To bow to an idol that bends not to us;
Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks not for aught
That the worship of years to its altar has brought.

C. F. Hoffman.

14. Hope, cheated too often when life 's in its spring,
From the bosom that nurs'd it for ever takes wing;
And memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that passion has made.

C. F. Hoffman.

15. I knew not how I lov'd thee—no!
I knew it not till all was o'er—
Until thy lip had told me so—
Had told me I must love no more!

C. F. Hoffman.

16. The conflict is over—the struggle is past,
I have look'd—I have lov'd—I have worshipp'd my last;
And now back to the world, and let fate do her worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath nurs'd.
To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

C. F. Hoffman.

17. Ay, such is man's philosophy when woman is untrue,
The loss of one but teaches him to make another do.

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18. Oh! I am sick of this dark world,
My heart, my best affections blighted,
My sails of joy for ever furl'd,
My dawning hopes so soon benighted.

J. H. McIlvane.

19. The blighted prospects of an anxious life.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

20. We have cherish'd fair hopes, we have plotted brave schemes,
We have liv'd till we find them illusive as dreams;
Wealth has melted like snow, that we grasp in our hand,
And the steps we have climb'd have departed like sand.

EPES SARGENT.

21. Farewell! my life may wear a careless smile,
My words may breathe the very soul of lightness;
But the touch'd heart must deeply feel the while,
That life hath lost a portion of its brightness;
And woman's love shall never be a chain,
To bind me to its nothingness again.

EPES SARGENT.

22. The best enjoyment is half disappointment
To that we mean, or would have in this world.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

23. These were our hopes, but all our hopes are fled.

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24. Not every flower that blossoms
Diffuses sweets around;
Not every scene hope gilds with light
Will fair be found.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

25. But it is past—bright, transient gleam
Of sunshine in life's dreary waste;
Even as some half-remember'd dream
Of happier times,—'t is past—'t is past!

J. T. WATSON

26. As poison will sometimes cure poison,
As a nail other nails will expel,
This love you need not make a noise on,
For *another* may do just as well.

J. T. WATSON.

DISCONTENT.—(See CONTENTMENT.)

DISCRETION. — (See CAUTION.)

DISEASE — HEALTH — PHYSICIAN, &c.

1. There never yet was a philosopher,
Who could endure the *toothache* patiently.

SHAKSPEARE

2. By medicines life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. About his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Out, ye impostors!
Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks—your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

MASSINGER.

5. They are
Made of all terms and shreds; no less beliers
Of great men's favours, than their own vile med'cines,
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths:
Selling that drug for two pence, ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.

BEN JONSON.

6. For men are brought to worse distresses,
By taking physic, than diseases;
And therefore commonly recover,
As soon as doctors give them over.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. Wounds by the wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*

8 All maladies,
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heartsick agony; all feverish kinds;
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs;
Intestine stone and ulcers: cholic pangs,
Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,
And moonstruck madness; pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence:
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.

MILTON.

9. Th' ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

10. The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;—
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.

CHURCHILL.

11. Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

GAY'S *Fables.*

12. Next *Gout* appears, with limping pace,
Which often shifts from place to place:
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working, when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious, stubborn guest.

GAY'S *Fables.*

13. That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower.

GOLDSMITH.

14. Fever and pain, and pale, consumptive care.

GOLDSMITH.

15. The power of words, and soothing sounds, appease
The raging pain, and lessen the disease.

FRANCIS' *Horace*

16. And then the sigh, he would suppress,
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.

BYRON'S *Prisoner of Chillon.*

17. A cheek, whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray.

BYRON'S *Prisoner of Chillon.*

18. Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye.

BYRON.

19. Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, which bloated ease may never hope to share.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*

20. This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Secundem artem:—but although we sneer
In health—when sick, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21. Hers was a beauty that made sad the eye,
Bright, but fast fading, like a twilight sky:
The shape so finely, delicately frail,
As form'd for climes unruffled by a gale;
The lustrous eye, through which look'd forth the soul,
Bright and more brightly as it near'd the goal;
The waning beauty, the funereal charms,
With which Death steals his bride into his arms.

The New Timon.

22. Along her cheek the deep'ning red
Told where the fev'rish hectic fed;
And yet each token gave
To the mild beauty of her face,
A newer and a dearer grace,
Unwarning of the grave.

J. G. WHITTIER.

DISHONESTY — ROGUES — THIEVES.

1. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale face she snatches from the sun;
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement; each thing 's a thief.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that;
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Lands, mortgag'd, may return, and more esteem'd;
But honesty once pawn'd is ne'er redeem'd.

MIDDLETON.

6. The man who pauses in his honesty
Wants little of the villain.

MARTYN

7. Rogues as they were, themselves they would not rob—
Vice in the heart *some* virtue always leaves—
And, though they 'd thank the public for a job,
They, 'mongst themselves, were *honourable thieves!*

J. T. WATSON.

DISPLEASURE.

1. If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you—
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. O! why rebuke you him, who loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Go, speak not to me; even now begone!

SHAKSPEARE.

4. No cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
And reconcilement.

MILTON.

5. Do not blast my springing hopes,
That thy kind hand has planted in my soul.

ROWE.

6. 'T is then the mind, from bondage free,
And all its former weakness o'er,
Asserts its native dignity,
And scorns what folly priz'd before.

CARTWRIGHT.

7. And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel.*

8. O, where are the bright-beaming glances I miss!

9. Farewell! the tie is broken—thou,
With all thou wert to me, hast parted!

N. P. Willis.

10. Cast my heart's gold into the furnace flame,
And, if it come not thence refin'd and pure,
I 'll be a bankrupt to thy hope, and heaven
Shall shut its gates on me!

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

DISPOSITION.—(See Character.)

DISSENSION.

1 Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension, between hearts that love!

Moore.

2 A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempest never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.

Moore.

3 Though light cause may move
Dissensions between hearts that love,
Is it not true, a cause as light
May sever'd hearts again unite,
In truer, kindlier harmony
Than felt before.

DISTANCE.

1 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue.

Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope.*

2. If earth's whole orb, by some due distanc'd eye,
Were seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,
And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—HOME.

1. Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

2. Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and free,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter.

COWPER'S *Task.*

3. His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,
With her who shares his pleasure and his heart,
Sweet converse.

COWPER'S *Task.*

4. Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside:
His *home* the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

J. MONTGOMERY.

5. Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

GOLDSMITH.

6. With secret course which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

7. Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose,
Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom
Of pleasure, yet unmix'd with woes;
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripp'd beneath a mother's hand—
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land.

WALKER—*From the Danish.*

8. 'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

9. He enter'd in his house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

10. The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught, that 's kindred, cheer the welcome hearth.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

11. I 've wander'd on thro' many a clime where flowers of beauty grew,
Where all was blissful to the heart and lovely to the view—
I 've seen them in their twilight pride, and in their dress of morn,
But none appear'd so sweet to me as the spot where I was born.

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12. 'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.

J. H. PAYNE.

13. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view:—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

14. A neat little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it call'd up the past with a smile or a tear.

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15. And oh, the atmosphere of home! how bright
It floats around us when we sit together,
Under a bower of vine in summer weather,
Or round the hearth-stone on a winter's night!

PARK BENJAMIN.

16. Who, that in distant lands has chanc'd to roam,
Ne'er thrill'd with pleasure at the name of home?

J. T. WATSON.

DOUBT.—(See CREDULITY.)

DRAMA.—(See ACTORS.)

DREAMS — SLEEP.

1. If I may trust the flatt'ring eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news to-morrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Dreams are but children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Thus have I had thee, as a dream will flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

5. Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
Which neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

DRYDEN.

6. Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

7. When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. Kind sleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel;
A momentary respite from despair.

MURPHY

9. Oh! thou best comforter of the sad heart,
When fortune's spite assails—come, gentle sleep,
The weary mourner soothe! For well the art
Thou know'st in soft forgetfulness to steep
The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep.

MRS. TIGHE'S *Psyche.*

10. Sleep is no servant of the will;
It has caprices of its own:
When courted most it lingers still,
When most pursued 't is swiftly gone.

BOWRING—*From the Spanish.*

11. To each and all, a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams, and slumbers light!

SCOTT.

12. Well may dreams present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions,
As make life itself a dream.

CAMPBELL.

13. Tho' 't is all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest soonest o'er,
Yet e'en in a dream to be blest,
Is so sweet that I ask for no more.

MOORE.

14. Again in that accustom'd couch must creep,
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:—
There lie love's feverish hopes, and cunning's guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

15. My slumbers — if I slumber — are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not.

BYRON'S *Manfred.*

16. I would recall a vision which I dream'd,
Perchance in sleep, for in itself a thought,
A slumb'ring thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

BYRON'S *Dream.*

17. And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and torture, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity.

BYRON'S *Dream.*

18. The sweet siesta of a summer's day.

BYRON'S *Island.*

19. Alas! that dreams are only dreams!
That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms,
Which scarce a moment live!

RUFUS DAWES.

20. But ah! 't is gone, 't is gone, and never
Mine such waking bliss can be;
Oh! I would sleep, would sleep for ever,
Could I thus but dream of thee!

FRISBIE.

21. Where his thoughts on the pinions of fancy shall roam,
And in slumber revisit his love and his home—
When the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam;—
Oh! who would awake from so blissful a dream?

W. KELLY.

22. When sleep's calm wing is on my brow,
And dreams of peace my spirit lull,
Before me, like a misty star,
That form floats dim and beautiful.

G. D. PRENTICE

23. Strange is the power of dreams! who has not felt,
When in the morning light such visions melt,
How the veil'd soul, tho' struggling to be free,
Rul'd by that deep, unfathom'd mystery,
Wakes, haunted by the thoughts of good or ill,
Whose shading influence pursues us still?

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

DRESS.—(See APPAREL.)

DRINKING — WINE — TEMPERANCE, &c.

1. A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause,
Transform ourselves to beasts!

SHAKSPEARE.

3. They were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For, in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did I, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. In what thou eat'st and drinkest seek from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
So thou may'st live till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.

MILTON.

6 For swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst her gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

MILTON'S *Comus*.

7. If all the world
Should, in a pet of Temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-Giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
And a penurious niggard of his wealth.
MILTON'S *Comus*

8. Nature, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictates of spare Temperance.
MILTON'S *Comus*

9. The modest maid
But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd.
SOMERVILE.

10. He, who the rules of temperance neglects,
From a good cause may produce vile effects.
TUKE.

11. If men would shun swoln fortune's ruinous blasts,
Let them use temperance: nothing violent lasts.
W. STRACHEY.

12. The joy which wine can give, like smoky fires,
Obscures their sight, whose fancy it inspires.
AARON HILL.

13. 'T is to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
All pleasures that from health and strength can flow.
MARY CHANDLER.

14. Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's humblest roots,
And scarce the summer's luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny;
But, while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourish'd by that abstinence.
BYRON'S *Corsair*.

15. Man, being reasonable, must get drunk:
The best of life is but intoxication;
Glory, the grape, love, gold,—in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

16. He spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

17. Which cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes Weariness forget his toil,
And Fear her danger; opens a new world,
When this, the present, palls.

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

18. Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board,
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair;
Thro' the loud hall, in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care.

SCOTT.

19 The gen'rous wine brings joy divine,
And beauty charms our soul;
I, while on earth, will still with mirth,
Drink — beauty and the bowl!

E. MCKEY

20. What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives out dull sorrow, and inspires new arts;
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty,
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.

FRANCIS' *Horace.*

21 Could ev'ry drunkard, ere he sits to dine,
Feel in his head the dizzy fumes of wine,
No more would Bacchus chain the willing soul,
But loathing horror shun the poison'd bowl.

MERIVALE'S *Clearchus.*

22. Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess—
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings.

JOHN PIERPONT.

23. Inspiring John Barleycorn,
What dangers dost thou make us scorn!

24. 'T is when the fancy-stirring bowl
Doth wake its world of pleasure,
That glowing fancies gild my soul,
And life 's an endless treasure.

25. Ah! Brandy, Brandy! bane of life,
Spring of tumult, source of strife,
Could I but half thy curses tell,
The wise would wish thee safe in hell!

26. Blame not the bowl—the fruitful bowl,
Whence wit and mirth and music spring,
And amber drops Elysian roll,
To bathe young Love's delighted wing.

C. F. HOFFMAN

DUTY. — (See CONSCIENCE.)

EATING. — (See APPETITE.)

ECHO.

1. And ever-wakeful Echo here doth dwell,
The nymph of sportive mockery, that still
Hides behind every rock, in every dell,
And softly glides, unseen, from hill to hill;
No sound doth rise but mimic it she will—
The sturgeon's splash repeating from the shore,
Aping the boy's voice with a voice as shrill,
The bird's low warble, and the thunder's roar,
Always she watches there, each murmur telling o'er.

THEODORE S. FAY.

ECSTASY — TRANSPORT.

1. My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. O'ercome with wonder, and oppress'd with joy:—
This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
Defies the aid of words, and mocks description.

LILLO.

3 For joy like this, death were a cheap exchange.

ÆSCHYLUS' *Agamemnon.*

4. Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain my flowing joy!

DRYDEN.

5. She bids me hope! and, in that charming word,
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

LORD LYTTLETON.

6. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

ADDISON.

7. What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole!

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel.*

8. No word was spoken, all was feeling—
The silent transport of the heart.

LEVI FRISBIE.

9. One hour of such bliss is a life ere it closes—
'T is one drop of fragrance from thousands of roses.

P. M. WETMORE.

EDUCATION — WISDOM — WIT, &c.

1. Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind,
Since the desire to learn first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind?

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2 *Will* is the prince, and *Wit* the counsellor,
Which do for common good in council sit,
And, when Wit is resolv'd, Will lends her power,
To execute what is desir'd by Wit.

DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

3. Learning by study must be won;
'T was ne'er entail'd from sire to son.

GAY'S *Fables.*

4. For what is truth and knowledge, but a kind
Of wantonness and luxury of the mind;
A greediness and gluttony of the brain,
That longs to eat forbidden fruit again;
And grows more desperate, like the worst diseases,
Upon the nobler part, the mind, it seizes?

BUTLER.

5. Besides 't is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*

6. He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain:
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art to encumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. The clouds may drop down titles and estates,
Wealth may seek us—but wisdom must be sought.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

9. For just experience tells in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

10. Mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

11. Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

12 —Mingles with the friendly bowl
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.

POPE.

13. Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.

POPE.

14. A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring;
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking deeply sobers us again.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

15. True wit is nature to advantage drest,
That oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest,
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

16. What is it to be wise?
'T is but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

17. Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, let Newton be! and all was light.
POPE.

18. O'er nature's laws God cast the veil of night,
Out blaz'd a Newton's soul—and all was light.
AARON HILL.

19. His very name a title-page, and next
His life a commentary on the text.
WOODBRIDGE.

20. He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress or—a nunnery.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21. The languages—especially the dead,
The sciences—and most of all the abstruse,
The arts—at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22. And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Rob'd in the lightning which his hand allay'd.
BYRON'S *Age of Bronze.*

23. Sorrow is knowledge; they, who know the most,
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.
BYRON'S *Manfred.*

24. For Plato's love sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enrich'd and beautified his studious mind.
WORDSWORTH—*From the Italian.*

25. For any man, with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

TRUMBULL'S *McFingal.*

26. On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deem'd the very touchstone, and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit.

J. H. FRERE.

27. The wish to know—the endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awak'd,
And which becomes or bless'd or curs'd,
As is the fount whereat 't is slak'd.

MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

28. Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he 's of men most wise, who bears them best.

CUMBERLAND'S *Philemon.*

29. Lur'd by its charms, he sits and learns to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels, and communes with fate.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

30. She had read
Her father's well-fill'd library with profit,
And could talk charmingly; then she could sing
And play too, passably, and dance with spirit;
Yet she was knowing in all needle-work,
And shone in dairy and in kitchen too,
As in the parlour.

J. N. BARKER.

31. Youth it instructs, old age delights,
Adorns prosperity, and when
Of adverse fate we feel the blights,
'T will comfort and solace us then.

J. T. WATSON.

EGOTISM — SELF.

1. 'T is with our judgments as our watches; none
Are just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

2. To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.

POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

3. Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbour with himself;
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.

POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

4. The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels,
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

5. All men think all men mortal but themselves.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

6. In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.

GAY'S *Fables.*

7. For none more likes to hear himself converse.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

8. What exile from himself can flee?

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

9. Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!

BURNS.

10. Self is the medium least refin'd of all,
Through which opinion's searching beams can fall:
And, passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray,
Will tinge its light, and turn its line astray.

MOORE.

11. For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth, it was himself he lov'd.

From OVID

12. How often, in this cold and bitter world,
Is the warm heart thrown back upon itself!
Cold, careless are we of another's grief;
We wrap ourselves in sullen selfishness.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

ELEGANCE.

1. The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste.

THOMSON.

2. Trifles themselves are elegant in him.

POPE.

3. To these resistless grace impart,
That look of sweetness, form'd to please,
That elegance, devoid of art,
That dignity that 's lost in ease.

CARTWRIGHT.

4. With all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould, a face,
Where (union rare,) expression's lively force,
With beauty's softest magic, holds discourse.

CHURCHILL.

ELOQUENCE — ORATOR.

1. And when she spake
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly break
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. And aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Power above powers! O heavenly eloquence!
That, with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!

DANIEL.

5. His tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worst appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

6. Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade.

RANDOLPH

7. Oh! speak that again!
Sweet as the syren's tongue those accents fall,
And charm me to my ruin.

SOUTHERN

8. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last.

DRYDEN.

9. As I listen'd to thee,
The happy hours pass'd by us unperceiv'd,
So was my soul fix'd to the soft enchantment.

ROWE.

10. His words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

11. Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take.

COWPER.

12. —The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all.

COWPER.

13. For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

14. My listening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation.

AKENSIDE.

15. Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!

MOORE.

16. He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource
To which embarrass'd people have recourse.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17 Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas.

BYRON'S *Age of Bronze.*

18. His talk is the sweet extract of all speech,
And holds mine ear in blissful slavery.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

19. Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our squire in making speeches,
Where strength of brains united centres
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.

TRUMBULL'S *McFingal.*

20. Oh! as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue.

BULWER'S *Lady of Lyons.*

21. His words seem'd oracles
That pierc'd their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him.
. . . . . You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.

GEORGE CROLY.

22. Eloquence, that charms and burns,
Startles, soothes, and wins, by turns.

J. H. CLINCH.

23. There 's a charm in deliv'ry, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'T is the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word—
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr'd—
The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-stirring pause—
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes—
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone:
Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent one!

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

24. Now with a giant's might
He heaves the ponderous thought,
Now pours the storm of eloquence
With scathing lightning fraught.

Vicksburg Whig.

25. He ceas'd; the solemn silence now was broke,
Which reign'd triumphant while the hero spoke;
And then was heard, amidst the general pause,
One simultaneous burst of loud applause.

J. T. WATSON.

EMBRACE — KISS.

1. Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Kiss the tear from her lip, you 'll find the rose
The sweeter for the dew.

WEBSTER.

3. These poor, half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man so serv'd?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starv'd!

DRAYTON.

4. Sweet were his kisses on my balmy lips
As are the breezes breath'd amidst the groves
Of rip'ning spices on the height of day.

BEHN.

5. The fragrant infancy of op'ning flowers
Flow'd to my senses in that melting kiss!

SOUTHERN.

6. I felt, the while, a pleasing kind of smart;
The kiss went tingling to my very heart.
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,
The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey loth to fall away.

DRYDEN.

7. The kiss you take is paid by that you give;
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.

LORD LANSDOWN.

8. He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold, the kiss he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd compliment of sated love.

OTWAY.

9. Her lips, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioners for kisses!
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing love's invasion.

MOORE'S *Anacreon.*

10. I ne'er on that lip for a moment have gaz'd,
But a thousand temptations beset me,
And I 've thought, as the dear little rubies you've rais'd,
How delicious 't would be—if you 'd let me!

MOORE.

11. A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love,
And beauty, all concentrating, like rays
Into one focus kindling from above.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

12. *Kiss* rhymes to *bliss* in fact, as well as verse.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

13. I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce:"
My wish is quite as wide, but not as bad;—. . . .
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

14. She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace
Till his heart heav'd beneath her hidden face;
He dar'd not raise to his that deep blue eye,
Which, downcast, droop'd in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er her arms
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms.
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt,
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unfelt.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

15. And Paulo by degrees gently embrac'd
With one permitted arm, her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Lean'd with a touch together thrillingly.

LEIGH HUNT.

16. —The twofold bliss,
The promis'd wedding, and the present kiss.

JOEL BARLOW.

17. The roses on your cheeks were never made
To bless the eye alone, and then to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,
To please no other sense than that of seeing.

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18. —And her white arms hung
On his lov'd neck, as tho' in that one clasp
The whole wide world of joy was in her grasp.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

19. It was enough—each wild and throbbing heart
Was closely beating 'gainst its dearer part.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

20. And with a velvet lip print on his brow
Such language as the tongue hath never spoken.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

21. Balmy seal of soft affection,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexion,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss!

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22. As o'er her drooping form he softly bent,
The pressure of his lip was on her brow,
While to her cheek the warm blood came and went,
Varying each moment with her rich thought's flow,
While tell-tale dimples in her cheek appearing,
Told that a sweet love-thought her heart was stirring.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

23. I know thou dost love me—ay! frown if thou wilt,
And curl that beautiful lip,
Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
Of burning its dew to sip!

C. F. Hoffman.

EMIGRATION.

1. Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.*

2. Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away!
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like those beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.*

3 Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main.

Goldsmith's *Traveller*

4. Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declin'd, sat, list'ning long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

5. Let us depart! the universal sun
Confines not to one land his blessed beams;
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast,
There, where he cannot prosper.

SOUTHEY'S *Madoc.*

6. With all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride;
Where all that Beauty's hand can form to please,
Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

EMULATION.—(See AMBITION.)

ENEMY — HATRED — MALICE.

1. For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

2. He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

GAY'S *Epistles.*

3. Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,
Abhor each other. Mountains, interpos'd,
Make enemies of nations, which had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

COWPER.

4. Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she 'll hate you while you live.

POPE.

5. A smile, a ghastly, withering smile,
Convulsive o'er her features play'd.
MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

6. Oh, that we were on the dark wave together,
With but one plank between us and destruction,
That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,
And plunge with him amid the weltering billows,
And view him gasp for life!
MATURIN'S *Bertram.*

7. Fear'd, shunn'd, belied, ere youth had lost her force,
He hated men too much to feel remorse,
And thought the vice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
BYRON'S *Corsair.*

8. There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That caus'd emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!
BYRON'S *Corsair.*

9. There is no passion
More spectral or fantastical than Hate;
Not even its opp'site, Love, so peoples air
With phantoms, as this madness of the heart.
BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

10. If a grasp of yours
Would raise us from the gulf wherein we 're plung'd,
No hand of ours would stretch itself to meet it.
BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

11. They 'd have him live, because he fears not death.
BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

12. They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once chang'd from soft to stern,
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.
BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth.*

13. Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress;
But love itself could never pant
For all that beauty sighs to grant,
With half the fervour hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes!

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

14. Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

ENGAGEMENT.

1. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet confusion lost, she blush'd assent.

THOMSON'S *Lavinia.*

2. 'T was thy high purity of soul,
Thy thought-revealing eye,
That plac'd me, spell-bound, at your feet,
Sweet wand'rer from the sky!

W. G. CLARK.

3. Then take my flower, and let its leaves
Beside thy heart be cherish'd near—
While thy confiding heart receives
The thoughts it whispers to thine ear.

The Token—1830.

4 'T was then the blush suffus'd her cheek,
Which told what words could never speak;— . . . .
The answer 's written deeply now
On this warm cheek, and glowing brow.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

ENJOYMENT — HAPPINESS — PROSPERITY.

1. Prosperity is the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. 'T is not to any rank confin'd,
But dwells in every honest mind;
Be justice then your sole pursuit;
Plant virtue, and content 's the fruit.

GAY'S *Fables.*

3. Consider man in every sphere,
Then tell me is your lot severe
'T is murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched: God is just:
We 're born a restless, needy crew;
Show me a happier man than you.

GAY'S *Fables.*

4. Luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling, exult
On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

5. How beat our hearts, big with tumultuous joy!

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

6. But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never felt till now.

MILTON.

7. Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For her the black assassin draws his sword;
For her dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp;
For her the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorns;
For her affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;—
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. The spider's most attenuated web
Is cord—is cable, to man's tender tie
Of earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

9. What thing so good which not some harm may bring?
Even to be happy is a dangerous thing.
LORD STERLINE.

10. They live too long who happiness outlive;
For life and death are things indifferent;
Each to be chose, as either brings content.
DRYDEN.

11. If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.
COTTON.

12. A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
COWPER'S *Task.*

13. He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunts the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.
COWPER'S *Horace.*

14. Pleasures, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

15. Who that define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

16. Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

17. Condition, circumstance is not the thing—
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

18. For the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fires of joy.

CAMPBELL.

19. I cannot think of sorrow now; and doubt
If e'er I felt it—'t is so dazzled from
My memory, by this oblivious transport.

BYRON'S *Werner.*

20. There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21. Love—fame—ambition—avarice—'t is the same,
For all are meteors with a different name.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

22. Am I already mad?
And does delirium utter such sweet words
Into a dreamer's ear?

BULWER'S *Lady of Lyons.*

23. Oh! happy pair, to every blessing born!
For you may life's calm stream unruffled run;
For you its roses bloom without a thorn,
And bright as morning shine its evening sun!

R. T. PAINE

24. And may the stream of thy maturing life
For ever flow, in blissful sunlight, through
A fairy scene with gladsome beauty rife,
As ever greeted the enraptur'd view!

A. W. NONEY.

25. The rapture dwelling within my breast,
And fondly telling its fears to rest,
Comes o'er me, wearing its charmed chain,
No vestige learning of sorrow's chain.

26. Too late I find how madly vain our toil
In search of happiness on mortal soil;
The gilded phantom we so dearly prize,
A moment glitters, then for ever flies.

27. The highest hills are miles below the sky,
And so far is the lightest heart below
True happiness.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

28. My life has been like summer skies
When they are fair to view;
But there never yet were hearts or skies,
Clouds might not wander through.

MRS. L. P. SMITH.

29. Pleasure's the only noble end,
To which all human powers should tend;
And virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make pleasure please us more.

MOORE.

30. Gone—like a meteor, that o'er head
Suddenly shines, and ere we 've said
"Look! look, how beautiful!"—'t is fled!

MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

31. How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of wo!
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, that, sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup!—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow in the draught.

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

32. For she hath liv'd with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom cell, and cluster there.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

33. There are some hours that pass so soon,
Our spell-touch'd hearts scarce know they end.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

34. May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine!

CHARLES WOLFE.

35. Ah Pauline! who can gaze upon thee now,
And watch thy cheek all beaming with delight,
Nor grieve to think that thou so soon shalt know
Despair, and grief, and sorrow's withering blight!

J. T. WATSON.

36. May friendship open unto you
The path of peace and holy love;
May life continual joys renew;
May hope not too deceptive prove;—
May sweet contentment round you throw
Such bliss as may be found below!

J. T. WATSON

ENTERPRISE. — (See ACTIVITY.)

ENTHUSIASM — ZEAL.

1. No seared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

BUTLER.

2. Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

MILTON'S *Paradise Regained.*

3. His zeal
None seconded, as out of reason judg'd,
Or singular and rash.
MILTON'S *Paradise Regained.*

4. No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.
COWPER.

5. On such a theme 't were impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport, temper, here!
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

6. For virtue's self may too much zeal be had:
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
POPE.

7. —With all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosoms throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth.*

8. And rash enthusiasm, in good society,
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

9. But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

ENVY.—(See CALUMNY.)

EQUALITY—SUPERIORITY.

1 Consider, man; weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar, are the same;
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.
GAY'S *Fables.*

2. Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade;
Or, ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

3. Order is heaven's first law; and, this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

4. None but thyself can be thy parallel.

5. To cope with thee, would be about as vain
As for a brook to cope with ocean's flood.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

6. As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did rev'rence as it pass'd,
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat.

POLLOK'S *Course of Time.*

7. For mountains issue out of plains, and not
Plains out of mountains; and so, likewise, kings
Are of the people, not the people of kings.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

ERROR.

1. For he that once hath missèd the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray,

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true,
For error and mistakes are infinite,
While truth has but one way to be i' the right.

BUTLER.

3. Even so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge, they did error find;
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did,
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul*

4. Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

W. C. BRYANT

ESTEEM.

1. Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. For all true love is grounded on esteem.

BUCKINGHAM.

3. O, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

LORD LYTTLETON.

4. Take my esteem, if you on that can live;
But, frankly, sir, 't is all I have to give.

DRYDEN.

5. She attracts me daily with her gentle virtues,
So soft, and beautiful, and heavenly.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

ETERNITY — FUTURITY.

1. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come,
But it sufficeth that the day will end;
And then the end is known.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

3. Too curious man! why dost thou seek to know
Events, which, good or ill, foreknown, are woe?
Th' all-seeing power, that made thee mortal, gave
Thee every thing a mortal state should have.

DRYDEN.

4. Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.

DRYDEN

5. Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried beings—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

ADDISON'S *Cato*

6. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

7. Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares;
With them the immortal waters drink,
And, soul in soul, grow deathless theirs!

BYRON.

8. Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive!
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No: heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thro' the eternal years of Love's triumphant reign.

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*

ETIQUETTE — POLITENESS — RUDENESS.

1. Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. He was the mildest manner'd man,
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

3. To all she was polite without parade;
To some she show'd attention of that kind
Which flatters, but is flattery convey'd
In such a sort as cannot leave behind
A trace unworthy.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

4. There 's nothing in the world like etiquette
In kingly chambers, or imperial halls,
As also at the race, and county balls.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

5. There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

6. All smiles, and bows, and courtesy was he.

J. T. WATSON.

EVENING. — (See DAY.)

EXAMPLE.

1. No age hath been, since Nature first began
To work Jove's wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praise for mirrors unto man,
Which, more than threatful laws, have men inclin'd;
To thread the paths of praise excites the mind;
Mirrors tie thoughts to virtue's due respects;
Example hastens deeds to good effects.

Mirror for Magistrates.

2. A fault doth never with remorse
Our minds so deeply move,
As when another's guiltless life
Our error doth reprove.

BRANDON.

3. For as the light
Not only serves to show, but renders us
Mutually profitable: so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

CHAPMAN.

4. 'T is thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the water to the breathing wind,
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

EXCELLENCE — MERIT — WORTH.

1. The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
   The charming smiles, that rob sense from the heart,
   The lovely pleasaunce, and the lofty pride,
   Cannot expressèd be by any art.

   SPENSER'S *Sonnets.*

2. Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
   By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
   The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
   For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

   SHAKSPEARE.

3. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
   Her infinite variety.

   SHAKSPEARE.

4. A combination and a form indeed,
   Where every god did seem to set his seal,
   To give the world assurance of a man.

   SHAKSPEARE.

5. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
   While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

   SHAKSPEARE.

6. Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd.

   MILTON.

7. Good nature and good sense must ever join;
   To err is human, to forgive divine.

   POPE.

8. Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
   Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

   POPE.

9. Form'd by the converse happily to steer
   From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
   Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
   Intent to reason, or polite to please.

   POPE.

10. Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow.

POPE.

11. Let envy snarl, let slander rail;
In vain malicious tongues assail:
From virtue's shield (secure from wound,)
Their blunted, venom'd shafts rebound.

GAY'S *Fables.*

12. A matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone;
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

THOMSON

13. Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a syren, and you move a grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
While virtue gives what years shall steal away.

TICKELL

14. Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY'S *Elegy*

15. His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces—his manners our heart.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

16. Describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

17. For she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her—
As pure in thought as angels are,
To see her, was to love her.

18. Angels attend thee! May their wings
Fan every shadow from thy brow—
For only bright and lovely things
Should wait on one so good as thou.

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19. But there are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

20. Of many charms, to her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21. Oh! she was perfect, past all parallel!

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22. Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written — Gentleman.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

23. A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

24 And, behind the foil
Of an unblemish'd loveliness, to find
Charms of a higher order, and a power
Deeper and more resistless.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

25. I think of thee, sweet lady, as of one
Too pure to mix with others, like some star
Shining in pensive beauty all alone,
Kindred with those around, yet brighter far.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

26. The noble mind, unconscious of a fault,
No fortune's frowns can bend, or smiles exalt,
Like the firm rock, that in mid-ocean braves
The war of whirlwinds, and the dash of waves.

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27. All beaming with light as those young features are,
There 's a light round thy heart that is lovelier far;
It is not thy cheek—'t is the soul dawning clear—
Though its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to more, because heaven is there!

MOORE.

28. One in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere;
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here!

MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

29. The fame that a man wins himself, is best;
That he may call his own. Honours put on him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
Which are as soon ta'en off.

MIDDLETON.

EXCESS.—(See DRINKING.)

EXECUTION.

1 'T is now past midnight, and, by eight to-morrow,
Thou must be made immortal.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. See they suffer death;
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.

 ADDISON'S *Cato.*

4. Slave! do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! strike deep as my curse!
Strike—and but once!

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

5. These the last accents Hugo spoke,
"Strike:"—and flashing fell the stroke—
Roll'd the head, and, gushing, sunk
Back the stain'd and heaving trunk
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slak'd with its ensanguin'd rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convuls'd and quick—then fix for ever!

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

EXERCISE.

1. Nobody 's healthful without exercise;
Just wars are exercises of a state;
Virtue 's in motion, and contends to rise,
With generous ascents above a mate.

ALEYN.

2. He does allot for every exercise
A several hour; for sloth, the nurse of vices,
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.

MASSINGER.

3. Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

5. Rise early, and take exercise in plenty,
But always take it with your stomach empty.

EXILE. — (See BANISHMENT.)

EXPECTATION — SUSPENSE.

1. But be not long, for in the tedious minutes,
Exquisite interval, I 'm on the rack;
For sure the greatest evil man can know,
Bears no proportion to this dread suspense.

FROWDE.

2. Uncertainty!
Fell demon of our fears! the human soul,
That can support despair, supports not thee.

MALLET.

3. "Yet doth he live!" exclaims th' impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.

BYRON'S *Lara.*

4. Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long-promis'd hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!

MRS. TIGHE'S *Psyche.*

5. To the fond doubting heart, its hopes appear
Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize;
All seem but day dreams of delight too dear!
Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,
While the scarce-trusted bliss seems but to cheat the eyes.

MRS. TIGHE'S *Psyche.*

EXPERIENCE.

1. To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.

SHAKSPEARE

2. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

SHAKSPEARE

3. —Experience,
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

4. Experience join'd to common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

GREEN.

5. Some positive, persisting fools we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

6. Experience, wounded, is the school
Where men learn piercing wisdom.

LORD BROOK.

7. O, teach him, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past;
Remind him of each wish pursu'd,
How rich it glow'd with promis'd good;
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
How soon his hope's possession cloy'd!

SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

8. For most men, till by losing render'd sager,
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

9 Her hopes ne'er drew
Aught from experience, that chill touchstone whose
Sad proof reduces all things from their hue.

BYRON'S *Island.*

EXTRAVAGANCE.

1 The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

YOUNG.

2. We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder clean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

COWPER'S *Task.*

3. Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

4. In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

EXTREMES.

1. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Those edges soonest turn, that are most keen;
A sober moderation stands secure,
No violent extremes endure.

ALEYN.

3. Who gripes too hard the dry and slippery sand,
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

HERRICK.

4. Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects:
Extreme heat mortifies, like extreme cold;
Extreme love breeds satiety, as well
As extreme hatred; and too violent rigour
Tempts chastity as much as too much license.

CHAPMAN

5. For ever in a passion or a prayer.

POPE.

EYES — FEATURES — LIPS, &c.

1. Compare her eyes,
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changing never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer light;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever:—
But to the Maker's self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all things here we see.

SPENSER'S *Sonnets.*

2. And, as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd by her eye.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Her eyes, in heaven,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Her eyes, like marygold, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire;
They are the arts, the books, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. Soft as the down, that swells the cygnet's nest.

SHENSTONE.

8. Her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The rising blushes which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.

GAY'S *Dione.*

9. In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.

ICKELL

10. In one soft look what language lies!

DIBDIN.

11. Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning hour.
Her lips are more than cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them;
They charm the admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to kiss them!

BURNS.

12. By your eyes of heavenly blue,
By your lips' ambrosial dew,
Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend,
Your voice, the music of the spheres!

The Padlock—A Farce.

13. Which melted in love, and which kindled in war.

CAMPBELL.

14. From the glance of her eye
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

MISS OWENSON.

15. With sweetness and beauty thy daughters arise,
With rose-blooming cheeks, and love-languishing eyes.

16 Down her white neck, long, floating auburn curls,
The least of which would set ten poets raving.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17. Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrows' shape was like the aerial bow;
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. An eye 's an eye, and, whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 't is in request;
'T is nonsense to dispute about a hue;
The kindest may be taken as the best.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

19. A pure, transparent, pale, and radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

20. Her eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell;
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well.
BYRON'S *Giaour.*

21. Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spoke again.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

22. And the wild sparkle of her eye seem'd caught
From high, and lighten'd with electric thought.
BYRON'S *Lara.*

23. And eyes disclos'd what eyes alone can tell.
DR. DWIGHT.

24. Eyes like the starlight of the soft midnight,
So darkly beautiful, so deeply bright.
MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

25. And hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes.
CHARLES SPRAGUE.

26. There are whole veins of diamonds in thine eyes,
Might furnish crowns for all the queens of earth.
BAILEY'S *Festus.*

27. With lightsome brow, and beaming eyes, and bright,
Long, glorious locks, which drop upon thy cheek,
Like gold-hued cloud-flakes on the rosy morn.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

28. Thy blue eyes
Steal o'er the heart like sunshine o'er the skies;
Theirs is the mild and intellectual ray
That to the inmost spirit wins its way;
Theirs are the beams that full upon you roll,
Surprising all the senses and the soul.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

29. The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two;
But that is dearest all the while,
That wears for me the sweetest smile.

O. W. HOLMES.

30. Sweet, pouting lips, whose colour mocks the rose,
Rich, ripe, and teeming with the dew of bliss,—
The flower of love's forbidden fruit, which grows
Insidiously, to tempt us with a kiss.

R. H. WILDE'S *Tasso's Sonnets.*

31. Yet well that eye could flash resentment's rays,
Or, proudly scornful, check the boldest gaze:
Chill burning passion with a calm disdain,
And with one glance rekindle it again.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

32. Let other men bow, and utter the vow
Of devotion and love without end,
As the sparkling *black* eye in triumph draws nigh,
Its glances upon them to bend.
But give me the eye, thro' which I can spy
To the depths of a heart warm and true;
Whose colour may vie with the hue of the sky,—
The soft, the sweet, love-beaming *blue!*

J. T. WATSON.

FAIRIES.

1. In silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

3. And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms array'd
In all the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

4. The palace of the sylphid queen—
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair, that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

5. Her mantle was the purple roll'd
At twilight in the west afar;
'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,
And button'd with a sparkling star.

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

6. Their harps are of the amber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray.

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

7. But she led him to the palace gate,
And call'd the sylphs who hover'd there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condens'd a sable car.

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

8 As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven:
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Till lost in the shade of fading night:—
So rose from the earth the lovely Fay,—
So vanish'd far in heaven away!

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

9. He put his acorn-helmet on;
It was plum'd of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corselet plate, that guarded his breast,
Was once the wild bees' golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was form'd of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

10. Swift he bestrode his fiery steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away, like a glance of thought, he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery tail of the rocket-star.

DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay.*

FAITH.

1. True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes;
Faith evermore looks upwards and descries
Objects remote; but reason can discover
Things only near—sees nothing that 's above her:
They are not matches—often disagree,
And sometimes both are clos'd, and neither see.

QUARLES.

2. Faith lights us through the dark to deity;
Whilst, without sight, we witness that she shows
More God than in his works our eyes can see,
Though none, but by those works, the Godhead knows.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

3. For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

POPE's *Essay on Man.*

4. Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind Nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.

YOUNG's *Night Thoughts.*

5. Death's terror is the mountain faith removes,
That mountain-barrier between man and peace:
'T is faith disarms destruction, and absolves
From every clamorous charge the guiltless tomb.

YOUNG's *Night Thoughts.*

6. Fond as we are, and justly fond of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear—
Reason 's the root, fair faith is but the flower.

YOUNG's *Night Thoughts.*

7. But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

MOORE's *Lalla Rookh.*

8. Vital principle, which keeps my heart
Firm, 'mid the pressure of a thousand ills,
Thou my life's solace and supporter art,
Mingling with bliss the bitter cup it fills.
Far in the future hath thy watcher's glance
Discover'd peace, and many a blissful spot;
While present griefs seem shadows that enhance
The opening glories of thy future lot.

MRS. S. MOWBRAY.

FALSEHOOD — TRUTH — SINCERITY

1. He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.

COWPER.

2. I cannot hide what I am: I must be
Sad when I have a cause, and smile at no man's
Jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for
No man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy,
And tend on no man's business; laugh when I
Am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. This, above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. In many looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose is fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerks, still cry *amen*
To every hymn that abler spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well refined words.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. The man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part;
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise.

GAY'S *Fables.*

8. What he says
You may believe, and pawn your soul upon it.

SHIRLEY.

9. 'Twixt truth and error there 's this diff'rence known,
Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

HERRICK.

10. Dishonour waits on perfidy. The villain
Should blush to think a falsehood; 't is the crime
Of cowards.

C. JOHNSON.

11. Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips.
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart, to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue,
That sold its honesty, and told a lie!

HAVARD.

12. When fiction rises, pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof, to pass her down.

CHURCHILL.

13. The sages say, dame Truth delights to dwell,—
Strange mansion!—in the bottom of a well.
Questions are, then, the windlass and the rope,
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up.

DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

14. It is not in the power
Of Painting or of Sculpture to express
Aught so divine as the fair form of Truth!
The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
But her sweet nature captivates the soul.
CUMBERLAND'S *Philemon.*

15. Beyond all contradiction,
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

16 My smiles must be sincere, or not at all.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17. 'T is strange, but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction. If it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. I know the action was extremely wrong;
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it;
But I detest all fiction, even in song,
And so must tell the truth, howe'er you blame it.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

19. I mean to show things as they really are,
Not as they *ought* to be; for I avow
That till we see what 's what in fact, we 're far
From much improvement.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

20. First, I would have thee cherish truth,
As leading-star in virtue's train;
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But falsehood leaves a poison-stain.
MISS ELIZA COOK.

21. Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
W. C. BRYANT.

FAME — NOTORIETY.

1. Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame though not in life.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Talk not to me of fond renown, the rude,
Inconstant blast of the base multitude:
Their breaths nor souls can satisfaction make,
For half the joys I part with for their sake.

CROWN.

3. I courted fame but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds; and who despises fame,
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.

MALLET.

4. Knows he that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he that faithless fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing *all?*

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

5. They, spider-like, spin out their precious all,
Their more than vitals spin in curious webs
Of subtle thought and exquisite design—
Fine networks of the brain—to catch a fly!
The momentary buzz of vain renown!

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

6. With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes.

YOUNG

7. Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

MILTON.

8 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their shame.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

9. What 's fame ? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

10. Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they go.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

11. A youth to fame, ere yet to manhood, known.

POPE.

12. Absurd ! to think to overreach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours :
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame,
Die fast away ; only themselves die faster.

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

13. He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON.

14. And glory long has made the sages smile ;
'T is something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

15. What is the end of fame ? 'T is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper :
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour.
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call " the midnight taper."

BYRON'S *Don Juan*

16. And blaze with guilty glare thro' future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

17. Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by a patriot's name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame.

MOORE.

18. What is fame, and what is glory?
A dream, a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy.
A word of praise, perchance of blame,
The wreck of a time-bandied name—
And this is glory—this is fame!

MOTHERWELL.

19. —To win the wreath of fame,
And write on memory's scroll a deathless name.

SANDS.

20. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

21. We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, th' immortal names
That were not born to die!

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

FANCY—IMAGINATION.

1. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?—
Oh no—the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling of the worse.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. This busy power is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With fluttering wings do keep her still awake.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

4. Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
DR. JOHNSON, *on Shakspeare.*

5. Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictur'd in his mind.
ROGERS.

6. Pleasant at noon, beside the vocal brook,
To lie one down and watch the floating cloud
And shape to fancy's wild imaginings,
Their ever-varying forms.
SOUTHEY.

7. Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins.
SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

8. Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soar'd untrodden heights, and seem'd at home
Where angels bashful look'd.
POLLOK'S *Course of Time.*

9. The beings of the mind are not of clay,
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more belov'd existence.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

10. Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold*

11. —Immortal dreams, that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.
BYRON'S *Giaour.*

12. And dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
BYRON'S *Lament of Tasso.*

13. Oh! that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!
BYRON'S *Manfred.*

14. One of those passing rainbow dreams
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
In trance or slumber, round the soul.
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

15. Above, below, in ocean and in sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie.
CAMPBELL.

16. 'Mid earthly scenes forgotten or unknown,
Lives in ideal worlds, and wanders there alone.
CARLOS WILCOX.

17. I give you a legend from Fancy's own sketch,
Tho', I warn you, he 's given to fibbing—the wretch!
S. G. GOODRICH.

FAREWELL.—(See ADIEU.)

FARMER.—(See BLACKSMITH.)

FASHION.—(See APPAREL.)

FATE. — (See DESTINY.)

FATHER — MOTHER — PARENTS.

1. Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
The young ones in her nest, against the owl.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Fathers their children and themselves abuse,
That wealth, a husband, for their daughters choose.

SHIRLEY.

4. But parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult not parts, nor turn of mind;
But, even in infancy, decree
What this, what th' other son shall be.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. For if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,
'T is that which pious parents shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

SCOTT.

6. To aid thy mind's development—to watch
The dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to see!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserv'd for me;
Yet such was in my nature.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there 's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame,
A feeling, which, for years of fame,
I would not, could not crush!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

8. My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother, as she sooth'd to rest,
With a low song, her lov'd and cherish'd one,
The bud of promise on her gentle breast;
For 't is a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

9. Ere yet her child hath drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins—it grows till death!
Lives before life, with death not dies, but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.

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10. A father's heart
Is tender, though the *man* be made of stone.

---

11. Of sighs that speak a father's woe,
Of pangs that none but mothers know.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

12. Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!—
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers, and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years,—
The only love, which, on this teeming earth,
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

13. There are smiles and tears in the mother s eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies ;
Oh, heaven of bliss ! when the heart overflows
With the rapture a *mother* only knows !

HENRY WARE.

P

FAVOUR.

1. There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. O momentary grace of mortal man,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. 'T is ever thus when favours are denied ;
All had been granted but the thing we beg :
And still some great unlikely substitute—
Your life, your soul, your all of earthly good—
Is proffer'd, in the room of one small boon.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

4. No trifle is so small as what obtains,
Save that which loses favour : 't is a breath
Which hangs upon a smile ! A look, a word,
A frown, the air-built tower of fortune shakes,
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls.

HANNAH MORE.

FEAR. — (See COWARDICE.)

FEASTING. — (See APPETITE.)

FEATURES. — (See EYES.)

FEELING — SENSIBILITY.

1. Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

COWPER.

2. Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art?
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart?
Ah no! where bright imagination reigns,
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;
Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind;
There feeling is diffus'd through every part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;
And those, whose generous souls each tear would keep
From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep.

HANNAH MORE.

3. The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

ROGERS' *Human Life.*

4. Admire—exalt—despise—laugh—weep—for here
There is much matter for all feeling.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

5. What we can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

6. Striking th' electric chain wherewith we 're darkly bound.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. There are some feelings time cannot benumb.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

8. The keenest pangs the wretched find,
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
BYRON'S *Giaour.*

9. The deepest ice that ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.
BYRON'S *Parisina.*

10. Oh! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
MOORE.

11. Dried hastily the teardrop from her cheek,
And *signified* the vow she could not speak.
CAMPBELL.

12. I *felt* to madness! but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak: they were unknown; but still
The feeling was most poignant.
J. G. PERCIVAL.

FESTIVITY.—(See DRINKING.)

FICKLENESS.

1. Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long.

PRIOR.

2. We in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.

PRIOR

3. She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

SHENSTONE.

4. Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind;
To fix her, 't were a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain.

SMOLLETT.

5. Ladies whose love is constant as the wind.

YOUNG.

6. She will, and she will not—she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies.

GRANVILLE.

FIGHTING.—(See BATTLE.)

FIRMNESS.—(See DETERMINATION.)

FISHING — HUNTING — SPORTS.

1. The hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. If all the year were playing holiday,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. In wrestling, nimble, and in running, swift;
In shooting, steady, and in swimming, strong;
Well made to strike, to leap, to throw, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are among.

SPENSER'S *Astrophel.*

6. Listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

MILTON.

7. Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current quickly flows,
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat.
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How the rod bends! Behold the prize is thine.

GAY'S *Rural Sports.*

8 With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;

She flies, she stretches now with nimble bound;
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.

GAY'S *Rural Sports.*

9. See how the well-taught pointer leads the way!
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wings divide the sounding skies;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.

GAY'S *Rural Sports.*

10. Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn.
The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide through the furzy fields their course they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace.
The distant mountains echo from afar,
The hanging woods resound the flying war;
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.

GAY'S *Rural Sports.*

11. ——High in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon from the uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts; the leaden death

O'ertakes him, and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.

SOMERVILE.

12. In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.

POPE'S *Windsor Forest.*

13. Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till, hovering o'er them, sweeps the swelling net.

POPE'S *Windsor Forest.*

14. He thought, at heart, like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Ask'd next day "if men ever hunted twice?"

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

15. —With a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

FLAG. — (See BANNER.)

FLATTERY — SYCOPHANT — PRAISE.

1. Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praisèd more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.

SPENSER.

2. That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. He would not flatter Neptune for his trident;
Or Jove for his power to thunder.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame—a flatterer.

BEN JONSON.

6 The firmest purpose of a woman's heart
To well-tim'd, artful flattery may yield.

LILLO.

7. 'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools,
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

8. Minds,
By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.
ROWE.

9. My soul is open to the charms of praise:
There is no joy beyond it, when the mind
Of him who hears it can, with honest pride,
Confess it just, and listen to its music.
WHITEHEAD'S *Roman Father*

10. In praising Chloris, moon, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And mixing suns, and flowers, and pearls and stones,
Make them seem all complexions at once.
BUTLER.

11. For praise, that 's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But, to commend without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a glass on what 's amiss,
And says what should be, not what is.
BUTLER.

12. The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
YOUNG'S *Love of Fame.*

13. Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till, his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

14. A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

15. To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?

GAY'S *Trivia.*

16. Methinks you 're over-nice:
True; flattery is a shocking vice;
Yet, sure, whene'er the praise is just,
One may commend without distrust.

GAY'S *Fables*

17. Long, open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well addrest.

GAY'S *Epistles.*

18. But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always takes your word.
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

GAY'S *Fables.*

19. The villain's censure is extorted praise.

POPE.

20. Praise of the wise and good!—it is a meed
For which I would long years of toil endure—
Which many a peril, many a grief, would cure.

SIR E. BRYDGES.

21. Oh! it is worse than mockery to list the flatt'rer's tone,
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must blush to own,—
To hear the red lip whisper'd of, and the flowing curl, and eye,
Made constant theme of eulogy extravagant and high—
And the charm of *person* worshipp'd, in an homage offer'd not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the majesty of thought.

J. G. WHITTIER.

22. Oh! when the breath of flattery is warm upon thine ear,
And manly brows are bending in humble suppliance near,
May no dream of tenderness arise, which earth may not fulfil,
And no fountain open in thy heart, which Time hath power to chill!

J. G. WHITTIER.

FLOWERS — FRUITS.

1. Sweet garland wreaths
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

2. Where peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like maidens' cheeks when blushes rise;
Where with huge figs the branches bend,
Where clusters from the vine distend.

GAY'S *Fables.*

3. Here, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes; here cowslips hang
Their dewy heads, and purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade.

THOMSON.

4. Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light;
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.

POPE.

5. She looks as clear
As morning roses, newly wash'd in dew.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. The fragrant *orange*, with bright golden rind.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

7. The hardy *nut*, in solid mail secure,
Impregnable to winter's frosts, repays
Its hoarder's care.

SOMERVILE'S *Hobbinol.*

8. The *cocoa's root*,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit.

BYRON'S *Island.*

9. The little flow'rets raise their heads,
And bloom as gaily on the grave,
As if reposing on such beds
As Nature to her children gave.

Richmond Republican.

10. A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

WORDSWORTH.

11. Like sweet thoughts that come
Wing'd from the maiden fancy, and fly off
In music to the skies, and then are lost,
These ever-steaming odours seek the sun,
And fade in the light he scatters.

BARRY CORNWALL.

12. In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

13. The evergreen stern Winter's power derides,
Like hope, that in misfortune's storm abides.

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14. Yes, lovely flower, I find in thee
Wild sweetness which no words express,
And charms in thy simplicity
That dwell not in the pride of dress.

LANGHORNE.

15. There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow out
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pastures, and breathe
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

N. P. Willis.

16. Oh! the flowers look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And, dear as a smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!

FOLLY — FOOLS.

1. This fellow 's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit.

Shakspeare.

2. He who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.

Shakspeare.

3. To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow.

Shakspeare.

4. Man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,—
His glossy essence—like an angry ape—
Plays such fantastic tricks, before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep.

Shakspeare.

5. Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Milton.

6. 'T is strange there should such difference be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set men together by the ears.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. Two things so averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

9. For many a lad returns from school
A Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fool;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Tho' deeply skill'd in *hic, hæc, hoc.*

PATTISON.

10. Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that 's *out;*
His passion for absurdity 's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shown
In wearing others' follies than our own.

YOUNG.

11. 'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

12. Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die!

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

13. Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

POPE.

14 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

POPE.

15. Who perhaps to the summit of science might soar,
Content if "the table he set in a roar."

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

16. Whose genius was such,
We scarcely could praise him, or blame him, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation*

17. Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And bespatter'd with rouge his own natural red.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

18. He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he wish'd, he could whistle them back.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

19. And idle jests, untimely spoken,
The tend'rest ties have often broken.

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20. Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his explanation.

BYRON.

FOOLS.—(See FOLLY.)

FORGETFULNESS—OBLIVION.

1. I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from the full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more!

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The swallowing gulf
Of dark oblivion and deep despair.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. 'T is far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Thus peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.

POPE.

5. Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SCOTT.

6. 'T is infamy to die, and not be miss'd.

CARLOS WILCOX.

7. Let not a death, unwept, unhonour'd, be
The melancholy fate allotted me!
But those who love me living, when I die,
Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

From SOLON.

FORGET ME NOT.

1. Forget me not, when others gaze
Enamour'd on thee with the looks of praise;
When weary leagues between us both are cast,
And each dull hour seems heavier than the last—
Oh! then forget me not!

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2. Think of him whose prayers shall bless thee;
Think of him thy love had bless'd.

BYRON.

3. Oh! think of her who holds thee dear,
And think that thou art all to her!

BYRON.

4 May joy thy steps attend,
And mayst thou find in every form a friend;
With care unsullied be thy every thought,
And in thy dreams of home, forget me not!

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5. Though we should meet no more, sweet maid,
Forget me not.

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6. Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love for me!
Yes! while a pulse, a breath remains,
Will I remember thee!

MONTGOMERY.

7. Each dew-drop, on its morning leaves,
Is eloquent as tears,
That whisper, when young passion grieves
For one belov'd afar, and weaves
His dream of hopes and fears,
Forget me not!

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

FORGIVENESS — MERCY — PITY, &c.

1. And but to speaken of her conscience,
She was so charitable and so piteous,
She would weep an that she but saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.

CHAUCER.

2. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd:
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. 'T is mightiest in the mighty; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Great souls forgive not injuries till time
Has put their enemies into their power,
That they may show forgiveness in their own.

DRYDEN.

6. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That, but to hear a story, feign'd for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes
And robs me of my manhood.

DRYDEN.

7. Thy narrow soul
Knows not the God-like glory of forgiving;
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive
How large the power, how fix'd the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds.

ROWE.

8. The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy,
And 't is the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

9. He, that is merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.

RANDOLPH.

10. Those moving tears will quite dissolve my frame;
They melt the soul which threats could never shake.

HIGGONS.

11. A generous warmth opens the hero's soul,
And soft compassion flows where courage dwells.

C. JOHNSON.

12. The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

THOMSON.

13. Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led than slain;
The laurels that adorn their brows,
Are pull'd from living, not dead, boughs.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*

14. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts,
Old age is slow in both.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

15. Yet oh! when thou shalt die,
May death be mild as thou art cruel now;
And may thy beauties gently sink to earth,
While circling angels waft thee to repose!

NAT. LEE.

16. Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.

COWPER'S *Task.*

17. The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And feel for what their duty bids them do.

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

18. Pity! is it pity to recall to feeling
The wretch too happy to escape to death
By the compassionate trance, poor nature's last
Resource against the tyranny of pain?

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

19. Go to—you are a child,
Infirm of feeling and of purpose, blown
About by every breath, shook by a sigh
And melted by a tear—a precious judge.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

20. With tears for nought but others' ills;
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage their woe.

BYRON'S *Prisoner of Chillon.*

21. Hate shuts her soul when dove-ey'd Mercy pleads.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

22. Forgive and forget!—why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

CHARLES SWAIN.

FORTITUDE. — (See BRAVERY.)

FORTUNE. — (See CHANCE.)

FRANKNESS — INGENUOUSNESS.

1. And the soft language of the soul
Flow'd from her never-silent eye.

CARTWRIGHT.

2. How eloquent in every look—
Thro' her expressive eyes, her soul distinctly spoke.

LORD LYTTLETON.

3. Whate'er the emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes—
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise.

SHAW.

4. Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes.

BYRON.

5. If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings,
From the innermost shrine, came the light of her feelings.

MOORE.

FREEDOM — LIBERTY.

1. Oh! give me liberty!
For were even Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

DRYDEN.

2. Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright!
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train.

ADDISON'S *Italy.*

3. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

4. The greatest glory of a free-born people,
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.

HAVARD.

5. But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for;—spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.

COWPER'S *Task.*

6. 'T is liberty alone that gives the flowers
Of fleeting life their lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.

COWPER'S *Task.*

7. Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determin'd to be free.

SOUTHEY.

8. We will not be the traitor slaves,
While heaven has light, or earth has graves.

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9. Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the sands that confin'd them;
But presume not again to give Freemen a law,
Or think, with the chains they have broken, to bind them!

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10. By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!

MOORE.

11. And Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'T is the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds, and breaks in her cause!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

12. Tho' too true to themselves e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission?

HON. W. GASTON.

13. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

14. For Freedom's battle, oft begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

15. Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For then thy habitation is the heart!

BYRON'S *Prisoner of Chillon.*

16. Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would wake the old bones from their graves.

CAMPBELL.

17. Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

AKENSIDE.

18 Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Marseilles Hymn

FRIENDSHIP.

1. Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Who shall compare love's mean and gross desire
To the chaste zeal of friendship's sacred fire?
Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays;
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

GAY'S *Dione.*

5. The joys of friendship,—
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, when both are glad for both;
Our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against all fortune and the world.

ROWE.

6. Friendship above all ties does bind the heart,
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

LORD ORRERY.

7. First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing, fix;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. Hope not to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee;
All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

9. The friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues in pleasure.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

10. Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much! thou hast deserv'd of me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

11. And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep?—
A sound that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.

GOLDSMITH'S *Hermit.*

12. Friendship is not a plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

13. Thou art the friend,
To whom the shadows of long years extend.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

14. Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though lov'd, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake.
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

BYRON.

15. He, who, malignant, tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend,
Who friendship's secrets knows not to conceal—
That man is vile.

FRANCIS' *Horace.*

16. A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one warmth, with one resentment glows;
One must our union, our resentment be,
My friend must hate the man who injures me.

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17. How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we can always with safety depend!
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.

MRS. MARGARET SMITH.

18. Oh, friendship! thou balm and sweet'ner of life!
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife!
Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,
But empty delusions, the joy of an hour?

MRS. MARGARET SMITH.

19. When our lives
Were link'd in one, and our young hearts bloom'd out,
Like violet bells upon the self-same stem,
Pouring the dewy odours of life's spring
Into each other's bosoms.

B. B. THATCHER.

20. Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

21. Yes, the summer of life passes quickly away,
Soon the winter of age sheds its snow on the heart;
But the warm sun of Friendship, that gilded youth's day,
Shall still thro' the dark clouds a soft ray impart.

A. GIBBS.

22. Sweet lady, wilt thou think of me
When Friendship's flowers are round thee wreathing,
And Love's delirious flattery
Within thy ear is softly breathing?
O, let my friendship, in the wreath,
Though but a bud among the flowers,
Its sweetest fragrance round thee breathe—
'T will serve to soothe thy weary hours.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

23. In after years,—when thou, perchance,
As thoughts of *Auld Lang Syne* arise,
'Midst other scenes shalt cast a glance
Along these pages, should thine eyes
Rest on this tribute—think of me—
Think kindly, as I shall of thee.

J. T. WATSON.

FRUITS.—(See FLOWERS.)

FUNERAL — MOURNING — WIDOW.

1. Do not for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 't is common; all that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plumes of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.

GAY'S *Trivia.*

7. They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.

BARON.

4. Of all
The fools, who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.

BYRON'S *Vision of Judgment.*

5. Groans and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make death a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

NAT. LEE.

6. Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of the theme.

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

7. Thus, day by day, and month by month, we pass'd;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts—as wretched widows must:
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.

POPE.

8. What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year?
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show!

POPE.

9. Death's seneschal! 't is thine to trace
For each his proper look and place;
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand.
With hostile cousins, hand in hand;
Give matchless gloves, and fitly shape
By length of face the length of crape.

HON. N. BIDDLE'S *Ode to Bogle.*

10. See him erect, with lofty tread,
The dark scarf streaming from his head,
Lead forth his groups, in order meet,
And range them *grief-wise* in the street—
Presiding o'er the solemn show,
The very Chesterfield of woe!

HON. N. BIDDLE'S *Ode to Bogle*

11. Let widows, anxious to fulfil
(For the first time) the dear man's will,
Lovers and lawyers ill at ease,
For bliss deferr'd, or loss of fees,
Or heirs, impatient of delay,
Chafe inly at his formal stay;
The Bogle heeds not: firm and true,
Resolv'd to give the dead his due,
No jot of honour will he bate,
Nor stir towards the church-yard gate,
Till the last person is at hand,
And every hat has got its band.

HON. N. BIDDLE'S *Ode to Bogle.*

12. Ere death had quite stricken the bloom from her cheek,
Or worn off the smoothness and gloss of her brow,
When our quivering lips her dear name could not speak,
And our hearts vainly strove to God's judgment to bow,
He estrang'd himself from us, and cheerfully then
Sought out a new object, and wedded again.

J. H. BRIGHT.

13. Nature doth mourn for thee. There is no need
For man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,
As fail he must if he attempts thy praise.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY

FUTURITY.—(See ETERNITY.)

GAMBLING.—(See BETTING.)

GENIUS—TALENT.

1. Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

DRYDEN.

2. One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

3. Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

4. I live not like the many of my kind;
Mine is a world of feelings and of fancies;
Fancies, whose rainbow-empire is the mind—
Feelings, that realize their own romances.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

5. For genius swells more strong and clear
When close confin'd—like bottled beer.

TRUMBULL'S *McFingal.*

6. The lamp of genius, tho' by nature lit,
If not protected, prun'd, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare.

CARLOS WILCOX.

7 He drew his light from that he was amidst,
As doth a lamp from air which hath itself
Matter of light, altho' it show it not.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

8. Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

9. What made more sad the outward form's decay,
A soul of Genius glimmer'd thro' the clay:
Genius has so much youth no care can kill,
Death seems unnatural when it sighs "Be still."

The New Timon.

10. Creative Genius! from thy hand
What shapes of order, beauty, rise,
When waves thy potent, mystic wand
To people ocean, earth and skies!

J. H. M'ILVANE

GENTLEMAN.

1. He that bears himself like a gentleman
Is worth to have been born a gentleman.

CHAPMAN.

2. Measure not thy carriage by any man's eye,
Thy speech by no man's ear; be resolute
And confident in saying and in doing;
This is the grace of a right gentleman.

CHAPMAN.

3. I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word, *lord*, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first:
I'm sure more ancient.

JOHN FORD.

4. The general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour, an example:
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his title.

JOHN FORD

5. Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written "Gentleman."

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

GHOST — SUPERSTITION.

1. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I can call up spirits from the vasty deep.—
——Why so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?

SHAKSPEARE.

4. A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,
And sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

5. They gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghostly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave, and (strange to tell,)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

6. For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

POPE.

7. Matrons who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea.

CHURCHILL.

8. A horrid spectre rises to my sight,
Close by my side, and plain and palpable,
In all good seeming and close circumstance,
As man meets man.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

9. 'T is a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale,
Which children, open-ey'd and mouth'd, devour;
And thus, as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe.

SOUTHEY'S *Thalaba.*

10. An undefin'd and sudden thrill,
That makes the heart a moment still—
Then beat with quicker pulse, asham'd
Of that strange sense its silence fram'd.

BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth*

11. He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
When he can't tell what 't is that doth appal.
How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!

BYRON'S *Don Juan*

12. Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

13. And not in vain he listen'd: Hush!—what's that?
I see—I see—Ah no! 't is not—yet 't is—
Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! the *cat!*
The devil may take that stealthy pace of his!

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

14. Of clanking fetters—low, mysterious groans—
Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffin'd bones—
Pale gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore—
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon door.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity*

GLOOM. — (See CARE.)

GLORY. — (See AMBITION.)

GLUTTONY. — (See DRINKING.)

GOD — PROVIDENCE.

1 There 's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds!

GAY'S *Rural Sports*

3. God, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
And changing seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd himself.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase*

4. Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

5. All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see,
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride—in erring *reason's* spite,
One thing is clear—whatever is, is right.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

6. O, all-preparing Providence divine!
In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd?
What sundry helps doth thy great power assign,
To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold!

DRAYTON.

7. Go, mark the matchless working of the Power
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

COWPER.

8. Yes, thou *art* ever present, Power Divine!
Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,
Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons, or on thrones, the faithful find Thee.

HANNAH MORE.

9. The Lord! how tender is his tear!
His justice how august!
Hence all her fears my soul derives,
There anchors all her trust!

DR. DARWIN.

10. O Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

MOORE.

11. Who spoke creation into birth,
Arch'd the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth;
Who form'd a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run;
Who fill'd the air, the forest, and the flood,
And gave man all for comfort, or for good.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

12. Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove,
In all finds God, and finds that God all love.
CHARLES SPRAGUE.

13. How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

GOLD — WEALTH, &c.

1. Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
SHAKSPEARE.

2. Madam, I own 't is not your person,
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 't is your better part, your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches!
BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

3. For money has a power above
The stars and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

4. Trade it may help, society extend,
But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend;
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and a land 's betray'd.
POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

5. Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place.
POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

6. To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
POPE'S *Essay on Man*

7. Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

8. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

9. Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative.

DECKER.

10. To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that 's worth a wish—a thought—
Fair virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

DR. JOHNSON.

11. For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws;
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

DR. JOHNSON.

12. Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 't is much less
To make our fortune, than our happiness.

YOUNG.

13. Because its blessings are abus'd,
Must gold be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Even virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade.

GAY'S *Fables.*

14. Oh, bane of man! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill,
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
'T was gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.

GAY'S *Fables.*

15. Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'T is avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside:—
But when to virtuous hands 't is given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven:
Like heaven, it hears the orphans' cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.

GAY'S *Fables.*

16. If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the more.

GAY'S *Fables.*

17. Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can these, when tortur'd by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can these prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

GAY'S *Fables.*

18. Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies:
Learn this, ye men of wealth—a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

CUMBERLAND'S *Menander.*

19. Still to be rich is still to be unhappy;
Still to be envied, hated, and abus'd;
Still to collect new lawsuits, new vexations,
And hoard up riches for a thriftless heir.
Let me be light in purse, and light in heart;
Give me small means, but give content withal;
And I 'll be thankful for my poverty.

CUMBERLAND'S *Philemon.*

20. Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touchstone of philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the mine! Thou load-star of
The soul! Thou true magnetic pole, to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!

BYRON.

21. Had I but pearls of price—did golden pills
Of hoarded wealth swell in my treasury,
Easy I 'd win the fawning flatterer's smiles,
And bend the sturdiest stoic's iron knee.

A. A. LOCKE.

22. Think'st thou the man, whose mansions hold
The worldling's pride, the miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he, who in his cot at rest
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the earnest in his breast
Of treasures in the skies?

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

23. Much wealth brings want, that hunger of the heart,
Which comes when *nature* man deserts for *art.*

The New Timon.

24. I would never kneel at a gilded shrine,
To worship the idol Gold;
I would never fetter this heart of mine,
As a thing for fortune sold.

MRS. L. P. SMITH.

25. It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb, and frozen seas to roam.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

26. Gold, gold! in all ages the curse of mankind!
Thy fetters are forg'd for the soul and the mind:
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
To gain thee, men barter Eternity's crown,
Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown.

PARK BENJAMIN.

GOSSIP — SCANDAL.

1. There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;—
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

HARVEY.

2. Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the high mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candour with a web of wiles.

BYRON.

3. In fact, there 's nothing makes me so much grieve,
As that abominable tittle-tattle,
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

4. I loathe that low vice, Curiosity;
But if there 's any thing in which I shine,
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having; of my own, domestic cares.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

GRACE.

1. Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

2. Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast.

MASON.

3. Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form the harmony of soul, of face,
Where beauty shines, the mirror of the mind.

MASON.

4. See what a grace is seated on that brow!

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Her grace of motion, and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp.

MILMAN

6. Sweet thoughts are mirror'd in her face,
And every motion is a grace.

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7. A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew,
For the fond Graces form'd her easy mien,
And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.

HAYLEY.

8. Manners all graceful, without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

LEVI FRISBIE.

GRATITUDE — INGRATITUDE.

1. I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The private wound is deepest. O time most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

SHAKSPEARE.

3. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!

SHAKSPEARE.

4. A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

5. What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
But grateful praise? so heaven itself is paid!

ROWE.

6. To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

GRAY'S *Elegy*

7. He that has nature in him must be grateful;
'T is the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other.

MADDEN

8. To the generous mind
The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,
When 't is not in our power to repay it.

FRANKLIN.

9. If there be a crime
Of deeper die than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 't is ingratitude.

BROOKE.

10. All should unite to punish the ungrateful;
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

THOMSON.

11. Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time will tame the wayward will;
But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's more maddening thrill.

BYRON

12. O, colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd.

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*

13 And you, my dearest friend! how shall I thank you?
What shall I do, to show my grateful heart?

From SOPHOCLES.

GRAVE. — (See DEATH.)

GREATNESS — POWER.

1. Let Hercules himself do what he may:
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Authority intoxicates
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make them giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise;
The noble with the base complies;
The sot assumes the rule of wit;
And cowards make the brave submit.

BUTLER.

7. This leader was of knowledge great
Either for charge or for retreat;
He knew when to fall on, pell mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

POPE.

9. A knight of high renown: Not Quixote bold,
Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee.

SOMERVILE.

10. As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

11. He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON.

12. A despot, big with power obtain'd by wealth,
And that obtain'd by rapine and by stealth.

COWPER

13. What is station high?
'T is a proud mendicant: it boasts and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

14. Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

15. O greatness! thou art but a flattering dream,
A watery bubble, lighter than the air.
TRACY.

16. Power! 't is the favourite attribute of gods,
Who look with smiles on men who can aspire
To copy them.
MARTYN.

17. To reign is pleasant, tho' it be in hell;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

18. If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame.
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

19. He, who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He, who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Tho' far above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

20. —Leonidas, and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations sav'd, not worlds undone;
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victors may appal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword, till the Future shall be free.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21 The greatest chief,
That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,
Or plung'd a province or a realm in grief.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

22. Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first,—the last,—the best,—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dar'd not hate—
Bequeath'd the name of *Washington*,
To make men blush there was but one.

BYRON

23. Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones.

BYRON'S *Age of Bronze*

24. While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven;
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth;
While Washington 's a watchword, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there 's an echo left to air.

BYRON'S *Age of Bronze.*

25. And that odd impulse, which, in wars or creeds,
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

26. For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave!
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath,
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave.

BYRON.

27 They speak in characters that never die,
The human greatness of an age gone by.

W. C. LODGE.

28. The warrior's name,
Tho' peal'd and chim'd on all the tongues of fame,
Sounds less harmonious to the grateful mind,
Than his, who fashions and improves mankind.
BARLOW'S *Columbiad.*

GRIEF — TEARS — WEEPING.

1. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
SHAKSPEARE.

2. Thy heart is big! get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.
SHAKSPEARE.

3. I did not think to shed a single tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
SHAKSPEARE.

4. I am a fool, to weep at what I 'm glad of.
SHAKSPEARE.

5. Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear
Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth.
SHIRLY.

6. Hide not thy tears; weep boldly—and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way:
'T is nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow!
AARON HILL

7. Sorrow, that streams not o'er,
Spares but the eye, to wound the heart the more;
Dumb, infelt pangs, too well supply the woe
That grief, in suffering silence, shuns to show.
AARON HILL.

8. There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, that shames all clamorous sorrow.
NAT. LEE.

9. Behold the turtle who has lost her mate;
Awhile with drooping wings she mourns his fate;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again she 's cheer'd, again she seeks the day.
GAY'S *Dione.*

10. No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn—
Shine with such lustre as the tear, that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek, for others' woes.
DR. DARWIN.

11. The short, thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall.
POPE.

12. In all the silent manliness of grief.
GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

13. Tears yet are ours whene'er misfortunes press,
And, tho' our weeping fails to give redress,
Long as their fruits the changing seasons bring,
Those bitter drops will flow from sorrow's spring.
R. BLAND'S *Philemon.*

14. Sighs, tho' in vain, may tell the world we feel,
And tears may soothe the wounds they cannot heal.
R. T. PAINE.

15. Nor shame, nor apathy, nor pride,
Might then forbid the briny tide;
Uncheck'd it trickles down the cheeks:
'T is the still tear that transport speaks.
MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

16. 'T is said at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congeal'd the drop within his eye.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

17. Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*

18. So madly shrill, so piercing wild.

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

19. Howe'er our stifled tears we banish,
When struggling as they rise to start,
We check those waters of the heart,
They are not dried—those tears unshed,—
But flow back to the fountain head,
And, resting in their spring more pure,
For ever in its depths endure,
Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,
And cherish'd most when least reveal'd.

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

20. Not one sigh shall tell my story,
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory—
Grief, that stoops not to complain!

MRS. ROBINSON.

21. The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind,
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Scar'd by the autumn blast of grief.

BYRON'S *Giaour*

22 Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death ne'er heeds nor hears distress;
Will this unteach us to complain,
Or make one mourner weep the less?

BYRON.

23. Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness, which can wield
To save—subdue—at once her spear and shield.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

24. There is no darkness like the cloud of mind
On grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind,
Which may not, dare not see, but turns aside
To blackest shade, nor will endure a guide.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

25. Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charg'd with unshed tears.

BYRON'S *Dream.*

26. For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

CAMPBELL.

27. The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:
The flower is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

SCOTT'S *Lady of the Lake.*

28. The heavy sigh,
The tear in the half-open'd eye,
The pallid cheek and brow, confess'd
That grief was busy in his breast.

SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

29. Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear!

BURNS.

30. He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt may know!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

31. Tears—floods of tears
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

32. The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows, is
The life-blood of the heart.

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

33. When all that in absence we dread
Is past, and forgotten 's our pain,
How sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,
When we see the sweet object again!

R. WILLIS.

GUILT—SIN—VICE.

1. Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

2. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Guiltiness would speak, tho' tongues were out of use.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Serpents, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet do poisons breed.

SHAKSPEARE

6. Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day 's in its glory, scarce appear;
Towards our evening, how great and monstrous!

SUCKLING.

7. How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!

DR. JOHNSON.

8. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar to the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

9. Where, where, for shelter shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

10. Ah me! from real happiness we stray,
By vice bewilder'd; vice, which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of wo.

THOMSON'S *Agamemnon.*

11. Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied words of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

12. Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear, delusive shape!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

13. To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads!

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

14. Thou need'st not answer; thy confession speaks,
Already redd'ning in thy guilty cheeks.

BYRON'S *Corsair*

HABIT.—(See CUSTOM.)

HAIR.—(See EYES.)

HAPPINESS.—(See ENJOYMENT.)

HATRED.—(See ENEMY.)

HEALTH.—(See DISEASE.)

HEART.

1. The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
   But changes, night and day too, like the sky:
   Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
   And darkness, and destruction, as on high;
   But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and riven,
   Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
   Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears.
   BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

2. To me she gave her heart—that all
   Which tyranny cannot enthral.
   BYRON'S *Giaour.*

3. Worm-like 't was trampled, adder-like aveng'd.
   BYRON'S *Corsair.*

4. His heart was all on honour bent,
   He could not stoop to love;
   No lady in the land had power
   His frozen heart to move.

5. The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy from the mind depart;
The form may lose its symmetry and grace,—
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart.

MRS. DINNIES.

6. That heart, methinks,
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherish'd print
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,
And love and innocence made holiday.

HILLHOUSE.

7. I am not old—tho' Time has set
His signet on my brow,
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now:—
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening sky.

PARK BENJAMIN.

8. Honour to him, who, self-complete and brave,
In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave,
And, heeding nought of what men think or say,
Make his own heart his world upon the way!

The New Timon.

9. Mine be the heart that can itself defend—
Hate to the foe, devotion to the friend!
The fearless trust, and the relentless strife,
Honour unsold, and wrong aveng'd with life!

The New Timon.

10. My heart is like the sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,
And only feels its surface break
When birds of passage wander by,
Who dip their wings, and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before.

N. P. WILLIS.

11. My heart is like a lonely bird,
That sadly sings,
Brooding upon its nest unheard,
With folded wings.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

12. Oh! could we read the human heart,
Its strange, mysterious depths explore,
What tongue could tell, or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore?

HEAVEN — HELL.

1. Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. There is perpetual spring, perpetual youth;
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there.

MASSINGER AND DECKER.

4 Heaven 's the perfection of all that can
Be said or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal.

SHIRLEY

5. Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*

6. Here we may reign secure; and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*

7. A black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness.

JOHN FORD.

8. In this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, while in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

JOHN FORD.

HELL.—(See HEAVEN.)

HERMIT—SOLITUDE, &c.

1. The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
There can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks for sweet retir'd solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.

MILTON'S *Comus*.

3. Retiring from the populous noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease.

MILTON.

4. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

5. How happy is the lonely vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!

POPE'S *Eloisa.*

6. Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drinks the crystal well,
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

PARNELL.

7. O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid.

YOUNG.

8. For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave—
A sepulchre in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.

COWPER'S *Retirement.*

9. Oh solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place!
I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.

COWPER.

10. Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness—
Some boundless contiguity of space,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.

COWPER

11. Unhappy he, who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

12. To view, alone,
The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen, and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high,
Were irksome; for, whate'er my mood,
In sooth, I love not solitude.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

13. The lonely spider's thin gray pall
Waves slowly, widening o'er the wall.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

14. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

15. To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

In solitude
Small power the nipt affections have to grow.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

17. If from society we learn to live,
'T is solitude should teach us how to die.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

18. A populous solitude of bees and birds.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

19. Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

20. They dwelt in calm and silent solitude,
Where meaner spirits never dare intrude.

CARLOS WILCOX.

21. There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer;
. . . . . And there have been holy men,
Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.

W. C. BRYANT.

HISTORIAN — HISTORY.

1. 'T is a great fault in a chronologer
To turn parasite; an absolute historian
Should be in fear of none; neither should he
Write any thing more than truth for friendship,
Or else for hate.

Lingua.

2. Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known, and call the rant
An history; describe the man of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.

COWPER'S *Task.*

3. And Rome shall owe,
For her memorial, to your learned pen,
More than to all those fading monuments,
Built with the riches of the spoiled world.

MAY.

4. Historians only things of weight,
Results of persons, or affairs of state,
Briefly, with truth and clearness should relate:
Laconic shortness memory feeds.

HEATH.

HISTORY. — (See HISTORIAN.)

HOME. — (See DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.)

HONESTY — HONOUR.

1. There is no terror in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle winds,
Which I respect not.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit,
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. To be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd;
But honesty, once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

MIDDLETON.

6. Honour 's a sacred tie—the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

7. Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part,—there all the honour lies.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

8. A wit 's a feather, and a chief 's a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

9. I 've scann'd the actions of his daily life
With all the industrious malice of a foe;
And nothing meets mine eyes but deeds of honour.

HANNAH MORE.

10. Dishonour'd!—*he* dishonour'd!
I tell thee, Doge, 't is Venice is dishonour'd;
His name shall be her foulest, worst reproach,
For what he suffer'd, not for what he did.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

11. Honour and glory were given to cherish;
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks be these, that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

From the German.

HONOUR.—(See HONESTY.)

HOPE.

1. Yet when an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

2. What can we not endure,
When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure?

NABB.

3. Hope! of all the ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou lover's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!

COWLEY.

4. Hope! fortune's cheating lottery!
When for one prize an hundred blanks there be!

COWLEY.

5. A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds,
Gilds the black horror, and directs my way.

DRYDEN.

6. Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind,
Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendship,
Robs us of our last virtue—resolution.

NAT. LEE.

7. Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here:
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. O hope! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort—
Relieves the load of poverty—sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,—
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain.

GLOVER

9. Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

POPE'S *Essay on Man*

10. Hope, like the taper's gleaming light,
Adorns the wretch's way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH

11. And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,
Bright'ning the half-veil'd face of heaven afar,—
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head!

JOHN KEATS.

12. The evening beam, that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

13. Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
Acquainted with all feelings save despair.

BYRON'S *Island.*

14. Eternal Hope! When yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade,
When all thy sister planets had decay'd;—
When wrapt in flames the clouds of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile!

CAMPBELL.

15 Hope's precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.

MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

16. What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours?
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows,
Even when anguish hath palsied its powers.

From the German.

17. And should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future, and not to the past.

EPES SARGENT.

18. Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

19. Never forget our loves, but always cling
To the fix'd hope that there will be a time
When we can meet, unfetter'd, and be blest
With the full happiness of certain love.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

20. O, if love and life be but a fairy illusion,
And the cold future bright but in fancy's young eye,
Still let me live on in the dreamy delusion,
And, true and unchanging, hope on till I die!

MRS. OSGOOD.

21. For me—I hold no commerce with despair!

DAWES' *Geraldine*

22. Strange, how much darkness melts before a ray—
How deep a gloom one beam of hope enlightens!

DAWES' *Geraldine.*

23. Sweet to the soul the whispering
Of hope and promise, when
Fancy's soft fairy voices sing—
We part to meet again!

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24. Hidden, and deep, and never dry—
Or flowing or at rest,
A living spring of hope doth lie
In every human breast.

MRS. WELLS.

25. Does hope allure?—does pleasure smile?
Then tread the rosy path with trembling;
For pleasure beckons to beguile,
And hope's fair promise is dissembling.
MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

26. Sweet hope! how easily thy tale
Wins credence from the charmed ear!
How dost thou teach thy dupes to rail,
On thy cold rival, halting fear!
MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

27. Like the gloom of night retiring,
When in splendour beams the day,
Hope again my heart inspiring,
Doubt and fear shall chase away.

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28. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling.
BALFE'S *Bohemian Girl.*

29. Hope—the sweet bird!—while *that* the air can fill,
Let earth be ice—the soul hath summer still!
The New Timon.

30. And canst thou bid me smother
A hope that lighted
Long years of sorrow?
A hope that leaves none other,
When it is blighted,
To make life dear?
FRY'S *Leonora*

HORSE.

1. Long-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.
SHAKSPEARE

2. The beast was sturdy, large and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I should say *eye*—for he had but one,
As most agree, tho' some say *none*.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

3. The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting, foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.

DRYDEN.

4. Champing his foam, and bounding o'er the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

5. With flowing tail and flying mane,
With nostrils never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein;
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscar'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse — the wild — the free —
Like waves that follow o'er the sea —
Came thickly thundering on.

BYRON'S *Mazeppa.*

6. The long, long tail that glorified
That glorious donkey's hinder-side.

SANDS.

7. I strode o'er his back, and he took to his wind,
And he pranc'd before, and he kick'd behind;
And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll
Abroad from pole to answering pole.

SANDS.

8. He plac'd on him a bridle and a saddle,
Then on his back he quickly leapt astraddle.

J. T. WATSON.

HUMILITY.

1. It is the witness still of excellence,
To put a strange face on its own perfection.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself,
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
SHAKSPEARE.

3. Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
SHAKSPEARE.

4. Disguis'd humility is
Both the swift and safest way to pride.
SIR W. DAVENANT.

5. Be wise;
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
MASSINGER.

6. Humility is eldest-born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of heaven,
MURPHY.

7. Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

HUNGER. — (See APPETITE.)

HUNTING. — (See FISHING.)

HYPOCRISY. — (See DECEIT.)

IDLENESS — INDUSTRY — PERSEVERANCE.

1. The rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in course of time doth tear;
And drizzling drops, that often do rebound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear.
SPENSER'S *Sonnets.*

2. Who 's born for sloth? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
In every rank, or great or small,
'T is industry supports us all.

GAY'S *Fables.*

3. See the issue of your sloth:
Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,
Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending,
Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,
And of theft comes hanging.

CHAPMAN AND JONSON.

4. Like clocks, one wheel another one must drive;
Affairs by diligent labour only thrive.

CHAPMAN.

5. For Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, tho' with a little axe,
Hew down, and fell the hardest timber'd oak.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. He whistled as he went, for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

7. And heard the everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

POPE.

8. Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

9. Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard, but search will find it out.

HERRICK.

10. Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.

HAVARD.

11. No more the irksome restlessness of rest
Disturb'd him like an eagle in her nest,
Whose whetted beak, and far pervading eye,
Darts for a victim over all the sky.

BYRON'S *Island.*

12. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.

SMART

13. I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance: I would plant rich seeds,
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old.

HILLHOUSE.

14. Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

15. The proudest motto for the young!
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words enfold:
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power—
"There 's no such word as *fail!*"

ALICE G. LEE.

IGNORANCE.

1. The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity and pride and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those who have their eyes and sight entire.

BUTLER.

2. As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive the juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire the sleight of hand.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

3. But 't is some justice to ascribe to chance
The wrongs you must expect from ignorance:
None can the moulds of their creation choose,
We therefore should man's ignorance excuse;
When born too low to reach at things sublime,
'T is rather their misfortune than their crime.

DAVENANT.

4. By ignorance is pride increas'd;
Those most assume who know the least:
Their own self-balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. The lamb thy riot dooms to death to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to spill his blood.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

6. Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.

GRAY.

7. With just enough of learning to misquote.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

8. They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism;
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews.
BYRON'S *Beppo.*

9. Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
And thinks the first of poets first of fools.
SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

IMAGINATION.—(See FANCY.)

IMMORTALITY — SOUL.

1. One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

2. But, as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeam in the air do shine,
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

3. Whate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns;
The soul alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

4. The soul of man, a native of the skies,
High-born and free, her freedom should maintain
Unsold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

5. 'T is immortality — 't is that alone
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill;
That only, and that amply this performs.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

6. Let earth dissolve—yon ponderous orb descend,
And grind us into dust—the soul is safe!
The man emerges—mounts above the wreck
As towering flame from nature's funeral pyre!

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

7. When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

TICKELL.

8. The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

ADDISON'S *Cato*

9. It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well:
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

10. The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream, divided from its parent source;
A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.

HANNAH MORE.

11. Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die.

CAMPBELL.

12. But I have liv'd, and have not liv'd in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain—
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*

13. Immortality o'ersweeps
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into my ears this truth—Thou liv'st for ever!

BYRON.

14. A voice within us speaks that startling word—
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it into our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touch'd, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great Immortality.

R. H. DANA.

IMPATIENCE—PATIENCE.

1. A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. How poor are they who have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

SHAKSPEARE.

4. That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Patience! preach it to the winds;
To roaring seas, or raging fires! The knaves
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe them.

OTWAY'S *Orphan.*

7. O ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme 't is impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport, temper, here.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

9. But patience is the virtue of an ass,
That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

10. Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul,
When the long-promis'd hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!

MRS. TIGHE'S *Psyche.*

IMPRISONMENT — PRISON, &c.

1. A prison! heavens,—I loathe the hated name,
Famine's metropolis—the sink of shame—
A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb
Hourly inters poor mortals in its tomb!

TOM BROWN.

2. A prison is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better privileges have
Than dead men; nor so good.

BISHOP KING

3. They say this is the dwelling of distress,
The very mansion-house of misery;—
To me, alas! it seems but just the same
With that more spacious jail—the busy world.

BELLER.

4. Look on him—through his dungeon-grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loath'd the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard,
Unshorn his grey, neglected beard,
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevell'd locks of snow.

J. G. WHITTIER.

5. What has the grey-hair'd prisoner done?
Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?
Not so; his crime 's a fouler one—
God made the old man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell,
That fittest earthly type of hell!

J. G. WHITTIER.

6. High walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cells enclose;
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!

7. Conceive a crowd of wretched men,
Confin'd, like beasts, in such a den !—
Through their barr'd windows they can see
Birds, beasts, and men, all blithe and free:
They view the azure sky serene,
They gaze on the surrounding scene,
And hope—but hope too late, alas !—
That they from "durance vile" may pass,
To the free atmosphere of life,
Its cares and struggles, toil and strife.

J. T. WATSON

8. Yet prisons—though it is too true
They 're evils—still are blessings too;
For, without them, this world would be
One scene of crime and anarchy.

J. T. WATSON.

IMPUDENCE.

1. He that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

2. Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

ROSCOMMON.

3. To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame;
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks:
They know a thousand lords, behind their backs.

YOUNG.

4. With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd; unless, in spreading vice's snares,
He blunder'd on some virtue unawares.

CHURCHILL.

INCREDULITY.—(See CREDULITY.)

INDIAN — SAVAGE.

1. Lo! the poor Indian—whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hills, an humbler heaven.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

2. Where beasts with man divided empire claim.

GOLDSMITH.

3. Is not the red man's wigwam home
As dear to him as costly dome?
Is not his lov'd one's smile as bright
As the proud white man's worshipp'd light?

MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

4. True, they have vices—such are nature's growth,
But only the barbarian's—we have both.

BYRON'S *Island.*

5. Shall not one line lament the lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Freedom—the self-same freedom we adore,
Bade them defend their violated shore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

6. He saw—and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger rage his soul was driven;
Mercy was neither sought nor given;—
The pale man from his land must fly;
He would be free—or he would die.

CHARLES SPRAGUE

7. But the doom'd Indian leaves behind no trace
To save his own, or serve another's race;
With his frail breath his power has pass'd away,
His deeds, his thoughts, are buried with his clay.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

8. Alas, for them! their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds—
The plough is on their hunting grounds.
The pale man's axe rings thro' their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children — look, by power oppress'd,
Beyond the mountains of the West—
Their children go — to die!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

INDIFFERENCE.

1. I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love, as I was wont to have.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight than is to me
The cool ingenious eye of frozen kindness.

GAY.

3. Let me this fondness from my bosom tear;
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair:
Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast;
Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest . . .
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And, she shall find, indifference conquers love.

LORD LYTTLETON.

4. The one deep cloud, that darkens every sky,
Is chang'd affection's cold, averted eye.

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5. I once was quick of feeling—that is o'er.

BYRON.

6. I trust the frown thy features wear
Ere long into a smile will turn;
I would not, that a face so fair
As thine, belov'd, should look so stern.

W. LEGGETT.

7. Your coldness I heed not, your frown I defy;
Your affection I need not — the time has gone by,
When a blush or a smile on that cheek could beguile
My soul from its safety, with witchery's smile.

MRS. OSGOOD.

INDIGENCE — POVERTY.

1. Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;—
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. A begging prince what beggar pities not?

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Think, too, in what a woful plight
The wretch must be, whose pocket's light;
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious cares corrode his breast;
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. O grant me, Heaven! a middle state,
Neither too humble, nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

MALLET.

6. Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth;
So shall thy friendships be sincere tho' few;
So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking cheerful.

HAVARD.

7. Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

DRYDEN.

8. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unfold;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

9. What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

10. Aye! idleness!—the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries.

SOUTHEY.

11. But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe,
Th' effect of laziness, or sottish waste.

COWPER'S *Task.*

12. O, blissful poverty!
Nature, too partial to thy lot, assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace—
Her real goods; and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries.

FENTON.

13. He views, with keen desire,
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire.

GOLDSMITH.

14. But for pride,
We had not felt our poverty, but as
Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully.

BYRON'S *Werner.*

15. Behold yon grey-hair'd prisoner, who reclines,
Silent and sad, upon his bed of straw:—
Look on his venerable form; behold
The snow-white beard that hangs adown his breast.
'T is Winter — cold and dreary Winter — and
The storm-king rages fearfully without;
Yet no bright blaze adds comfort to his hearth;
No cheering friends sit smiling at his side;
But a cold, biting freezing numbs his limbs,
And he is lone and comfortless indeed.

J. T. WATSON.

INDUSTRY. — (See IDLENESS.)

INGENUOUSNESS. — (See FRANKNESS.)

INGRATITUDE. — (See GRATITUDE.)

INJURY — WRONG.

1. It often falls, in course of common life,
That Right longtime is overborne of Wrong,
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
Which weakens *that*, and makes *this* power strong.
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Things ill begun strengthen themselves in ill.
SHAKSPEARE.

3. Mar not the things that cannot be amended.
SHAKSPEARE.

4. The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will fight in safeguard of their brood.
SHAKSPEARE.

5. I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, but yet the wrong pursue.

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6. Then furl your banners — better far
The sun ne'er shone on "Stripe and Star,"
Than it should ever cheer the sight,
Or lead the van to unjust fight.
MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

7. 'T is wrong to sleep in church — 't is wrong to borrow
What you can never pay — 't is wrong to touch
With unkind words the heart that pines in sorrow —
'T is wrong to scold too loud — to eat too much; —
'T is wrong to put off acting till *to-morrow* —
To tell a secret, or get drunk. But such
Are nought to *this* of *your* invention; it
Can scarce be borne — but I 'll not mention it.
J. T. WATSON

INJUSTICE — JUSTICE — RIGHT.

1. Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men do equally adore,
Than this same virtue, that doth right define;
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. This, above all, to thine own self be true,
And it will follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Plate sins in gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags — a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Yes, let the traitor die,
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind;
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind:
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.

DENHAM.

6. Just men are only free, the rest are slaves.

CHAPMAN.

7. And Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. O! how glorious 't is
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace!

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

9. And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One thing is clear — whatever is, is right.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

10. For forms of government let fools contest:
Whatever 's best administer'd is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

11. He 's poor, and that 's suspicious — he 's unknown,
And that 's defenceless; true, we have no proof
Of guilt — but what hath he of innocence?

BYRON'S *Werner.*

12. He who is only just, is cruel: who
Upon the earth would live, were all judg'd justly?

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

13. All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he, who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not those
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not,
But him, whose conscience spurns at secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise.
His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To *be*, not to be *thought*, an honest man.

CUMBERLAND'S *Philemon.*

INNOCENCE — PURITY.

1. For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Innocence unmov'd
At a false accusation doth the more
Confirm itself; and guilt is best discover'd
By its own fears.

NABB.

3. Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backward by the powerful breath of heaven.
DR. JOHNSON.

4. There is no courage but in innocence;
No constancy, but in an honest cause.
SOUTHERN.

5. And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A mildly-sweet unworldliness of thought.
CAMPBELL.

6. A spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, even while it errs,—
As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turn'd aside, is sunshine still.
MOORE.

7. As the stain'd web, that whitens in the sun,
Grows pure by being purely shone upon.
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

8. Hope may sustain, and innocence impart
Her sweet specific to the fearless heart.
CHARLES SPRAGUE.

INSECT.

1. The careful bee amidst his work I view
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey thro' the skies;—
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
GAY'S *Rural Sports.*

2. The spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd.
GAY'S *Fables.*

3. I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet,
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

T. H. Bayly.

4. The harmless locust of the western clime,
At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound,
As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,
And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
Then in low cadence dying all away.

Carlos Wilcox.

5. The russet grasshopper at times is heard,
Snapping his many wings, as half he flies,
Half hovers in the air.

Carlos Wilcox.

6. Beside the stream, collected in a flock,
The noiseless butterflies, tho' on the ground,
Continue still to wave their open wings,
Powder'd with gold.

Carlos Wilcox.

7. The butterfly,
That seem'd a living blossom of the air.

Carlos Wilcox.

8. The dandy of the summer flowers and woods.

Simms.

9. Thou sweet musician, that around my bed
Dost nightly come, and wind thy little horn,
By what unseen and secret influence led,
Feed'st thou my ear with music till the morn?

Edward Sanford.

10. Our veins' pure juices were not made for thee,
Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.

Edward Sanford.

INSTINCT — SENSES.

1. The power is Sense, which from abroad doth bring
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
The quantity and shape of everything,
Within earth's centre or earth's circle found.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

2. And though things sensible be numberless,
But only five the Senses' organs be,
And in these five all things their forms express
Which we can touch, taste, smell, or hear, or see.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

3. If we had nought but sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we.
As having sense's apprehensive might
In a more clear and excellent degree.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

4. Lastly, nine things to sight requir'd are;
The power to see, the light, the visible thing,
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
Clear space, and time, the form distinct to bring.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

5. These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.
For, should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

6. And yet good sense doth purify the brain,
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine;
Hence old devotion incense did ordain,
To make men's spirits apt for thoughts divine.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul*

7. By touch the first pure qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things — hot, cold, moist and dry;
By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern;
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharp pain we try.
DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

8. Here streams ascend,
That in mix'd fumes the wrinkled nose offend.
GAY'S *Trivia.*

9. In the nice bee what sense, so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

10. Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
The art of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.
POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

11. Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 't is God directs, in that 't is man.
POPE.

12. Tell me why the ant
'Mid summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want?
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her full stores, and bring home the corny ear?
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest, hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deeds appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
PRIOR.

13. Evil like us they shun, and covet good;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food;—
Like us they love or hate; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
PRIOR.

14. Reason 's progressive, Instinct is complete;
Swift Instinct leaps; slow Reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach. In ages they
No more could know, do, covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil would be learning still.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*

15. The meaner tribe the coming storm foresees;
In the still calm the bird divines the breeze;
The ox, that grazes, shuns the poison-weed;
The unseen tiger frights afar the steed;
To man alone no kind foreboding shows
The latent horror or the ambush'd foes;
O'er each blind moment hangs the funeral pall—
Heaven shines, earth smiles, and night descends on all!
The New Timon.

INTELLECT.—(See GENIUS.)

INTENTION. (See DESIGN.)

JAIL.—(See IMPRISONMENT.)

JEALOUSY—SUSPICION.

1. Foul jealousy! thou turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart:
Of all the passions of the mind, thou vilest art.
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*

2. Beware of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow all the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt
Is — once to be resolv'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:
And, on the proof, there is no more but this —
Away, at once, with love and jealousy.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart!—
Envious observer, prying in every part —
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee —
O, would to God that love could be without thee!

DANIEL'S *Rosamond*

8. Oh! the pain of pains,
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from another.

YOUNG

9. With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives,
What phrenzy dictates, jealousy believes.

GAY'S *Dione.*

10. Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it:
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

11. For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and gimcam of the mind,
The natural effect of love,
As other flames and achings prove.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

12. But there are storms, whose lightnings never glare—
Tempests, whose thunders never cease to roll;
The storms of Love when madden'd to despair—
The furious tempests of the jealous soul.

ISAAC CLASON.

13. And jealousy, that doats and dooms,
And murders, yet adores!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

14. And shall we *all* condemn, and *all* distrust,
Because some men are false, and some unjust?
Forbid it, Heaven! for better 't were to be
Dup'd of the fond impossibility
Of light and radiance, which sleep's visions gave,
Than thus to live, Suspicion's bitter slave.

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

JOY.—(See ENJOYMENT.)

JUSTICE.—(See INJUSTICE.)

KINDNESS — PHILANTHROPY.

1. He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. A smile recures the wounding of a frown.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers,
To the long-parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains;
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,
Are thy kind words.

GAY'S *Dione.*

5. Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

COWPER.

6. Laugh at their jests and pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

7. And he returns a friend who came a foe.

POPE.

8. Who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others' good, is a poor, frozen churl.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

9. It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile on us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

10. The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

11. Which seeks again those chords to bind
Which human woe hath rent apart;
To heal again the wounded mind,
And bind again the broken heart.

J. G. WHITTIER.

12. A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often heal'd the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

KINGS — ROYALTY.

1. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. What have kings
That privates have not too, save ceremony?

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. The king-becoming graces
Are justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Princes, that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations and regard of laws:
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.

BEN JONSON.

6 O wretched state of kings! that standing high,
Their faults are marks shot at by every eye.

DECKER.

7. And while they live, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst; and all their life
Is but a stage of endless toil and strife,
Of torments, uproars, mutinies, and factions.
They rise with fear, and lie with danger down;
Huge are the cares that wait upon a crown.

LORD STERLINE.

8. He 's a king,
A true, right king, that dares do aught, save wrong;
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spongy sycophants; who stands unmov'd,
Despite the jostling of opinion.

MARSTON.

9. Kings do often grant
That happiness to others, which themselves do want.

DAUBORNE.

10. What is a king?—A man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease;
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth;
At home, surrounded by a servile crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;
Abroad, begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
His very state acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
His secret terror of a thousand foes.

PRIOR.

11. No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide,
But that of arms — where fortune is the judge,
Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.

DRYDEN.

12. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

POPE.

13. The man, whom heaven appoints
To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.
THOMSON.

14. Let him maintain his power, but not increase it;
The string, prerogative, when strain'd too high,
Cracks, like the tortur'd chord of harmony,
And spoils the concert between king and subject.
HAVARD.

15. He is ours,
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
But not to warp, or change it; we are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death — but not to be his slaves.
COWPER'S *Task.*

16. At princes let but satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun!
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.
DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

17. A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people;
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
HANNAH MORE.

18. Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait
Upon a king: care with his furrow'd brow,
Unsleeping watchfulness, lone secresy,
Attend his throne by day, his couch by night.
LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

KISS. — (See EMBRACE.)

LAUGHTER. — (See CHEERFULNESS.)

LAW — LAWYERS.

1. It often falls, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But justice, tho' her doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Multitudes of laws are signs either of
Much tyranny in the prince, or much
Rebellious disobedience in the subject.

MARSTON.

5. I oft have heard him say how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law.

BEN JONSON.

6. The good need fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

MASSINGER.

7. Laws do not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 't is for our good,
To give us freer latitude;
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

8. There was on both sides much to say:
He 'd hear the cause another day; —
And so he did — and then a third
He heard it — then, he kept his word,
But with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

DEAN SWIFT.

9. For forms of government let fools contest;
Whatever's best administer'd is best.

POPE.

10. Each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
Even the wild outlaw in his forest walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.

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11. No thief e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.

TRUMBULL'S *McFingal.*

12. Are not our laws alike for high and low?
Or shall we bind the poor man in his fetters,
And let the rich go revel in his crimes?

CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

13. Unjust decrees they make, and call them just,
And we submit to them — because we must.

J. T. WATSON.

LAWYERS. — (See LAW.)

LEARNING. — (See EDUCATION.)

LETTERS.

1. Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Full oft have letters caus'd the writers
To curse the day they were inditers.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

3. Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart —
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

POPE'S *Eloisa.*

4. The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly heaven — because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends.
. . . . . You had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

5. Do you like letter-reading? If you do,
I have some twenty dozen very pretty ones;
Gay, sober, solemn, rapturous, very true,
And very lying — stupid ones and witty ones —
On gilt-edg'd paper, blue perhaps, or pink,
And frequently in fancy-colour'd ink.

EPES SARGENT.

6. When absent far from those we love,
Is there a charm the heart can fetter?
When years roll on, and still we rove,
Is there no cure? Oh! yes — a letter.

7. When he had
A letter from his lady dear, he bless'd
The paper that her hand had travell'd o'er,
And her eyes look'd on; and would think he saw
Gleams of that light she lavish'd from her eyes,
Wandering amid the words of love there trac'd,
Like glow-worms amid buds of flowers.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

8. Well, Mary, I 've seen your nice billet,
It came unto me while at dinner;
My appetite was good — that did kill it,
If it did not, then Satan 's no sinner!
I read it, perus'd it, and scann'd it —
I ponder'd, reflected, and thought
What *could* be the notion that plann'd it?
The conclusion arriv'd at — was nought.

J. T. WATSON.

LIBERTY. — (See FREEDOM.)

LIFE.

1. O, why do wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And do not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still await?

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Oh, how this spring of life resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

SHAKSPEARE.

5. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve for things beyond our care;
Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend,
The world 's an inn, and death the journey's end.

DRYDEN.

7. Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is blest, who ne'er was born.

PRIOR.

8. There 's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

9. Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!

POPE.

10. Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

11. Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

12. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious spirit e'er resign'd —
Left the warm precincts of the genial day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

13. Catch then, Oh catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life 's a short summer — man a flower —
He dies, alas! how soon he dies!

DR. JOHNSON.

14. Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age.

SCOTT'S *Marmion.*

15. Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

16. Well, well — the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails;
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And, as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17. Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When youth itself survives young love and joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death has but little left him to destroy!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

18. To give birth to those
Who can but suffer many years, and die,
Methinks is merely propagating death
And multiplying murder.

BYRON'S *Cain.*

19. This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The Past, the Future — two eternities.

MOORE.

20. Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

MO

21. They may rail at this life — from the hour I began it,
I 've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I 'll content me with this.

MO

22. For what is life? At best a brief delight,
A sun, scarce bright'ning ere it sinks in night;
A flower, at morning fresh, at noon decay'd;
A still, swift river, gliding into shade.

From the Spanish.

23. And 't were as vain a thing,
To ask of Nature one perpetual spring,
As to evade those sad autumnal hours,
Or deem thy path of life shall bloom, all flowers.

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream.*

24. We live in deeds, not years — in thoughts, not breaths —
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;—
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the best.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

25. Slow pass our days in childhood — every day
Seems like a century; rapidly they glide
In manhood; and in life's decline they fly.

W. C. BRYANT.

26. Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remember'd like a tale that 's told,
We pass away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

27. Thus life begins — its morning hours
Bright as the birth-day of the flowers;
Thus passes like the leaves away,
As wither'd and as lost as they.

S. G. GOODRICH.

28. Hope and fear, peace and strife,
Make up the troubled web of life.

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29. The universal lot,
To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

CHARLES SPRAGUE

30. It is not sin to wish the spirit free
From the dull bondage of this suffering clay,
When every joy, that charm'd it once, must be
A hated thing from which it turns away.

W. C. LODGE.

31. For life, at best,
Is as a passing shadow in the west,
Which still grows long and longer till the last,
When the sun sinks, and it from earth hath past.

J. T. WATSON.

LIPS. — (See EYES.)

LOQUACITY. — (See CONVERSATION.)

LOVE.

1. True he it said, whatever man it said,
That love with gall and honey doth abound;
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,
For every drachm of honey therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*

2. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Which loves the other best.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cub from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. My love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,
Have grace and favour in them.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

SHAKSPEARE.

8. —All made of fantasy;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all——

SHAKSPEARE.

9. Love looks not with the eye, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

SHAKSPEARE.

10. They do not love, that do not show their love.

SHAKSPEARE.

11. They love the least, that let men know their love.

SHAKSPEARE.

12. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKSPEARE.

13. In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

SHAKSPEARE.

14. Quoth he, to bid me not to love
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to stick up,
Or, when I 'm in a fit, to hiccup!

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

15. Almighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is, to love, and love in vain.

COWLEY'S *Anacreon.*

16. What is love? — An odd compound of simples most sweet,
Cull'd in life's spring by Fancy, poor mortals to cheat;
A passion no eloquence yet could improve —
So a sigh best expresses the passion of love.

BATE DUDLEY.

17. Mysterious Love! uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?
Endless torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live, and live without thee?

ADDISON.

18. Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
'T is second life; it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

19. When love 's well-tim'd, 't is not a fault to love:
The strong, the brave, the virtuous and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

20. Let us love temperately; things violent last not;
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.

MASSINGER.

21. With thee conversing I forget all time;
All season and their change, all please alike.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

22. I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And when he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within the heart and there
Lie hid, and, like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone.

DRYDEN.

23. O love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign;
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.

DRYDEN.

24. Love reigns a very tyrant in my breast,
Attended on his throne by all his guard
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.

OTWAY'S *Orphan.*

25. Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.

ROWE.

26. Love is a passion by no rules confin'd,
The great first mover of the human mind;
Spring of our fate — it lifts the climbing will,
Or sinks the soften'd soul in seas of ill.
Science, truth, virtue, sweetness, glory, grace,
All own love's influence, and adorn his race;
Love, too, gives fear, despair, grief, anger, strife,
And all th' unnumber'd woes which tempest life.

AARON HILL.

27. Small is the soul's first wound from beauty's dart,
And scarce th' unheeded fever warms the heart;
Long we mistake it under *liking's* name,
A soft indulgence, that deserves no blame.
Excited, tho', the smother'd fire at length
Bursts into blaze, and burns with open strength;
That image, which before but sooth'd the mind,
Now lords it there, and rages unconfin'd;
Mixing with all our thoughts, it wastes the day,
And when night comes, it dreams the soul away.

AARON HILL.

28. Love why do we one passion call,
When 't is a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.

DEAN SWIFT.

29. Love, thou hast every bliss in store,
'T is friendship, and 't is something more;
Each other every wish they give —
Not to know love, is not to live.

GAY'S *Fables*.

30. I love thee, and I feel
That in the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee.

SHELLEY.

31. In vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must, without you, die.
Shut from the sun's enlivening beam,
Bid flowers retain their scent and hue;
Its source dried up, bid flow the stream —
And me exist, depriv'd of you!

The Padlock.

32. In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And man below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love!

SCOTT'S *Last Minstrel.*

33. But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove —
By firm resolve to conquer love.

SCOTT'S *Lady of the Lake.*

34. On thy fond arm with pleasing gaze I hung,
And heard sweet music murmur o'er thy tongue;
Hand lock'd in hand, with gentle ardour prest,
Pour'd soft emotions through the heaving breast;
In magic transport heart with heart entwin'd,
And in sweet languor lost the melting mind.

DR. DWIGHT

35. Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

BURNS

36. Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BURNS.

37. Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shar'd, by Allah given
To lift from earth our low desire.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

38. He had ceas'd
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously.

BYRON'S *Dream.*

39. Oh, Love! what is there in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be lov'd? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

40. Love will find its way
Thro' paths where wolves would fear to prey.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

41. There glides a step thro' the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale — and her heart beats quick;
There whispers a voice thro' the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves.

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

42. Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine;
But, check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

43. Had sigh'd to many, tho' he lov'd but one,
And that lov'd one, alas! could not be his.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

44. Few — none find what they love, or could have lov'd,
Tho' accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have remov'd
Antipathies.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

45. But sweeter far than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love — it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

46. Alas! the love of woman! — it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And, if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

47. Man's love is of man's life a thing apart —
'T is woman's whole existence.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

48. For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter:
And then God knows what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter.

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

49. But they were young; Oh! what, without our youth,
Would love be? — what would youth be without love?
Youth lends it joy and sweetness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above.
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth,
One of those things experience don't improve.

BYRON'S *Beppo.*

50. Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still: —
Is human love the growth of human will?

BYRON'S *Lara.*

51. A love still all unquench'd,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd in its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck — forth flies the all ethereal dart.

BYRON'S *Lament of Tasso.*

52. Yes, it was love, if thoughts of tenderness
Tried in temptation, strongest by distress,
Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet, O! more than all! — untir'd by time;
Which nought remov'd, nor menac'd to remove —
If there be love in mortals, *this* was love.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

53. There are ten thousand tones and signs,
We hear and see, but none defines —
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense —
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.

BYRON'S *Mazeppa.*

54. And all our dreams of better life above,
But close in one eternal gush of love.

BYRON'S *Island.*

55. Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through sorrow—through glory and shame?

MOORE.

56. The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And hums the lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.

MOORE.

57. Oh nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

MOORE.

58. Love was, to his impassion'd soul,
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of his existence, but the whole,
The very life-breath of his heart!

MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

59. To feel that we adore
To such refin'd excess,
That, tho' the heart would burst with more,
We could not live with less.

MOORE.

60. Oh! there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

MOORE.

61. O, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd;
Still it, lingering, haunts the greenest spot
In memory's waste.

MOORE.

62. Tell him, for years I never nurs'd a thought
That was not his; that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, pour'd a mourner's prayer.
Tell him, even now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot — walk by his side, an outcast —
Work for him, beg with him — live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear a crown.

BULWER'S *Lady of Lyons.*

63. Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
The loathsome prostitution of a hand
Without a heart. Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves.

BULWER'S *Lady of Lyons.*

64. Oh! were my love a blossom,
When summer skies depart,
I'd plant her in my bosom,
And wear her near my heart!

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65. Dear art thou to me now as in that hour,
When first love's wave of feeling, spray-like, broke
Into bright utterance, and we said we lov'd!

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

66. Lo! all the elements of love are here —
The burning blush, the smile, the sigh, the tear.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

67. Love? — I will tell thee what it is to love: —
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove —
Where time seems young, and life a thing divine; . . . .
Yes, *this* is love — the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew —
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!

CHARLES SWAIN.

68. Friendship's young bloom may pass away,
As dreams depart the sleeper's mind;
The hopes of life's maturer day
May fade, and leave no trace behind.
But early love can never die —
That fairest bud of spring's bright years;
'T will still look green in memory,
When time all other feeling sears.

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69. Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,
And warbles in bondage her strain,
I have struggled to fly thy dominion,
But find that the struggle is vain.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

70. Oh, sigh not for love, if you wish not to know
Every torment that waits on us mortals below;—
If you fain would avoid all the dangers and snares
That attend human life, and escape all its cares.

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71. No, thou wert not my first love,
I'd lov'd before we met,
And learn'd to shed the bitter tear
Of anguish and regret.

Miss L. E. Landon.

72. Love! thou art not a king alone,
Both slave and king thou art!
Who seeks to sway must stoop to own
The kingdom of the heart.

The New Timon.

73. Our very wretchedness grows dear to us,
When suffering for one we love.

The New Timon.

74. So gaze met gaze,
And heart saw heart, translucid through the rays.
One same, harmonious, universal law,
Atom to atom, star to star can draw,
And heart to heart! Swift darts, as from the sun,
The strong attraction, and the charm is done!

The New Timon.

75. To say he lov'd,
Was to affirm what oft his eye avouch'd,
What many an action testified; and yet,
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.

J. Sheridan Knowles.

76. Love is a star, whose gentle ray
Beams constant o'er our lonely way;
Love is a gem, whose pearly light
Oft charms us in the darkest night.

Saturday Courier.

77. Oh! would that love were ever still the same—
Unchang'd, unbiass'd, constant and sincere;
Would that the heart, that owns a sacred flame,
Might never dim its brightness with a tear!
But human hearts, alas! too often show
That love may sometimes banquet upon wo.

DAWES' *Geraldine.*

78. Love not, love not—the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, and not for you.

MRS. NORTON.

79. Ere yet my boyhood's years had flown,
I gaz'd on thee as some fair star,
And wildly worshipp'd as it shone
Above my humble world afar.
But while I gaz'd and still ador'd,
On bolder wings wrapt Fancy soar'd,
To make that bright and blissful sphere mine own.

FRY'S *Leonora.*

80. I dare not linger near thee, as a brother,
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother,
When yielding all the sweetness to another
Which should be mine!

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY

81. For love, at first, is but a dreamy thing,
That slily nestles in the human heart,
A morning lark, which never plumes his wing
Till hopes and fears, like lights and shadows, part.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY

82. Love drew your image on "my heart of hearts,"
And memory preserves it beautiful.

MRS. OSGOOD.

83. Sincere! When day and night fail to succeed —
When the stars shall all fall, and the earth cease to move—
When the wolf and the lambkin together shall feed,
And truth turn to error — then, then doubt my love!
But, as long as cold chills us — as long as fire burns —
As long as his spots to the leopard adhere —
As long as the needle to its dear North pole turns —
As long as there 's Truth — call it not insincere!

J. T. WATSON.

84. That love is sordid which doth need
Gold's filthy dust its fires to feed:
That acts a higher, nobler part,
Which comes, unfetter'd, from the heart.

J. T. WATSON.

LUST.

1. Call it not Love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurps her name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not — Lust, like a glutton, dies;
Love is all truth — Lust full of foulest lies.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, doth need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.

MILTON'S *Comus*.

4. But when Lust . . . .
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
MILTON'S *Comus.*

5. Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,
What most we ought to fear; the headstrong beast
Rushes along, impatient of the course;
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.
ROWE.

6. There are in love the extremes of touch'd desire —
The noblest brightness, or the coarsest fire;
In vulgar bosoms vulgar wishes move,
Nature guides choice, and, as men think, they love.
In the loose passion men profane the name,
Mistake the purpose, and pollute the flame;
In nobler bosoms, friendship's form it takes,
And sex alone the lovely difference makes.
AARON HILL.

7. Oh, lost to honour's voice! Oh, doom'd to shame!
Thou fiend accurst! thou murderer of fame!
* * * From innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear.
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return?
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
POPE.

8. Within the heart which Love illumes,
And blesses with his sacred rays,
If meaner passion e'er presumes,
It fades before the hallow'd blaze.
COBB.

9. Infected with that leprosy of lust
Which taints the hoariest years of vicious men,
Making them ransack, to the very last,
The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys.
BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

LUXURY.

1. And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A perfume-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. What will not luxury use? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare;
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood.

GAY'S *Trivia.*

3. If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,
And then the Giver would be better thank'd.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

4. War destroys man, but luxury, mankind —
At once corrupts the body and the mind.

CROWN'S *Caligula.*

5. Then, since the time we have to live
In this world is so short, we 'll strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. Wine and beauty, thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline?
I 'll waste no longer thought in choosing,
But neither this nor that refusing,
I 'll make them both together mine!

GOLDSMITH.

7. O luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee?
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

8. And such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It 's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

GOLDSMITH.

9. Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains!

HANNAH MORE.

10. What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that?
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that.

BURNS.

11. Sofas, 't was half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets, every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

12. All that can eye or sense delight,
Were gather'd in that gorgeous sight.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

13. What though they tell, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner past!
I would reply, with reason strong,
They 're sweeter while they last.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

14. But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still, as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter dearer;
And, had I but one hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I 'd give!

MOORE'S *Anacreon.*

15. One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity.

MOORE'S *Anacreon.*

16. While the perfum'd lights
Stole thro' the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush'd forth
I' the midst of roses.

BULWER'S *Lady of Lyons.*

MADNESS.

1. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! — quite, quite down!

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by strong imagination, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I am not mad; — I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like, I should forget myself;
O! if I could, what griefs should I forget!

SHAKSPEARE.

4. There is a pleasure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.

DRYDEN.

5. His lips do move with inward mutterings,
And his fix'd eye is riveted fearfully
On something that no other sight can see.

MATURIN'S *Bertram.*

6. O this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury
Are whirling there, and reason is no more.

FIELDING.

7. This wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

MALEDICTIONS. — (See CURSES.)

MALICE. — (See ENEMY.)

MAN.

1. This is the state of man: — to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost — a killing frost.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

3. Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

DRYDEN.

4 Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

DEAN SWIFT.

5. Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!

YOUNG.

6 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

7. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plans;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his proudest purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and re-resolves — then dies the same.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

8. Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

9. How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
Go, man! the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke man's censure or his wonder?
From courtiers' tricks, and lawyers' arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood
He curses for their love of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

GAY'S *Fables.*

10. Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind;
But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
Freebooter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey,
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.

SOMERVILE'S *Field Sports.*

11. Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next they 're cloudy, sullen and severe;
New passions, new opinions still excite,
And what they like at noon they leave at night.

GARTH.

12. Oh! frail inconstancy of mortal state!
One hour dejected and the next elate!
Rais'd by false hopes, or by false fears deprest,
How different passions sway the human breast!

PATTISON.

13. A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

Spectator.

14. The way to conquer men is by their passions:
Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts,
And all their boasted virtues shrink before you.

TOLSON.

15. Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak and vain;
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then sinks to earth again.

POPE.

16. In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame.

POPE.

17. Created half to rise, or half to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

18. Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite; —
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired, he sleeps, and life can charm no more.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

19. When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains,
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God; —
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

20. How few are found with real talents bless'd!
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.

CHURCHILL.

21. The mind of man is vastly like a hive;
His thoughts so busy ever — all alive!
But here the simile will go no further;
For bees are making honey, one and all;
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
Committing daily, as it were, self-murder.

DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

22. 'T is man's pride,
His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,
The privilege he prizes most,
To stand by helpless woman's side.

MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

23. Nature ne'er meant her secrets to be found,
And man 's a riddle which man can't expound.

R. T. PAINE.

24. Man 's at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak;
Subject to sorrow, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break.
MRS. BRADSTREET.

25. What tho' the generous cow give me to quaff
The milk nutritious; — am I then a calf?
JOEL BARLOW.

26. Smile on, nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that 's there.
BYRON.

27. Man 's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'T is pity tho', in this sublime world, that
Pleasure 's a sin, and sometimes sin 's a pleasure.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

28. Men are the sport of circumstances when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

29. Man 's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiments to show his parts.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

30. That which I am, I am; I did not seek
For life, nor did I make myself.
BYRON'S *Cain*

31. Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, — for here
There is much matter for all feeling: — Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear!
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

32. But like the tender rose, men soon decay,
They bloom, they wither, die, and pass away.
J. T. WATSON.

MATRIMONY — WEDLOCK.

1. From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliss,
They liv'd together long without debate;
Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. What is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

SHAKSPEARE

4. The hour of marriage ends the female reign,
And we give all we have to buy a chain;
Hire men to be our lords, who were our slaves,
And bribe our lovers to be perjur'd knaves.

CROWN.

5. The husband 's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction.
She never slavishly submits;
She 'll have her will, or have her fits;
He this way tugs, she that way draws,
And both find fault with equal cause.

GAY'S *Fables.*

6. Marriage to maids is like a war to men;
The battle causes fear, but the sweet hopes
Of winning at the last, still draws 'em in.

NAT. LEE.

7. Are we not one? Are we not join'd by heaven?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the sea one common flood?

ROWE.

8. Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below.

COTTON.

9. O marriage! marriage! what a curse is thine,
Whose hands alone consent, and hearts abhor!

AARON HILL.

10. There have been wedlock's joys of swift decay,
Like lightning, seen at once, and shot away;
But theirs were hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
Like fire and powder, kiss'd, and flash'd to air.
Thy soul and mine, by mutual courtship won,
Meet like two mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make,
And sympathy of mind keeps love awake.

AARON HILL.

11. Then let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robes, with taper clear,
With pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry.

MILTON

12. Wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,
For those are charms which never can decay;
But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre.

FENTON.

13. As spiders never seek the fly,
But leaves him of himself t' apply,
So men are by themselves employ'd
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They 'd break 'em after to get loose.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

14. And after matrimony 's over,
He, that remains but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

15. But happy they, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

16. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

17. Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.

COWPER'S *Task.*

18. Wedlock 's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate.

DR. WOLCOT'S *Peter Pindar.*

19. No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*

20. The bloom or blight of all men's happiness.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

21. To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smile unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty.

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos.*

22. They liv'd together as most people do,
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
And not exactly either one or two.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

23. Wishing each other, not divorc'd, but dead,
They liv'd respectably as man and wife.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

24. No power in death shall tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.

BYRON'S *Lament of Tasso.*

25. There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this — it is this!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

26. To love, to bliss, their blended souls were given,
And each, too happy, ask'd no brighter heaven.

DR. DWIGHT

27. And if division come, it soon is past,
Too sharp, too strange an agony to last!
And, like some river's bright, abundant tide,
Which art or accident hath forc'd aside,
The well-springs of affection, gushing o'er,
Back to their natural channels flow once more.

MRS. NORTON'S *Dream*

28. Then come the wild weather — come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow;
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

LONGFELLOW — *From the German*

29. Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss
When day's dull round is o'er,
And sweet the music of the step
That meets us at the door.

J. R. DRAKE.

30. Tho' close the link that bound them, yet hath heaven
A closer tie to the true-hearted given.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

MECHANIC. — (See BLACKSMITH.)

MEDICINE. — (See DISEASE.)

MEEKNESS — MILDNESS.

1. Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit, a man — simplicity, a child.

POPE.

2. Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe.

BEATTIE.

3. She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony and calm and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding.

BYRON.

4 With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm.

MOORE.

5. Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

BURNS.

6. She bore herself
So gently, that the lily on its stalk
Bends not so easily its dewy head.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

7. The one presiding feature in her mind
Was the pure meekness of a will resign'd,
A tender spirit, freed from all pretence
Of wit, and pleas'd in mild benevolence.

MEETING.

1. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep,
And I could laugh; I'm light and heavy: welcome!

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I sware
By the simplicity of Venus' doves!
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves!
In the same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it?

ROWE'S *Tamerlane.*

5. Absence, with all its pains,
Is by this charming moment wiped away.

THOMSON.

6 When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'T is like a sun-glimpse through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
Then darkly closing clouds between.

SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

7. And does not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I 've been wand'ring away —
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?

MELANCHOLY. — (See CARE.)

MEMORY.

1. He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasures of his eyesight left,

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Of joys departed, never to return,
How bitter 's the remembrance!

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

3. Rise to transports past expressing,
Sweeter by remembrance made.

GOLDSMITH.

4. Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

5. Had memory been lost with innocence
We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence,
'T was man's chief punishment, to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before.

DENHAM.

6. Thinking will make me mad; why must I think,
When no thought brings me comfort?

SOUTHERN.

7. And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er his aged brain.

SCOTT'S *Last Minstrel.*

8. It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

ROGERS' *Italy.*

9. Through the shadowy past,
Like a tomb-searcher, memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast
O'er buried hopes.

MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

10. Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd,
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

MOORE.

11. When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joy renew.

MOORE.

12. Let fate do her worst; there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

MOORE.

13. My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long past.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

14. But in that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in their drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime;—
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments pour the grief of years.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

15. But ever and anon, of grief subdued
There comes a token, like a serpent's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

16. And other days came back to me
With recollected music, tho' the tone
Is chang'd and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

17. We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!
Drooping she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return.
BYRON.

19. Ah! tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past;—
What is recall'd by faded flowers,
Save that they did not last?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret?
MISS L. E. LANDON.

20. There are moments of life that we never forget,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.
J. G. PERCIVAL.

21. As we look back thro' life in our moments of sadness,
How few and how brief are the gleamings of gladness!
Yet we find, 'midst the gleam that our pathway o'ershaded,
A few spots of sunshine—a few flowers unfaded;
And memory still hoards, as her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture—some exquisite pleasures.
PROSPER M. WETMORE.

22. On this dear jewel of my memory
My heart will ever dwell, and fate in vain,
Possessing that, essay to make me wretched.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

23. 'T is sweet to remember. I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that fancy may weave,
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.

W. G. CLARK.

24. Our hopes are flown — yet parted hours
Still in the depths of memory lie,
Like night-gems in the silent blue
Of summer's deep and brilliant sky.

G. D. PRENTICE.

25. We have been bless'd; — tho' life is made
A tear, a silence, and a shade,
And years have left the vacant breast
To loneliness — we have been bless'd!

G. D. PRENTICE.

26. Thy words have touch'd a chord of memory's lyre,
And wak'd the key-note of the saddest dirge
That fancy ever play'd to melancholy.

RUFUS DAWES.

27. There 's a feeling within us that loves to revert
To the merry old times that are gone.

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28. This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, conceal'd
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

29. The mind will, in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.

BALFE'S *Bohemian Girl.*

30. Youth's eager life and changeful lot,
Nor sterner manhood's graver toys,
Nor trembling age himself, can blot
The memory of our earliest joys.

J. H. McIlvane.

31. But thank'd be memory — her sweet power can bring
Back to my heart its early joys again;
Her magic spell revives the frozen spring
Of youth and hope, and reunites the chain
Of sever'd sympathies.

Hofland.

32. Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view; —
How lifelike, thro' the mist of years,
Each well-remember'd face appears!

Charles Sprague

33. 'T is vain, and worse than vain to think on joys
Which, like the hour that 's gone, return no more.

Isaac Clason.

34. And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through —
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

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35. Memory 's that mirror which affliction throws
Down to the earth, as cruelest of its foes,
Hoping to drive remorse thus from its side;
But when the mirror down to earth is dash'd,
And rudely in ten thousand pieces mash'd,
Each fragment shows the reflection multiplied.

J. T. Watson.

36. Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
That whispers of the flower.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

MERCY. — (See FORGIVENESS.)

MERIT. — (See EXCELLENCE.)

MILDNESS. — (See MEEKNESS.)

MIND — REASON — THOUGHT.

1. He that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Without an helm or pilot her to stay.

SPENSER.

2. When men have several faiths, to find the true
We only can the aid of reason use;
'T is reason shows us which we should eschew,
When by comparison we learn to choose.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

3. Thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born.

CONGREVE.

4 The mind in its own place, and, in itself,
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

5. The workman in his stuff his skill doth show,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill;
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

DAVIES' *Immortality of the Soul.*

6. The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on its own foundation.

AKENSIDE.

7. 'T is Reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart,
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast;—
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark thro' various life.

COTTON.

8. How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrow of light.

COWPER.

9. Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain lord-chief-justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power, whom, one and all,
With common voice we Reason call.

CHURCHILL.

10. With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.

CHURCHILL.

11. The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

12. The joys of sense to mental joys are mean;
Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
On past and future forages for joy;
'T is hers, by retrospect, through time to range,
And forward, time's great sequel to survey.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

13. For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

14. When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.

BYRON.

15. His thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things,
And forms, impalpable and unperceiv'd
By others' sight, familiar were to his.

BYRON.

16. The tree hath lost its blossom, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth;
But the sap lasts.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

17. Eternal spirit of the chainless mind.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

18. 'T is a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

19. Our souls at least are free, and 't is in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey —
The spirit in the end will have its way.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

20. Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey — our hearts are still our own.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

21. A moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was trac'd — and then it faded as it came.

BYRON'S *Dream.*

22. The insate mind, but from without supplied,
Languishes on a weak imperfect food;
If sustenance more spiritual be denied,
With flame consuming on itself 't will brood.

SIR E. BRYDGES.

23. The mind of man is ne'er at rest,—
Whether the body sleeps or wakes,
To heaven, earth, hell — North, South, East, West —
The mind its ceaseless wanderings takes.

J. T. WATSON.

MIRTH. — (See CHEERFULNESS.)

MISANTHROPY.

1. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind!

SHAKSPEARE.

2. There 's not a day but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

3. Fear'd, shunn'd, belied, ere youth had lost her force,
He hated men too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred calf,
To pay the injuries of some on all.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

4. I have not lov'd the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheeks to smiles — nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*

5. Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

6. We talk of love and pleasure — but 't is all
A tale of falsehood. Life 's made up of gloom;
The fairest scenes are clad in ruin's pall,
The loveliest pathway leads but to the tomb.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

7. Only this is sure:
In this world nought, save misery, can endure.

MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

MISER. — (See AVARICE.)

MISERY — SORROW.

1. And then will canker sorrow eat her bud,
And chase the native beauty from her cheek.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. For where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. It easeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd,
To think their sorrows others have endur'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. Some secret venom preys upon his heart;
A stubborn and unconquerable flame
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life.

ROWE.

6. Alas! I have no words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

DRYDEN.

7. Man is a child of sorrow, and this world
In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us;
But it hath means withal to soothe those cares;
And he, who meditates on others' woes,
Shall in that meditation lose his own.

CUMBERLAND'S *Timocles.*

8. Heaven oft in mercy smites, even when the blow
Severest is.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

9. Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stir the madd'ning soul—
The heart, the heart, is lonely still.

BYRON.

10. And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows, which the burning share
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there:
Scars of the lacerated mind,
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

11. Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
But sorrow's memory is sorrow still!

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

12. Wrung with the wounds that kill not, but ne'er heal.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

13. But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we may bless.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

14. His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

15. Bow'd and bent,
Wax grey and ghastly, withering ere their time.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

16. What deep wound ever heal'd without a scar?

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

17. The furrows of long thought and dried-up tears.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

18. He felt the chilling heaviness of heart,
* * * * Which attends
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we doat on, when a part
Of us dies with them, and each fond hope ends.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

19. For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

20. Wait, till like me, your hopes are blighted — till
Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin;
Famine and poverty your guests at table;
Despair your bedfellow — then rise, but not
From sleep, and judge.

BYRON.

21. Better
Die soon, than live on lingeringly in pain.
BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

22. O'er every feature of that still pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase.
BYRON'S *Corsair.*

23. My life is not dated by years —
There are *moments* which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears,
But is deep in my soul as my brow
BYRON.

24. The quivering flesh, though torture-torn, may live;
But souls, once deeply wounded, heal no more.
ELLIOT.

25. No — pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on;
Like things within the cold rock found
Alive, when all 's congeal'd around.
But there 's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt thro' all that breast and brain.
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

26. The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
COWPER.

27. A malady
Preys on my heart, that medicine cannot reach,
Invisible and cureless.
MATURIN'S *Bertram.*

28. He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.
BAILEY'S *Festus.*

29. Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, even when she departs;
While joys trip by with steps light as the wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts.

MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

30. Oh, woe, deep woe, to earthly love's fond trust,
When all it once has worshipp'd lies in dust!

MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

31. It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
Yet it consumes the heart.

SHERIDAN.

32. You 've seen the lightning-flash at night
Play brightly o'er its cloudy pile,
The moonshine tremble on the height,
When Winter glistens cold and bright,—
And like that flash, and like that light,
Is sorrow's vain and heartless smile.

J. G. WHITTIER.

MISFORTUNE. — (See ADVERSITY.)

MOB — RABBLE.

1. They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?

MILTON'S *Paradise Regained.*

2. The rude reproaches of the rascal herd,
Who, for the self-same actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in their praise.

THOMSON.

3. The scum
That rises upmost, when the nation boils.

DRYDEN.

4. Some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out.
They never ask for whom, or what they fight;
But, turn 'em out, and show 'em but a foe:
Cry *liberty*, and that's a cause for quarrel.

DRYDEN.

5. Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner change their principles than shirt.

YOUNG.

6. And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of fortune's wheel,
And loudest shouts when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.

SCOTT'S *Rokeby*.

7. Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain? —
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as frenzy's fever'd blood.

SCOTT'S *Lord of the Isles*.

MODESTY. — (See BASHFULNESS.)

MONEY. — (See GOLD.)

MOON — STARS — SUN.

1. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. But yonder comes the glorious king of day,
Rejoicing in the East.

MILTON.

3. See, at the call of night,
The star of evening sheds his silver light
High o'er yon western hill.

GAY'S *Dione.*

4. Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray.

POPE.

5. The sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gaz'd upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?

BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth.*

6. Ye stars, that are the poetry of heaven!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. The queen of night asserts her silent reign.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

8. Plac'd in the spangled sky, with visage bright
The full-orb'd moon her radiant beams displays;
But 'neath the vivid sun's more splendid rays,
Sinks all her charms, and fades her lovely light.

From the Portuguese.

9. How oft at midnight have I fix'd my gaze
Upon the blue, unclouded firmament,
With thousand spheres illumin'd, and, perchance,
The powerful centres of revolving worlds?

HON. W. HERBERT.

10. —Going forth,
Her princely way among the stars in slow
And silent brightness.

H. WARE.

11. But the stars, the soft stars!—when they glitter above us,
I gaze on their beams with a feeling divine;
For, as true friends in sorrow more tenderly love us,
The darker the heaven, the brighter they shine!

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

12. O! who can lift above a careless look,
While such bright scenes as these his thoughts engage,
And doubt, while reading from so fair a book,
That God's own finger trac'd the glowing page;
Or deem the radiance of yon blue expanse,
With all its starry hosts, the careless work of Chance?

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

MORNING.—(See DAY.)

MOTHER.—(See FATHER.)

MOUNTAINS.

1 He who first met the highlands' swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.

BYRON'S *Island.*

2. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And thron'd eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow! —
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

3. Who first beholds the Alps, — that mighty chain
Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than earth —
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not —
A something that informs him 't is a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever.
ROGERS' *Italy.*

4. Your peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines,
In the soft light of your serenest skies;
From the broad highland regions, dark with pines,
Fair as the hills of paradise, ye rise!
W. C. BRYANT.

5. And lo! the Catskills print the distant sky,
And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,
So softly blending, that the cheated eye
Forgets or which is earth or which is heaven.
T. S. FAY.

MOURNING. — (See FUNERAL.)

MURDER — (See ASSASSINATION.)

MUSIC — SINGING.

1. Oh! it came over me like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. —As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. The man that hath not music in himself,
And is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils—
Let no man trust him.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.

5. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?

MILTON'S *Comus.*

6. Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

7. Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

POPE

8. Music resembles poetry; in each
Are numerous graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*

9. Even rage itself is cheer'd with music:
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.

ROWE.

10. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

11 Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me:
There 's sure no passion in the human soul
But finds its food in music.

LILLO.

12. There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER'S *Task*

13 Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then; —
Now wither'd, lost — Oh! pray thee, cease,
I cannot hear those sounds again!

MOORE.

14 Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may pain,
Love's are e'en more false than they —
Oh! 't is only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

MOORE

15 Her voice was like the warbling of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

16. He hears, alas! no music of the spheres,
But, an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

17. In fact he has no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow.
BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

18. The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bids the foe defiance ere they come.
BYRON'S *Curse of Minerva.*

19. The dying night-breeze harping o'er the hills,
Striking the strings of nature — rock and tree, —
The best and earliest lyres of harmony,
With echo for their chorus.
BYRON'S *Island.*

20. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
SOUTHEY.

21. The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing;
His song is not a happy one —
I'm saddest when I sing.
J. H. BAYLY.

22. Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt and dissolv'd in ecstasy, to heaven.
J. G. PERCIVAL.

23. Who loves not music still may pause to hark
Nature's free gladness hymning in the lark; —
As sings the bird, sings Lucy! all her art
A voice in which you listen to a heart.
The New Timon.

24. Divine interpreter thou art, Oh Song!
To thee all secrets of all hearts belong!
The New Timon.

25. See to the desk Apollo's sons repair:—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair;
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy; growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute;
Twang goes the harpsichord; too-too, the flute;
Brays the loud trumpet; squeaks the fiddle sharp;
Winds the French-horn; and twangs the tingling harp.
Rejected Addresses.

26. Such sweet, such melting strains!
Their soft harmonious cadence rises now,
And swells in solemn grandeur to its height!
Now sinks to mellow notes — now dies away —
But leaves its thrilling memory on my ear!
Methodist Protestant.

27. How sweetly sounds each mellow note
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
When dying zephyrs rise and float
Like lovers' sighs away!
MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

28. And, as thy bright lips sung, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gaz'd, I almost thought
The spirit of thy lay
Had left, while melting in the air,
Its sweet expression painted there.
MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

29. Orpheus himself might hang his lyre
Upon the willows after this,
Nor henceforth impiously aspire
To lap the senses all in bliss;
For he, who heard that thrilling strain,
Would find all other music vain.
J. T. WATSON.

NAME.

1. What 's in a name? That, which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. What 's in the name of *lord*, that I should fear
To bring my grievance to the public ear?

CHURCHILL.

4. Think not a coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride;
By birth the name alone descends,
Your honour on yourself depends.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. Who dares name guilt, and with it *Pearcy's* name?

The Tailors.

6. O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name
To fill the sounding trump of future fame!

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

7. I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
For once it was a magic sound to me,
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

8. Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings, and affections kept
Within the heart, like gold.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

9. Though the rose would be sweet were it not call'd a rose—
Though evil, call'd good, would our peace still oppose—
Though gall would be bitter, were honey its name—
And a mouse, christen'd bear, were a mouse all the same;
Yet, who has not felt the strong power of a word,
The magic that thrills us, when *some* names are heard!

J. T. WATSON.

NATURE.

1. How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the spirit of the world ordains.

PRIOR.

2. Nature hath nothing made so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

ALEYN.

3. First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

4. Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' nature up to nature's God.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

5. Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

6. By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand.

GOLDSMITH.

7. Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway.

GOLDSMITH.

8. Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Even in our ashes live our wonted fires.

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

9. The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind,)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true and faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who, from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

GAY'S *Fables.*

10. Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men;
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good and wise.

GAY'S *Fables.*

11. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love.

WORDSWORTH.

12. Lovely indeed the mimic works of art,
But Nature's works far lovelier.

COWPER'S *Task*

13. Thro' nature's walk your curious way you take,
Gaze on her glowing bow, her glittering flake,
Her Spring's first cheerful green, her Autumn's last,
Borne on the breeze, or dying in the blast.
You climb the mountain's everlasting wall,
You linger where the thunder-waters fall;
You love to wander by old ocean's side,
And hold communion with its silver tide.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

14. Go abroad
Upon the paths of Nature, and, when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar.

N. P. WILLIS.

15. 'T is Nature moulds the touching face,
'T is she that gives the living grace,
The genuine charm that never dies,
The modest air, the timid eyes,
The stealing glance, that wins its way
To where the soul's affections lay.

J. K. PAULDING.

NECESSITY. — (See DESTINY.)

NEGLECT — SLIGHT.

1. Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

2. Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her hosts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise —
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.

SHENSTONE.

3. Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who waits till all commend.

POPE.

4. In this perverted age,
Who most deserve, can't always most engage;
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.

YOUNG.

5. Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

PRIOR.

6. Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine?

DRYDEN.

7. Come, come, 't will not do! put that purling brow down;
You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

8. Wi' curling lip, and scornful een,
She listen'd to all he said,
While the moon look'd down, and the twinkling sheen
Of the stars is o'er them shed.
My heart is wae for the luckless knight,
His vows are scatter'd in air;
For pitiless is his lady bright,
And his prayer is a bootless prayer.

S. P. CHASE.

NEWS.

1. The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths wide open:
Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,
And he that lies most loud, is most believ'd.

DRYDEN.

2. This folio of four pages, happy work,
Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break.

COWPER'S *Task.*

3. The news! our morning, noon, and evening cry,
Day after day repeats it till we die.
For this the cit, the critic, and the fop,
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
Even when some coffin'd friend we gather round,
We ask "What news?"—then lay him in the ground.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

4. The news!—there scarcely is a word, I'll venture here to say,
That o'er men's thoughts and fancies holds more universal sway;
The old, the young, the grave, the gay, the wealthy and the poor,
All wish, on each succeeding day, to hear *it* o'er and o'er,
Though on each day 't is always chang'd from what it was before.

J. T. WATSON.

NEWSPAPER. — (See Books.)

NIGHT. — (See Day.)

NOBILITY. — (See Ancestry.)

NOTORIETY. — (See Fame.)

NOVELS — ROMANCE.

1. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. He swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love; —
Just so romances are; for what else
Is in them all, but love and battles?

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

3. Now fiction's groves we tread, where young romance
Laps the glad senses in her sweetest trance.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

4. She shuts the dear, dear book that made her weep,
Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

5. The gorgeous pageantry of times gone by, —
The tilt, the tournament, the vaulted hall, —
Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye,
And fancy's bright and gay creation — all
Sink into dust, when reason's searching glance
Unmasks the age of knighthood and romance.

S. L. FAIRFIELD.

6. I'm not romantic, but, upon my word,
There are some moments when one can't help feeling
As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirr'd
By things around him, that, 't is vain concealing,
A little music in his soul still lingers,
Whene'er its keys are touch'd by Nature's fingers.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

NOVELTY.

1. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. All, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Papilla, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades — "How charming is a park!"
The park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears — "O odious, odious trees!"

POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

4. Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind;
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.

FOOTE

NUN. — (See HERMIT.)

OATHS — SWEARING.

1. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble instruments to bind.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

5. He, that imposes an oath, makes it,
Not he, that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. An oath is a recognizance to heaven,
Binding us over in the courts above,
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,
That those who 'scape this world, should suffer there.

SOUTHERN.

7. Jack was embarrass'd — never hero more,
And, as he knew not what to say, — he swore.

BYRON'S *Island.*

OBITUARY.

1. Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

BEN JONSON.

2. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall wake them from their lowly bed.

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

3. There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

COLLINS.

4. Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead!

COLLINS.

5. How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's honour blest!

COLLINS.

6. How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee —
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE.

7. What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds may tell —
No weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell! —
Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

FALCONER.

8. What though the mounds that mark'd each name,
Beneath the wings of Time,
Have worn away? — Theirs is the fame
Immortal and sublime;
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,
Nor wake her dead to life again?

R. MONTGOMERY.

9. Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her pass'd,
And they, who watch'd her nearest, could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glared o'er her eyes.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

10. They fell devoted, but undying:
The very gale their name seem'd sighing.
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever!

BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth.*

11. Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

12. We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, th' immortal names,
That were not born to die!

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

13. Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor nam'd thee but to praise.

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

14. She liv'd as lives a peaceful dove,
She died as blossoms die;
And now her spirit floats above,
A seraph in the sky!

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY

15. Yet, shrin'd with many a sweet, sad thought,
That lov'd one's memory lingers still;
For O! she left a void that nought
But mournful thoughts can fill!

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY

16. Pity for thee shall weep her fountains dry,
Mercy for thee shall bankrupt all her store;
Valour shall pluck a garland from on high,
And Honour twine the wreath thy temples o'er.

ISAAC CLASON.

17. As the bird to its sheltering nest,
When the storm on the hills is abroad,
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest,
To repose on the bosom of God.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

18. But lately his cheek with life's crimson was flush'd,
His voice was cheerful, health sat on his brow;
That cheek is now pallid, that voice now hush'd —
He sleeps with the bones of his ancestors now!

J. T. WATSON.

OBLIVION. — (See FORGETFULNESS.)

OBSTINACY — STUBBORNNESS.

1. The slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side;
His still refuted quirks he still repeats,
New-rais'd objections with new quibbles meets;
Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies, disputing, and the contest ends.

COWPER.

2. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian,
That the precipitation might down-stretch
Below the beam of sight — yet still will I
Be thus to them.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. You may as well go stand upon a beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well bid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder ?) —
His Jewish heart.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. For if she will, she will — you may depend on 't,
And if she won't, she won't — so there 's an end on 't.

OCEAN — SEA.

1. Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man,
Wide opening and loud roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

2. Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

3. Once more upon the waters! yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed
That knows his rider!

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

4. O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our homes as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Behold our empire and survey our home!

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

5. Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danc'd in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense — the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of the trackless way!

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

6. The polish'd mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears,
A calm, sublime immensity below.

CARLOS WILCOX

7. Like an eagle caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore;
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar!

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8. The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

BARRY CORNWALL (PROCTOR)

9. Thou boundless, shining, glorious sea!
With ecstasy I gaze on thee;
And, as I gaze, thy billowy roll
Wakes the deep feelings of my soul!

From the German

10. Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste.

W. C. Bryant.

11. I, too, have been upon thy rolling breast,
Wildest of waters! I have seen thee lie
Calm, as an infant pillow'd in its rest
On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky,
Not smoother, gave the deep its azure dye,
Till a new heaven was arch'd and glass'd below.

J. G. Percival.

12. For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leap'd upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there!

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby.

OFFENCE.

1. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Shakspeare.

2. What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful 'quest have given this verdict up
Unto the frowning judge?

Shakspeare.

3. If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so much be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.

Shakspeare.

4. The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

SHAKSPEARE.

5. For, well you know, we of th' offending side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.

SHAKSPEARE.

6. All 's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

SHAKSPEARE.

7. He hath wrong'd his queen, but still he is her lord;
He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;
He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign,
And I must be his friend, as well as subject: —
He must not perish thus.

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

OFFICE.

1. To hold a place
In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
Lustre and reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.

MASSINGER.

2. When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

ADDISON.

3. The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them; at his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And, with a dexterous jerk, soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.

COWPER.

4. Why, look around,
And count, if possible, the pamper'd numbers,
Who fatten on the state: they are the men,
Who, if they find a man too honourable
To be a fellow-gleaner of the spoils,
When faction's sickle sweeps the public wealth,
Lift up their angry voices to the crowd,
And breathe around their pestilential breath,
Till virtue's self is tainted by the touch.

DAWES' *Athenia of Damascus.*

5. And here and there some stern, high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

OLD AGE.—(See AGE.)

OPINION.

1. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Opinion is that high and mighty dame
Which rules the world, and in the mind doth frame
Distastes or likings; for, in human race,
She makes the fancy various as the face.

HOWEL.

3. Let not opinion make thy judgment err;
The evening conquest crowns the conqueror.

LADY ALIMONY.

4. Opinionators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

5. Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Must be b' a dog glad to be led.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. And nothing 's so perverse in nature,
As a profound opinionator.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. We all, my lords, have err'd:
Men may, I find, be honest, though they differ.

THOMSON.

OPPORTUNITY.

1. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offers we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Accursed opportunity!
The midwife and the bawd to all our vices:
That work'st our thoughts into desires; desires
To resolutions; and these being ripe and quicken'd,
Thou giv'st them birth, and bring'st them forth to action.

DENHAM.

OPPRESSION — TYRANNY.

1. Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Who, in his drearest need, will fly from him.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye —
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. 'Twixt kings and tyrants there 's this difference known,
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

HERRICK.

5. So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

6. When force invades the gift of nature, life,
The eldest law of nature, bids defence;
And if in that defence a tyrant fall,
His death 's his crime, not ours.

DRYDEN.

7. I am told thou call'st thyself a king;
Know, if thou art one, that the poor have rights;
And power, in all its pride, is less than justice.

AARON HILL.

8. Where, alas,
Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
Haunt e'en the lowest deeps: seas have their sharks;
Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike,
And he 's in turn th' amphibious otter's prey.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

9. Shall we resign
Our hopes, renounce our rights, forget our wrongs,
Because an impotent lip beneath a crown
Cries, "Be it so?"

SIR A. HUNT.

10. Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest.

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

11. Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury —
The negligence, the apathy, the evils
Of sensual sloth — produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus.*

12. To trample on all human feelings, all
Ties which bind man to man, to emulate
The fiends, who will one day requite them in
Variety of torturing.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

13. Tyranny 's the worst of treasons. The prince, who
Neglects or violates his trust, is more
A brigand than the robber-chief.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

ORATOR.—(See ELOQUENCE.)

ORDER.

1. Order, thou eye of action! wanting thee,
Wisdom works hoodwink'd in perplexity;
Entangled reason trips at every pace,
And truth, bespotted, puts on error's face.

AARON HILL.

2. Order is heaven's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

PAIN.

1 The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

3. And heard the everlasting yawn confess
The pain, the misery of idleness.

POPE.

4. Again the play of pain
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant lake, that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow.

BYRON.

5 A saint had cried out,
Even with the crown of glory in his eyes,
At such inhuman artifice of pain
As was forced on him.

BYRON'S *Two Foscari.*

PAINTING — PORTRAIT.

1. Good heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile remembrance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest.

DRYDEN

2. Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

POPE'S *Temple of Fame.*

3. All that imagination's power could trace,
Breath'd in the Pencil's imitative grace;
O'er all the canvas, form, and soul, and feeling,
That wondrous art infus'd with power of life;
Portray'd each pulse, each passion's might revealing,
Sorrow and joy, life, hatred, fear, and strife.

From the Spanish.

4. This is the pictur'd likeness of my love:
How true to life! It seems to breathe and move;
Fire, love, and sweetness o'er each feature melt;
The face expresses all the spirit felt;
Here, while I gaze within those large, dark eyes,
I almost see the living spirit rise;
While lights and shadows, all harmonious, glow,
And heavenly radiance settles on that brow.
And then that mouth! — how tranquil its repose!
Sleeping in fragrance, like a sleeping rose;
It seems the ruby gate of love and bliss,
Just form'd to murmur sighs, to smile, and kiss!

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

5. His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation.*

PARASITE. — (See COURTIER.)

PARENTS. — (See FATHER.)

PARTING. — (See ADIEU.)

PASSIONS — FEELING.

1. Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

2. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

5. The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

POPE.

6. Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course,
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.

POPE.

7. The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

BROOKE.

8. When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel.

HIGGONS.

9. While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is worked at pleasure.

YOUNG'S *Busiris.*

10. Then shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind;—
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

GRAY.

11. His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was toss'd;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour:—
And, Oh, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!

SCOTT'S *Rokeby.*

12. How terrible is passion! how our reason
Falls down before it, while the tortur'd frame,
Like a ship dash'd by fierce encountering tides,
And of her pilot spoil'd, drives round and round,
The sport of wind and wave.

BARFORD'S *Virgin Queen.*

13. The passions are a numerous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud.

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14. O, how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey;
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey!

CRABBE.

15. Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love, with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs, by turn, with joy and pain!

MRS. ROBINSON.

16. As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human passions ebb and flow.

BYRON.

17. The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

18. The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava-flood
That boils in Etna's breast of flame.

BYRON'S *Giaour.*

19. For on his brow the swelling vein
Throbb'd, as if back upon his brain
The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again.

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

20. There are some feelings time cannot benumb.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

21. An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

22. Admire — exult — despise — laugh — weep — for here
There is much matter for all feeling.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

23. My passions were all living serpents, and
Twin'd, like the gorgons, round me.

BYRON'S *Werner.*

24. It was not strange; for in the human breast
Two master passions cannot co-exist.

CAMPBELL.

25. The wildest ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm.

J. W. EASTBURNE.

26. And underneath that face, like summer's ocean's,
Its lip as noiseless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love—hatred—pride—hope—sorrow—all, save fear.

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

27. But, all in vain, to thought's tumultuous flow
I strive to give the strength of glowing words;
The waves of feeling, tossing to and fro,
In broken music o'er my heart's loose chords,
Give but their fainting echoes from my soul,
As thro' its silent depths their wild, swift currents roll.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

28. 'T is chainless as the mountain tide,
That its resistless way doth force,
O'er crags and cliffs on either side,
Right onward in its headlong course.

J. T. WATSON.

PATIENCE. — (See IMPATIENCE.)

PATRIOTISM. — (See COUNTRY.)

PEACE.

1. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

4. Oh, peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence
Science his view enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine who gave us thee!

THOMSON.

5. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgins' blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted.

PHILIPS' *Cider*

6. Oh! there were hours when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears —
The heartsick faintness of the hope delay'd,
The waste, the woes, the bloodshed, and the tears,
That track'd with terror twenty rolling years!
SCOTT'S *Lord of the Isles.*

7. Peace is the bounteous goddess who bestows
Weddings, and holidays, and joyous feasts,
Relations, friends, health, plenty, social comforts,
And pleasures which alone make life a blessing.
CUMBERLAND'S *Philemon.*

PEASANT. — (See BLACKSMITH.)

PEDIGREE. — (See ANCESTRY.)

PERFECTION.

1. To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
SHAKSPEARE.

2. Nature in her productions, slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height.
SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

3. So slow
The growth of what is excellent; so hard
T' attain perfection in this nether world.
COWPER'S *Task.*

4. Oh! she was perfect past all parallel.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

5. I have been often dazzled by the blaze
Of sunlike beauty; but, till now, ne'er knew
Perfected loveliness — all the harmonies
Of form, of feature, and of soul, display'd
In one bright creature.

S. P. CHASE.

PERIL. — (See DANGER.)

PERSEVERANCE. — (See IDLENESS.)

PHILANTHROPY. — (See KINDNESS.)

PHILOSOPHY.

1. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON'S *Comus*

4. Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province.

THOMSON.

5. Alas! had reason ever yet the power
To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch
Not feel his anguish? 'T is impossible!

WHITEHEAD.

6. Divine philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right;
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees.

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

7. Oh, who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet?
How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh?
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
Than written, like Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

MOORE.

8. Sublime Philosophy!
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels; but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.

BULWER'S *Richelieu.*

PHRENOLOGY.

1. For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

SPENSER.

2. In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouths, or short proboscis.
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagyrite;
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.

MOORE.

3. And yet, in spite of ridicule, and all
The wit, which, Bumpo says, so often stirs him,
Unless upon one's head a *Combe* may fall,
A sharper and a *Fowler* thing than *Gall*
Be-*Grimes* him *Savage*-ly, and sorely *Spurz-h(e)im.*

J. T. WATSON.

PHYSICIAN. — (See DISEASE.)

PITY. — (See FORGIVENESS.)

PLEASURE. — (See ENJOYMENT.)

POET — POETRY.

1. The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I'd rather be a kitten, and cry, mew,
Than one of those same metre ballad-mongers.

SHAKSPEARE.

3 —— Who first found out that curse,
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse,
To hang so dull a clog upon the wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit.

BUTLER.

4. As wine, that with its own weight runs, is best,
And counted much more noble than the rest,
So is the Poetry, whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

BUTLER.

5. But those, that write in rhyme, still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. And rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

7. Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise — in vain;
Try every help, force fire from every spark;
Yet shall you ne'er the poet's power attain,
If heaven ne'er stamp'd you with the muses' mark.

AARON HILL.

8. Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invok'd, sit down to write.
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

DEAN SWIFT.

9. Thou source of all my bliss, of all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so!

GOLDSMITH.

10. A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

11. Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art — the art to blot.
POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

12. Married to immortal verse,
Such as meeting souls may pierce,
In notes of many a winding bout,
In linkèd sweetness long drawn out.
MILTON.

13. There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
That none but poets know.
WORDSWORTH.

14. And I have felt
A passion that disturb'd me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interpos'd,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and on the mind of man.
WORDSWORTH

15. 'T is long disputed, whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame;
But *art*, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude *genius* of uncultur'd strain,
Are useless both; but when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.
FRANCIS' *Horace*

16. But he, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful, and of soul sublime,
Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refin'd,
And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind.
GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

17. A theme well fitted to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

JOEL BARLOW.

18. But which deserves the laurel, rhyme or blank?
Which holds on Helicon the highest rank? —
Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
This point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.

BYRON'S *Imitations.*

19. Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng;
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!

BYRON.

20. Many are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration.

BYRON.

21. Not a stone on their turf, or a line on their graves,
But they live by the verse that immortally saves.

BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth.*

22. In liquid lines, mellifluously bland.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

23. To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song —
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

24. Over the harp, from earliest years belov'd,
He threw his fingers hurriedly, and tones
Of melancholy beauty died away,
Upon its strings of sweetness.

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25. He touch'd his harp, and nations heard, entranc'd;
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,
And oped new feelings in the human heart.

POLLOK'S *Course of Time.*

26. 'T is not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measur'd file, and metrical array:
'T is not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

27. He pour'd his heart's full affluence in song,
And good and bad went reconcil'd together.

DAWES' *Geraldine.*

28. As nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,
So poets live upon the living light
Of nature and of beauty, —
Feeding their souls upon the soft, and sweet,
And delicate imaginings of song.

BAILEY'S *Festus.*

29. Immortal bard! thy name shall be enroll'd
Among the first to claim the poet's crown;
Thy fame the archives of the world unfold,
And future times shall tell of thy renown.

SHERBURNE, *on Byron.*

30. Where sense with sound, and ease with weight, combine
In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line;
Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong,
In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song.

The New Timon.

31. But it was love that taught me rhyme,
And it was thou that taught me love;
And if I in this idle chime
Of words a useless sluggard prove,
It was thine eyes the habit nurs'd,
And in their light I learn'd it first.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

32. And, long as poetry shall charm mankind,
His flowing numbers will admirers find.

J. T. WATSON

33. Whose song gush'd from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

POETRY. — (See POET.)

POLITENESS. — (See ETIQUETTE.)

POLITICS.

1. A politician, Proteus-like, must alter
His face and habit; and, like water, seem
Of the same colour that the vessel is
That doth contain it, varying his form,
With the chameleon, at each object's change.

MASON.

2. Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art; —
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he, who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

CONGREVE.

3 Your politicians
Have evermore a taint of vanity;
As hasty still to show and boast a plot,
As they are greedy to contrive it.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

4. All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics, as well as wit;
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once!

CHURCHILL.

5. Who 's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen ;
Secrets of state no more I wish to know,
Than secret movements of a puppet-show :
Let but the puppets move, I 've my desire,
Unseen the hand that guides the master wire.

CHURCHILL.

POPULARITY.—(See APPLAUSE.)

PORTRAIT.—(See PAINTING.)

POVERTY.—(See INDIGENCE.)

POWER.—(See GREATNESS.)

PRAISE.—(See FLATTERY.)

PRAYER — RELIGION — VIRTUE.

1. How far the little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me to mine enemies.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Each must, in virtue, strive for to excel;
The man lives twice, who lives the first life well.

HERRICK

4. Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possess'd,
To Providence resign the rest.

GAY'S *Fables.*

5. His pure thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, through ways
Of light to the bright Source of all.

CONGREVE.

6. For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride.*

7. Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yet even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.

MILTON'S *Comus.*

8. Then to be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than mankind, because they 're better.

ROWE.

9. He patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend sincere;
He taught us how to live; and (Oh! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die.

TICKELL, *on the Death of Addison.*

10. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! — how calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft!

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

11. What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

12 Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

POPE'S *Essay on Man.*

13. She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad ambition to be wise.

POPE.

14. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whisper'd praise.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

15. Virtue on herself relying,
Every passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hope of being blest.

GOLDSMITH.

16. Virtue in itself commands its happiness,
Of every outward object independent.

FRANCIS.

17. Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory, from her aspect.

BYRON.

18. And let not this seem strange; the devotee
Lives not on earth, but in his ecstasy;
Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,
His soul is gone, before his dust, to heaven.

BYRON'S *Island.*

19. — While he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives;
And when he dies, to leave a lofty name,
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame.

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

20. Count life by virtues — these will last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

PREFERMENT.

1. For places in the court are but like beds
In the hospital, where this man's head lies
At that man's foot, and so lower and lower.

WEBSTER.

2. 'T is the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, when each second
Stood heir to the first.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. If on the sudden he begins to rise,
No man that lives can count his enemies.

MIDDLETON.

4. All preferment,
That springs from sin and lust, shoots quickly up,
As gard'ners' crops do in the rottenest grounds.

MIDDLETON.

PRESS. — (See BOOKS.)

PRESUMPTION.

1 I was indeed delirious in my heart,
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been my sin.

BYRON.

2. If 't is presumption for a wretch condemn'd
To throw himself beneath his judges' feet, —
A boldness more than this I never knew.

DRYDEN.

3. But think not, because at your words I ne'er frown,
That I'll ever one spark of regard to you lend:
We smile at the sallies and jokes of a clown, —
But we think not of making the fellow our friend.

J. T. WATSON.

PRIDE — VANITY.

1. Man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and mislead the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride — that never-failing vice of fools.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

4. Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

5. Here vanity assumes her pert grimace.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

6. Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain — it shall not be its slave.

BYRON.

7. And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

8. Stern and erect his brow was rais'd; —
Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,
He would not shrink before the crowd.

BYRON'S *Parisina.*

9. The hardest trial of a generous mind,
Is to court favour from the hand it scorns.

AARON HILL.

10. Proud has been my fatal passion,
Proud my injur'd heart shall be,
While each thought and inclination
Still shall prove me worthy thee.

MRS. ROBINSON.

11. That proud heart had been given to one
Who sought it not to win,
And now she only strove to hide
The burning shame within.

MISS L. E. LANDON.

12. And henceforth learn,
Never your equals from your path to spurn;
For your superiors will not you endure,
And slighted equals will not, I am sure.

J. T. WATSON.

PRISON. — (See IMPRISONMENT.)

PRISONER. — (See IMPRISONMENT.)

PROCRASTINATION. — (See DELAY.)

PROPOSAL. — (See DECLARATION.)

PROSPERITY. — (See ENJOYMENT.)

PROVIDENCE. — (See GOD.)

PRUDENCE. — (See CAUTION.)

PUNISHMENT.

1. O, heaven! that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Where sits the offence,
Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence.

MIDDLETON.

3. He 's a bad surgeon, that, for pity, spares
The part corrupted, till the gangrene spread,
And all the body perish; he that 's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the just.

RANDOLPH.

PURITY. — (See INNOCENCE.)

QUACKS. — (See DISEASE.)

RABBLE. — (See MOB.)

RAGE. — (See ANGER.)

RAINBOW.

1. Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

2. In pomp transcendent, rob'd in heavenly dies,
Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient skies.

DR. DWIGHT.

3. Far up the blue sky, a fair rainbow unroll'd
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'T was born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretch'd to the uttermost ends of the earth;
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

REASON. — (See MIND.)

RECALL.

1. Something, since his going forth, is thought of,
That his return is now most necessary.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.
My penance is, to call * * * * back,
And ask remission for my folly past.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Fain would my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease.

ADDISON'S *Rosamond.*

4. I did not know I lov'd him so,
Until I bade him leave me;
I did not know, when he should go,
His absence thus would grieve me.
But, since he 's gone, I feel forlorn,
I think all day about him: —
I 'll cancel all — I 'll him recall,
For I 'm a wretch without him.

J. T. WATSON.

RECIPROCITY.

1. Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss.

MILTON.

2. Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

YOUNG.

3. Be thine the more refin'd delights
Of love, that banishes control,
When the fond heart with heart unites,
And soul's in unison with soul.

CARTWRIGHT.

4. And canst thou not accord thy heart
In unison with mine —
Whose language thou alone hast heard,
Thou only canst divine?

RUFUS DAWES.

5. O, let us prize the first-blown bud of love;
Let us love now, in this our fairest youth,
When love can find a full and fond return.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

6. The all-absorbing flame,
Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
Wrapt in one blaze.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. Earth hath not — Oh! hath Heaven so sweet
A charm as that, once only known,
When first affection's accents greet
The ear that drinks their thrilling tone!

Ladies' Magazine.

RECONCILIATION.

1. The short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.

MOORE

2. Well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charms of every brighten'd glance,
And dearer seems each dawning smile,
For having lost its light awhile.

MOORE.

3. I would have my ove
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behaviour.

BEN JONSON.

4. No cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
And reconcilement.

MILTON.

REFINEMENT.

1. She to higher hopes
Was destin'd — in a finer mould was wrought,
And temper'd with a purer, brighter flame.

AKENSIDE.

2. She 's noble, noble — one to keep
Embalm'd for dreams of fever's sleep,
An eye for nature — taste refin'd —
Perception swift — and balanc'd mind
And, more than all, a gift of thought,
To such a spirit-fineness wrought,
That on my ear her language fell,
As if each word dissolv'd a spell.

N. P. WILLIS.

REFLECTION. — (See CONTEMPLATION.)

REFUSAL. — (See CONSENT.)

RELIGION. — (See PRAYER.)

REMORSE — REPENTANCE.

1. Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did offend.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Sorrow for past ills doth restore frail man
To his first innocence.

NABB.

4. So carnal seamen in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

5. Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

6. So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpions girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven —
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

BYRON.

7. Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeds.

BYRON

8. High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, remorse:
Fear for their scourge mean villains have;
Thou art the torturer of the brave.

SCOTT'S *Marmion.*

9. Remorse drops anguish from her burning eyes,
Feels hell's eternal worm, and, shuddering, dies.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

10. Pangs more corrosive and severe,
More fierce, more poignant and intense,
Than ever hostile sword or spear
Wak'd in the breast of innocence.

MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

REPENTANCE. — (See REMORSE.)

REPORT — RUMOUR.

1. Then straight thro' all the world 'gan fame to fly;
A monster swifter none is under sun;
Increasing, as in waters we descry
The circles small, of nothing that begun,
Till of the drops, which from the skies do fall,
The circles spread and hide the waters all.

Mirror for Magistrates.

2. Rumour's a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still, discordant, wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. It *must* be so; — for Thomas Brown, Esquire,
Heard Blab's wife tell the son of Mr. Smith,
(Him, that was christen'd *John*, after his sire —
Men often to transmit their names desire,)—
That Higgons said, while he was walking with
That charming maiden lady aged forty,
'Yclept Miss Catchem, (Higgons was her beau,)
She told him (confidentially) that naughty
And prattling gossip, Mrs. Wilkins, thought she
Heard Polly's cousin's sister's aunt say so.

J. T. WATSON.

4. The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargement too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
POPE'S *Temple of Fame.*

REPROOF.

1. Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.
SHAKSPEARE.

2. Forbear sharp speeches to her: she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes, death to her.
SHAKSPEARE.

3. Pr'ythee, forgive me;
I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it
Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.
MIDDLETON.

4. Reprove not in their wrath incensèd men;
Good counsel comes clean out of season then:
But when their fury is appeas'd and past,
They will conceive their faults, and mend at last.
RANDOLPH.

REPUTATION. — (See CHARACTER.)

RESOLUTION. — (See DETERMINATION.)

RETIREMENT. — (See HERMIT.)

REWARD.

1. Thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
SHAKSPEARE.

2. Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, the pageant of a day:
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' wo.

POPE.

3. The world's best comfort was, his doom was past—
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.

COWPER.

4. So fares the follower of the Muses' train;
He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
We slight him till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland wreathe.

Rejected Addresses.

5. Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,
And thou shalt feel the good man's peace within,
And after death his wreath of glory win.

CARLOS WILCOX.

REVENGE — VENGEANCE.

1. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

SHAKSPEARE.

2. I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure but his heart's blood,
Which breath'd this poison.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:
And 't is a finer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

LADY E. CAREW.

4. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

5. It wounds, indeed,
To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punish.

DRYDEN.

6. Patience! — my soul disdains its stoic maxim,
The coward's virtue, and the knave's disguise:
O vengeance! take me all — I'm wholly thine!

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7. These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
But volumes lurk'd below that fierce farewell.

BYRON'S *Island.*

8. There are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger; though
The law sleeps, justice wakes, and injur'd souls
Oft do a public right with private wrong.

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero.*

9. No! When the battle rages dire,
And the rous'd soul is all on fire,
Think'st thou a noble heart can stay,
Hate's rancorous impulse to obey?

MRS. HOLFORD'S *Margaret of Anjou.*

10. Revenge we find
The abject pleasure of an abject mind.

GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*

11. Whom vengeance track'd so long,
Feeding its torch with the thought of wrong.

J. G. WHITTIER.

RIDICULE — SHAME.

1. For often vice, provok'd to shame,
Borrows the colour of a virtuous deed:
Thus libertines are chaste, and misers good,
A coward valiant, and a priest sincere.

SEWELL'S *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

2. I can bear scorpions' stings, tread fields of fire;
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie;
Be toss'd aloft through tracts of endless void —
But cannot live in shame.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

3. For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

RIGHT. — (See INJUSTICE.)

RIVERS.

1. See the rivers — how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep.

DYER'S *Gronger Hill*.

2. O! I have thought, — and, thinking, sigh'd, —
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe
And flowers of joy, my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While, still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!

MOORE.

3. — The channels worn
By ever-flowing streams — arteries of earth,
That, widely branching, circulate its blood;
Whose ever-throbbing pulses are the tides.

THOMAS WARD.

4. But thou, unchang'd from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass,
Thine endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shall mock the fading race of men.

W. C. BRYANT.

5. Who may trace the ways that ye have taken,
Ye streams and drops? who separate ye all,
And find the many places ye 've forsaken,
To come and rush together down the fall?

MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

6. So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ROGUES. — (See DISHONESTY.)

ROMANCE. — (See NOVELS.)

ROYALTY. — (See KINGS.)

RUDENESS. — (See ETIQUETTE.)

RUIN. — (See DESTRUCTION.)

RUMOUR. — (See REPORT.)

RURAL SCENES — TOWN AND COUNTRY.

1. Here laden carts with thundering wagons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street.

GAY'S *Trivia.*

2. At eve the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And, trudging homeward, whistles on the way:
And the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
And wait the strokings of the damsel's hand.

GAY'S *Rural Sports.*

3. See yon gay goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
Who sings a farewell to the parting day;
At large he flies, o'er hill, and dale and down:
Is not each bush, each spreading tree his own?
And canst thou think he 'll quit his native brier
For the bright cage o'erarch'd with golden wire?

GAY'S *Dione.*

4. Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound, unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

5. Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive to the milkmaid sung;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children, just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

6. Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres the cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
The casement's sweet woodbine crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at the door.

CUNNINGHAM.

7. God made the country, and man made the town.

COWPER'S *Task.*

8. Adieu, the city's ceaseless hum,
The haunts of sensual life adieu!
Green fields, and silent glens! we come
To spend this bright spring day with you!

J. ALDRICH.

9. O! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields?

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel.*

10. Anon, to change the homely scene,
Lest it pall while too serene,
To the gay city we remove,
Where other things there are to love,
And, grac'd by novelty, we find
The city's concourse to our mind.

From the Spanish.

11. The cold, heartless city, with its forms
And dull routine; its artificial manners,
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures,
And mirthless masquing.

J. N. BARKER.

SABBATH.

1. How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour; hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yesternoon bloom'd waving in the breeze.
The faintest sound attracts the ear — the hum
Of early bee — the trickling of the dew —
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems thron'd on yon unmoving hill.

2. With dove-like wings peace o'er yon village broods; —
The dizzing mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Has ceas'd — all, all around is quietness.

GRAHAME

3. Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely — the ground
Both seat and board — screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves.

GRAHAME.

SADNESS. — (See CARE.)

SAFETY.

1. From a safe port 't is easy to give counsel.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. But when men think they most in safety stand,
The greatest peril often is at hand.

DRAYTON.

3. What though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore;
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd before.

HERRICK.

4 Happy were men, if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good.

FOUNTAIN

SAILING — SHIP.

1. You might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waves were unto ivory,
Or ivory unto the waves were sent.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. So ships in winter seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

3. Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

5. The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to bear him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

6. She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

7. The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow,
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough.

BYRON'S *Island.*

8. She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant bark; along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favouring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.

SOUTHEY.

SAILOR.

1. O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!

BYRON'S *Corsair.*

2. Long have they voyag'd o'er the distant seas;
And what a heart-delight they feel at last —
So many toils, so many dangers past —
To view the port desir'd, he only knows
Who on the stormy deep for many a day
Hath toss'd, aweary of his ocean way,
And watch'd all-anxious every wind that blows.

SOUTHEY.

3. I love the sailor; — his eventful life —
His generous spirit — his contempt of danger —
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife; —
And, though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,
Where storms are hush'd, and billows break no more!

REV. WALTER COLTON.

SATIETY — SURFEIT.

1. As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof little
More than a little is by much too much.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly;
Nor deem'd, before his little day was done,
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befel:
He felt the fulness of satiety.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

SATIRE.

1. I'm one whose whip of steel can with a lash
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
That not eternity shall wear it out.

RANDOLPH.

2. Instructive satire! true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!

YOUNG.

3. If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'T is dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

YOUNG.

4. Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.

POPE.

5. When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remoter ages lives.

CHURCHILL.

6. Prepare for rhyme — I 'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

BYRON'S *English Bards, &c.*

SAVAGE. — (See INDIAN.)

SCANDAL. — (See GOSSIP.)

SCENERY.

1. The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found,
To Nature and to me so dear.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

2. In the wild pomp of mountain majesty.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

3. Woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

4. 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue.

CAMPBELL.

5. Amid the ancient forests of a land,
Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

6. How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow, and dipp'd in the wave!
And then each pale lily, that slept in the stream,
Rose and fell with a wave, as if stirr'd by a dream.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

SCEPTICISM — UNBELIEF.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*

2. But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit; . . . .
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

3. A Christian is the highest style of man;
And is there who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?—
If angels tremble, 't is at such a sight.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

4. Hast never seen the death-bed of th' unbeliever?—
'T was anguish, terror, darkness without bow:
But O, it had a most convincing tongue,
A potent oratory, that secur'd
Most mute attention.

POLLOK'S *Course of Time.*

5. A fugitive from heaven and prayer,
He mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep-scienc'd in the mazy lore
Of mad Philosophy.

From Horace.

SCHOOL — TEACHER.

1. Beside yon straggling fence, that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

2. A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind,—or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was a fault.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village.*

3. Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast!

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

4. Oh! ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye, flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals — never mind the pain.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

SCIENCE.—(See EDUCATION.)

SEA.—(See OCEAN.)

SEASONS.—(See AUTUMN.)

SECRESY.—(See CONCEALMENT.)

SELF.—(See EGOTISM.)

SENSES.—(See INSTINCT.)

SENSIBILITY.—(See FEELING.)

SENSITIVENESS.

1. Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind;
There feeling is diffus'd through every part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart.

HANNAH MORE.

2. Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow!
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

BURNS.

3. Upon my lute there is one string
Broken; — the chords were drawn too fast;
My heart is like that string — it tried
Too much, and snapt in twain at last.

SEPARATION. — (See ABSENCE.)

SERVILITY — SLAVERY.

1. And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determin'd to be free.

SOUTHEY.

3. I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its price.

BYRON.

4. And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To a new race of unborn slaves.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

SHAME. — (See RIDICULE.)

SHIP. — (See SAILING.)

SILENCE.

1. I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Silence! coeval with eternity!
Thou wert ere nature's self began to be;
Thine was the sway ere heaven was form'd or earth;
Ere fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth.

POPE.

4. The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show,
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

POPE.

5. There is a silence which hath been no sound;
There is a silence which no sound may be —
In the cold grave.

THOMAS HOOD.

6. She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart — its own interpreter —
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY

7 'T was night: All nature, far and wide,
Was wrapt in silent, deep repose,
And naught was heard on either side,
Their secret purpose to disclose.

J. T. WATSON

SIMPLICITY.

1. Fair nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd.

LORD LYTTLETON

2. Beautiful one! thy look and tone
Of witchery are nature's own —
Like light from heaven, thy magic glance —
Thy voice, the harp's wild utterance;
When touch'd at eve by some spirit's hand,
It breathes the notes of the better land.

S. P. CHASE.

3. And all her looks a calm disclose
Of innocence and truth.

4. Thy mild looks are all eloquent,
Thy bright ones free and glad;
Like glances from a Pleiad sent,
Thy sad ones sweetly sad.

ROBERT MORRIS.

SIN. — (See GUILT.)

SINCERITY. — (See FALSEHOOD.)

SINGING. — (See MUSIC.)

SLANDER. — (See DETRACTION.)

SLAVERY. — (See SERVILITY.)

SLIGHT. — (See NEGLECT.)

SLEEP. — (See DREAM.)

SMILE. — (See CHEERFULNESS.

SMOKING. — (See CIGAR.)

SOCIETY.--(See ASSOCIATES.)

SOLITUDE.—(See HERMIT.)

SONG.—(See MUSIC.)

SOPHISTRY.—(See ARGUMENT.)

SORROW.—(See MISERY.)

SOUL.—(See IMMORTALITY.)

SPLENDOUR.

1. What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

SHAKSPEARE.

2. To splendour only do we live?
Must pomp alone our thoughts employ?
All, all that pomp and splendour give,
Is dearly bought with love and joy.

CARTWRIGHT.

3. Can wealth give happiness? look round and see,
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
I envy none their pageantry and show,
I envy none the gilding of their woe.

YOUNG.

SPRING.—(See AUTUMN.)

SPORTS.—(See FISHING.)

STARS.—(See MOON.)

STATESMAN.

1. A statesman, that can side with every faction,
And yet most subtly can entwist himself,
When he hath wrought the business up to danger.

SHIRLEY

2. Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you do fall,
You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise.

BEN JONSON.

3. Thus the court wheel goes round, like fortune's ball;
One statesman rising on another's fall.

R. BROME

4. With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

STATION. — (See ANCESTRY.)

STORM. — (See CLOUDS.)

STUBBORNNESS. — (See OBSTINACY.)

STYLE. — (See CRITICISM.)

SUCCESS.

1 Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;
For men judge actions always by events:
But when we manage by a just foresight,
Success is prudence, and possession right.

HIGGONS.

2. 'T is not in mortals to command success;
But we 'll do more, Sempronius — we 'll deserve it.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

3. It is success that colours all in life;
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains honest.
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquir'd.

THOMSON.

4. Applause
Waits on success; the fickle multitude,
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

FRANKLIN.

5. But who shall tax successful villany,
Or call the rising traitor to account?

HAVARD.

SUICIDE.

1. The dread of something after death,
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others, that we know not of.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not set
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

SHAKSPEARE.

3. To run away
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! — 't is mad!
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

BLAIR'S *Grave*

4. Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck frenzy, rush
On voluntary death; the wise, the brave,
When the fierce storms of fortune round 'em roar,
Combat the billows with redoubled force.

FENTON.

5. To cut his throat a brave man scorns;
So, instead of his throat, he cuts — his corns.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. He with delirious laugh the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to this world.

CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope.*

7. I mean not
That poor-soul'd piece of heroism, self-slaughter;
Oh no; the miserablest day we live,
There 's many a better thing to do than die!

G. DARLEY

SUMMER. — (See AUTUMN.)

SUN. — (See MOON.)

SUPERIORITY. — (See EQUALITY.)

SUPERSTITION. — (See GHOST.)

SURFEIT. — (See SATIETY.)

SURPRISE. — (See ASTONISHMENT.)

SUSPENSE. — (See EXPECTATION.)

SUSPICION. — (See JEALOUSY.)

SYCOPHANT. — (See FLATTERY.)

SYMPATHY.

1. Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,
For noble souls in nature are allied.

DRYDEN.

2. Shame on those breasts of stone, that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow!

AARON HILL.

3. Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.

MRS. HEMANS.

4. There 's nought in this bad world like sympathy;
'T is so becoming to the soul and face —
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

5. I know thee not — and yet our spirits seem
Together link'd by sympathy and love,
And, like the mingled waters of a stream,
Our thoughts and fancies all united rove.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

6. I know thee not — I never heard thy voice;
Yet, could I choose a friend from all mankind,
Thy spirit high should be my spirit's choice,
Thy heart should guide my heart, thy mind, my mind.

MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

TASTE. — (See STYLE.)

TEACHER. — (See SCHOOL.)

TEARS. — (See GRIEF.)

TEMPER. — (See ANGER.)

TEMPERANCE. — (See DRINKING.)

TEMPTATION.

1. What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
   As that which strong temptation doth apply
   Against the fort of reason evermore,
   To bring the soul into captivity?

   SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. Think not that fear is sacred to the storm;
   Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
   Is Heaven tremendous in its frown? Most sure;
   And in its favour formidable too.
   Its favours here are trials, not rewards.

   YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

3. But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
   And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

   POPE.

4. There are crimes,
   Made venial by the occasion, and temptations,
   Which Nature cannot master or forbear.

   BYRON.

5. It reign'd in Eden in that heavy hour
   When the arch tempter sought our mother's bower,
   In thrilling charms her yielding heart assail'd,
   And e'en o'er dread Jehovah's word prevail'd.

   SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

6. There the fair tree in fatal beauty grew,
   And hung its mystic apples to the view.

   SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity.*

THEATRE. — (See ACTOR.)

THIEVES. — (See DISHONESTY.)

THIRST.

1. That panting thirst, which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop — the last — to cool it for the grave.

BYRON'S *Lara*.

2 The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
Above their naked heads, and feels delight
In the cold drenchings of the stormy night;
And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings
A drop, to moisten life's all-gasping springs.

BYRON'S *Island*.

3. A small glass, and thirsty! be sure never ask it;
Man might as well serve up his soup in a basket.

LEIGH HUNT — *From the Italian*.

THOUGHT. — (See MIND.)

TIME.

1. Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment.

ROWE

3. Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.

BLAIR'S *Grave*.

4. The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departing hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

5. Oh Time! thou beautifier of the dead, —
Adorner of the ruin — comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled —
Time! the corrector when our judgments err,
The test of truth, love, — sole philosopher!
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

6. Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb.
BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

7. Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

8. Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

9. Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career.
Dark, stern, and pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty rocks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought.
G. D. PRENTICE.

10. Compar'd with thee, even centuries in their might
Seem but like atoms in the sun's broad ray;
Thou sweep'st them on in thy majestic flight,
Scattering them from thy plumes like drops of spray,
Cast from the ocean in its scornful play.
MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

11. While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake — Time's ceaseless march proceeds.
H. WARE.

TIMIDITY.

1. Nor less was she in heart affected,
But that she masked it with modesty,
For fear she should of lightness be detected.
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

2. How long must I conceal
What yet my heart could wish were known?
How long the truest passion feel,
And yet that passion fear to own?
CARTWRIGHT.

3. Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain.
THOMSON.

4. The half-suppress'd glance of an eye admiring,
The tremulous rays of an evening sky —
The startled fawn from the hunter retiring —
The fluttering light of a taper expiring,
Apt emblems afford of timidity.
ELLIOT.

TITLES.—(See ANCESTRY.)

TOKEN.

1. Accept of this; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
LYTTLETON.

2. She knew whose hand had gather'd them; she knew
Whose sigh and touch were on their scent and hue.
PICKERSGILL

3. All the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well.

BYRON.

4. As a slight token of esteem,
Accept these flowers from me;
So fair and lovely, they do seem
An emblem true of thee.
But soon these fragile flowers will fade
And wither — 't is their doom:
May you, unlike them, be array'd
In a perpetual bloom!

J. T. WATSON.

TORTURE. — (See CRUELTY.)

TOWN AND COUNTRY. — (See RURAL SCENES.)

TRANSPORT. — (See ECSTASY.)

TRAVELLER.

1. Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to instruct my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of *the world* to know,
Which books can never teach, nor pedants show.

LYTTLETON.

2. Returning, he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs, and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

COWPER'S *Progress of Error.*

3. He travels and expatiates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land.
The manners, customs, policies of all,
Pay contribution to the store he gleans:
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return — a rich repast for me.

COWPER'S *Task.*

4. But every fool describes, in these bright days,
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise;
Death to his publisher, to him 't is sport.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

5. And he, who 's doom'd o'er waves to roam,
Or wander on a foreign strand,
Will sigh whene'er he thinks of home,
And better love his native land.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

TREACHERY.

1. Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. He, in whom
My heart had treasur'd all its boast and pride,
Proves faithless.

EURIPIDES' *Medea.*

4. Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang, which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd.

MOORE.

TREASON.

1. The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Betray'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

4. Treason does never prosper; what 's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

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5. O! for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
To blast them in their hour of might!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

TRIUMPH — VICTORY.

1. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The harder match'd, the greater victory.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. Slowly he falls, amid triumphing cries;
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

4. It is not victory to win the field,
Unless we make our enemies to yield
More to our justice than our force; and so
As well instruct, as overcome our foe.

GOMERSALL.

5. Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in one day,
As I have done, that can say, twice I,
In one day, "*veni, vidi, vici!*"

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

6. The God of Battles smil'd — Justice triumph'd;
The Stars and Stripes, Columbia's sacred Flag,
Like eagles' pinions flutter'd to the breeze;
And the Red Lion, haughty Britain's emblem,
Discomforted, went howling back with rage,
To lair amidst the white cliffs of Albion.

J. T. WATSON.

TRUTH. — (See FALSEHOOD.)

TYRANNY. — (See OPPRESSION.)

UNANIMITY.

1. There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That, pulse to pulse, responsive still
They both must heave — or cease to beat

BARTON

2. There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part — they part! ah, no!
They cannot part — their souls are one!

BARTON

3. Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes, like a gem;
And knew each brightness was but the reflection
Of their unchanging glances of affection.

BYRON.

UNBELIEF — (See SCEPTICISM.)

VANITY. — (See PRIDE.)

VARIETY.

1. Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?

MILTON'S *Comus.*

2. The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd.

COWPER'S *Task.*

3. Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.

GAY'S *Epistles*

4. — No sweet bird,
That beats the pathless void, but pours new notes,
Distinct from every plumy rival's song.

AARON HILL.

5. Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which sep'rate mind from mind;
No general object of desire is known;
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.

GIFFORD'S *Perseus.*

VENGEANCE. — (See REVENGE.)

VICE. — (See GUILT.)

VICISSITUDE. — (See CHANGE.)

VICTORY. — (See TRIUMPH.)

VIRTUE. — (See PRAYER.)

WANT. — (See POVERTY.)

WAR. — (See BATTLE.)

WEALTH. — (See GOLD.)

WEATHER. — (See CLOUDS.)

WEDLOCK. — (See MATRIMONY.)

WEEPING. — (See TEARS.)

WIDOW. — (See FUNERAL.)

WIFE.

1. They seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey

SHAKSPEARE.

2. A wife! Ah, gentle deities! can he
Who has a wife, e'er feel adversity?

POPE.

3. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
What is she but a foul, contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

SHAKSPEARE.

5. She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
And, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

POPE.

6. Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

7. When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
And busy tongues are sporting with his fame,
Who solves each doubt, clears every mist away,
And makes him radiant in the face of day?
She, who would peril fortune, fame, and life,
For man, the ingrate — the devoted wife.

---

8. To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain.

CAMPBELL.

9. When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

10. Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,
Whose spring-time radiance has been wholly mine?
No — come what will, thy steadfast truth I 'll bless,
In youth, in age thine own — for ever thine!

A. A. WATTS.

WINE. — (See DRINKING.)

WINTER. — (See AUTUMN.)

WISDOM. — (See EDUCATION.)

WIT. — (See EDUCATION.)

WITCHES.

1. What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't.

SHAKSPEARE

2. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't you do?

SHAKSPEARE

3. Ye spirits of the unbounded universe!
Whom I have sought in darkness and in shade, —
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence — ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things —
I call upon ye, by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you — rise! appear!

BYRON'S *Manfred*

WOMAN.

1. For several virtues
I have liked several women; never any
With so full a soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,
And put it to a foil.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

SHAKSPEARE.

4. For women first were made for men,
Not men for them. It follows, then,
Men have a right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

5. In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

6. When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

ADDISON'S *Cato.*

7. Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

LORD LYTTLETON.

8. I sue, and sue in vain; it is most just:
When women sue, they sue to be denied.

YOUNG

9. Fee-simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail
Are nothing when compar'd to thee,
Thou best of fees — fe-male.

---

10. Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
And hell no fury like a woman scorn'd.

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride.*

11. O woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee!

OTWAY'S *Venice Preserved*

12. O woman! dear woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue, —
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

MOORE.

13. Oh, say not woman's false as fair,
That, like the bee, she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and fair,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no! the love, that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm —
She loves, and loves for ever.

POCOCK

14. Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnish'd yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
Oh! who so welcome and so prompt as thou?

YAMOYDEN.

15. The lords of creation men we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they 're much mistaken, after all,
For they 're under woman's control.

16. Woman's love,
Its fondness wide as the limitless wave,
And chainless by aught but the silent grave,
With devotion as humble as that which brings
To his idols the Indian's offerings,
Yet proud as that which the priestess feels,
When she nurses the flame of the shrine where she kneels.

MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

17. I would as soon attempt to entice a star
To perch upon my finger; or the wind
To follow me like a dog — as think to keep
A woman's heart again.

BAILEY'S *Festus*.

18. Away, away — you 're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I 've been your slave so long!

MOORE.

19. Oh! woman wrong'd can cherish hate
More deep and dark than manhood may,
But when the mockery of fate
Hath left revenge its chosen way,
Still lingers something of the spell
Which bound her to the traitor's bosom, —
Still, 'mid the vengeful fires of hell,
Some flowers of old affection blossom.

J. G. WHITTIER.

20. Oh woman! subtle, lovely, faithless sex!
Born to enchant, thou studiest to perplex;
Ador'd as queen, thou play'st the tyrant's part,
And, taught to govern, would'st enslave the heart!

R. T. PAINE.

21. The man, who sets his heart upon a woman,
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air:
From air he takes his colours, holds his life —
Changes with every wind — grows lean or fat —
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
Or pallid with despair — just as the gale
Varies from north to south — from heat to cold!

BULWER'S *Lady of Lyons.*

22. 'T is woman's smiles that lull our cares to rest,
Dear woman's charms, that give to life its zest;
'T is woman's hand that smoothes affliction's bed,
Wipes the cold sweat, and stays the sinking head!

WONDER.

1. They spake not a word,
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
And he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brow, with nods, with rolling eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

3. What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

POPE.

4. A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
And ne'er did fiction play so wild a part.

TICKELL.

WORDS.

1. What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words, once spoke, can never be recall'd.

ROSCOMMON.

2. Words are the soul's ambassadors, which go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro;
They are the sole expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.

JAMES HOWEL.

3 But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

WORLD.

1. All the world 's a stage;
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his turn plays many parts.

SHAKSPEARE.

2. The world is a great dance, in which we find
The good and bad have various turns assign'd;
But when they 've ended the great masquerade,
One goes to glory, th' other to a shade.

CROWN.

3. The world 's a stormy sea,
Whose every breath is strew'd with wrecks of wretches,
That daily perish in it.

ROWE.

4. The world is a well-furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set:
Where all fare as well as they 're able,
And scramble for what they can get.

BICKERSTAFF.

5. 'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.

COWPER'S *Task.*

6. A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,—
Three demons that divide its realms between them—
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

7. What is this world?
What—but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd;
And we, that live, must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs!

BLAIR'S *Grave.*

8. This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There 's nothing true but Heaven.

MOORE.

9. Yes, fair as the syren, but false as her song,
Are the world's painted shadows, that lure us along;
Like the mist on the mountain, the foam on the deep,
Or the voices of friends that we greet in our sleep,
Are the pleasures of earth.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

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When heaven shed blessings on my heart like showers,
Clothing with beauty e'en the desert place;
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,
The charm of Art, the rapture music sends;
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